

PRIESTS VS. POLITICIANS

# The story that shook Quebec

By Blair Fraser

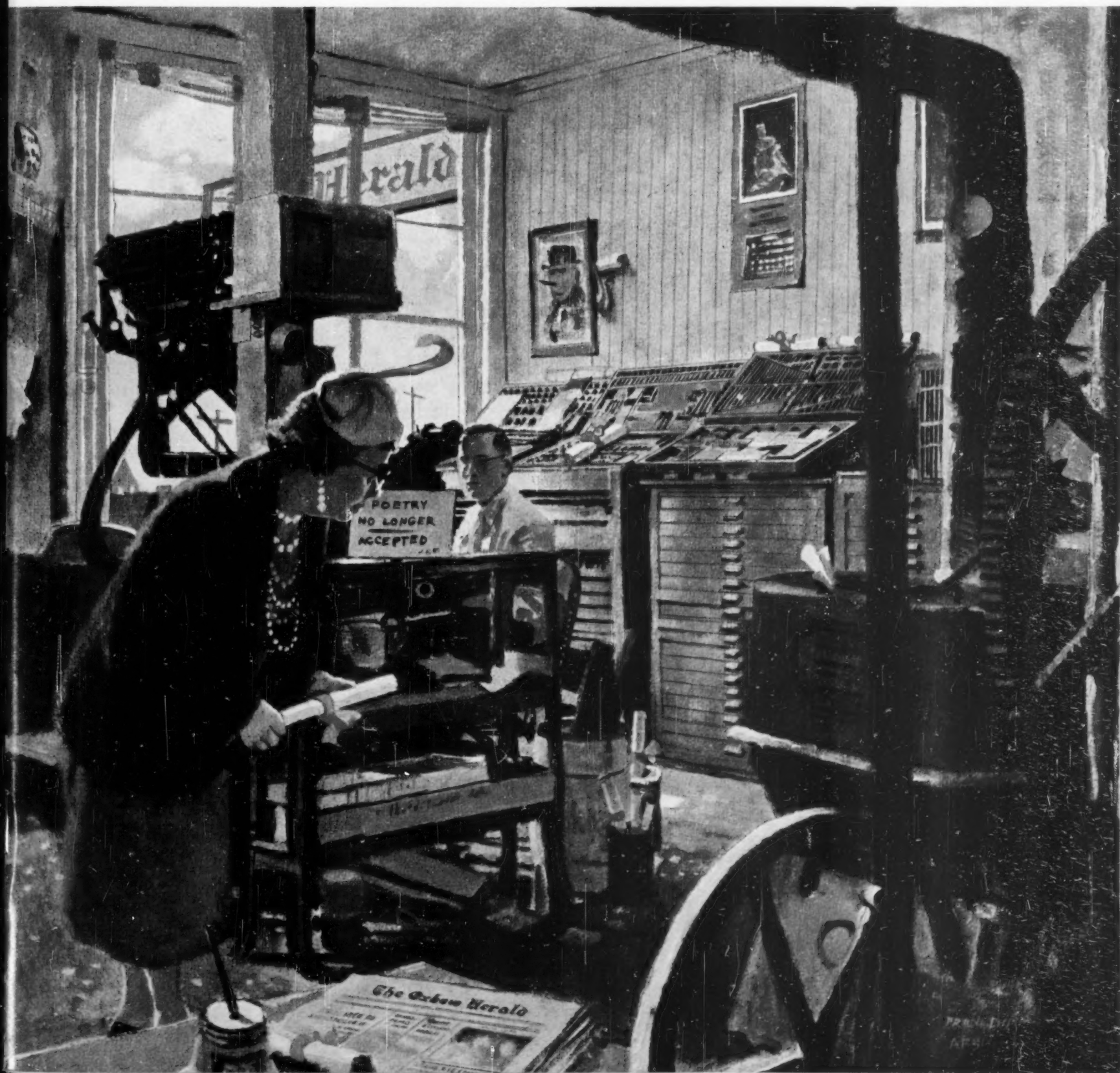
## We botched Suez: Dorothy Thompson

Other views and reports from Ottawa and London

THE MARITIMES' BIG NEW HOPE—FUNDY POWER

# MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 10 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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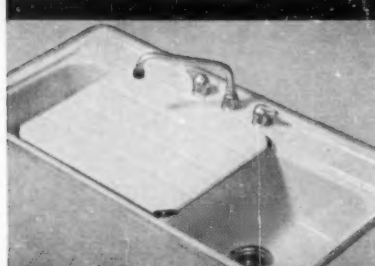
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# MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 10, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 23

## Editorial

### If they won't vote, don't coax them

**E**ver since the democratic ballot was invented, the intense and worthy people of the world have been making gallant efforts to persuade the languid and unworthy people to GET OUT AND VOTE.

Such efforts are now in progress in many of the hundreds of Canadian communities that elect their mayors, reeves, councilors and aldermen toward the end of the year. A particularly vigorous one has been going on in Toronto, a city justly noted for the ardor and occasional truculence of its local governors and the torpor of its electors.

Usually Toronto's civic elections bring out about thirty percent of the eligible voters. Recently a civic committee was formed with the expressed object of doubling that figure, and perhaps even raising it higher.

Here are some of the schemes put forward at the charter meeting:

A labor leader wanted polling day changed to a holiday—preferably New Year's. He said many potential voters were too tired to go to the polling stations after working all day. Others, tired or not, were reluctant to go in their working clothes.

A city alderman thought it might help to send traveling polls to industrial plants.

Finally the committee endorsed a proposal, made by a leading school administrator, that children be mobilized through the schools to persuade their parents to vote. His notion was that some form of recognition—pennants were mentioned—ought to be awarded to schools with the highest percentage of parents reporting to the deputy returning officer. A "receipt" would be handed out with each ballot. The school that produced the most receipts would win the gonfalon, flag or bunting.

We have some confidence that all these ridic-

ulous ideas will have died a natural death well before voting day. We wish we could be as confident about the fate of the muddleheaded attitude behind them.

We've never been quite sure which is the more dangerous theory: that for an individual to cast his tiny individual vote is a waste of time; or that for any old individual to cast any old vote for any old reason is a grand and glorious thing, *per se*.

To go around telling people who have no inclination to vote that they must get out and vote anyway strikes us as the height of irresponsibility. To coax a man to vote by wheeling a ballot box under his nose is to mock one of the hardest-won of all human rights. To say to a child, in effect: *get Daddy and Mummy out to vote or else our school won't win the pennant, and then the other kids will all be mad at you*—to reduce the arguments in favor of the universal franchise to the arguments for social conformity is to reduce democracy itself to utter meaninglessness.

A man who needs telling that it's his duty to vote is not yet fit to vote at all. Let us tell him by all means about the issues and the candidates and let us hope that he will come to know enough about them and feel strongly enough about them to decide where his duty lies of his own mature volition. Until he reaches that state let's not disturb him. Leave him in the cloister or leave him in the barroom but don't, for Heaven's sake, drag him unprepared, uninformed and uncaring to the polling booth.

It may well be that the most foolish slogan ever coined about responsible government is the one that says: *Vote as you please, but vote!* We propose a substitute.

**IF YOU DON'T PLEASE TO VOTE, PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T!**

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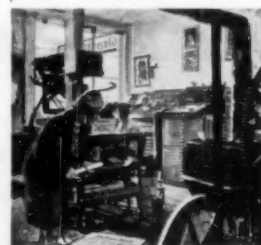
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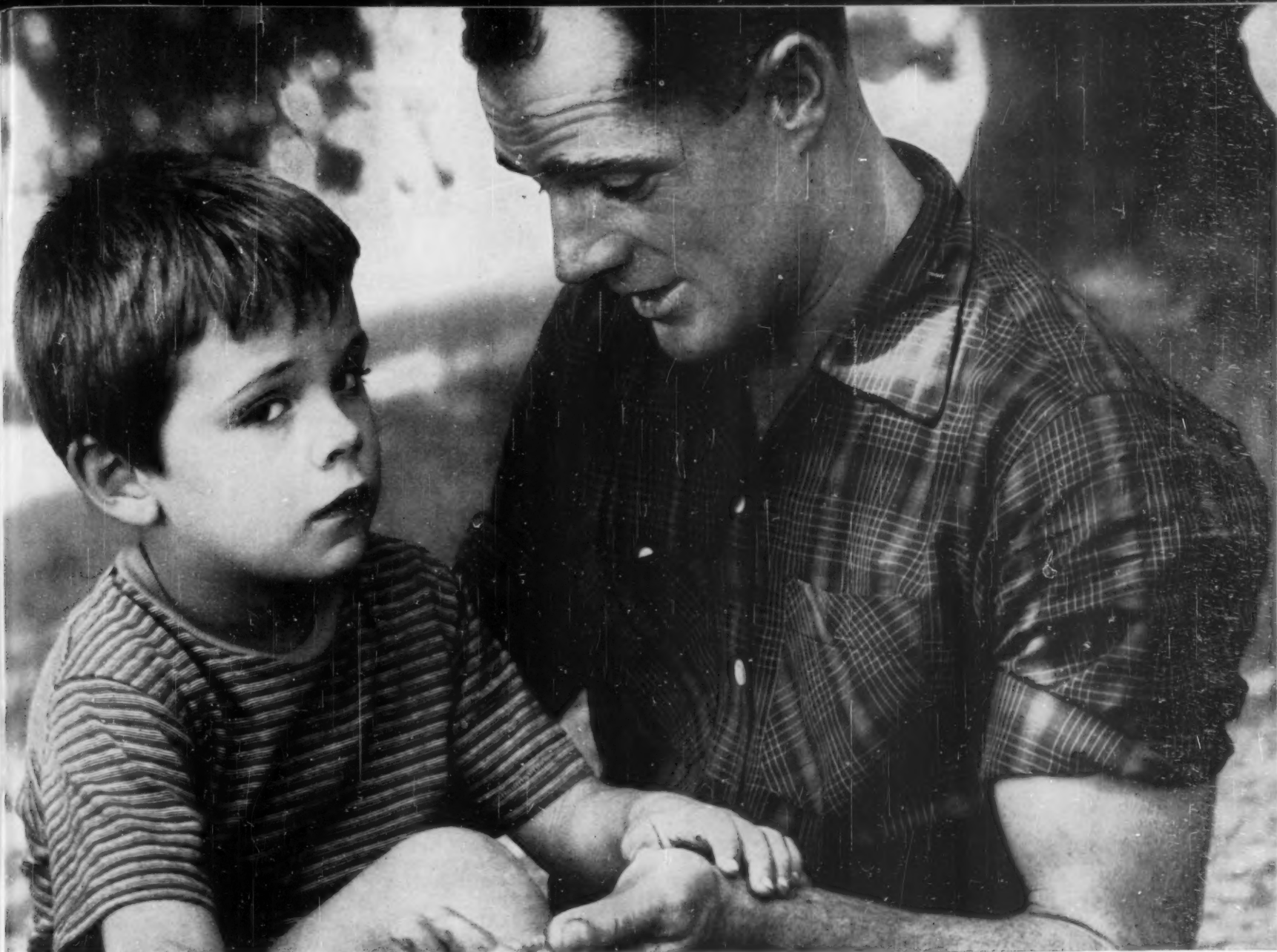
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### The cover

On a recent trip west Editor Ralph Allen took artist Franklin Arbuckle to Allen's home town — Oxbow, Sask. The man in the picture is real. He's Joe Pedlar, owner of the Herald. In Mr. Pedlar's defense it must be said both lady and sign are fiction.





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People are variously amused, disdainful, or sympathetic with such legacies.

*Yet . . . many men today have made less careful provision for their own families than this woman made for her animals!*

Some put off making a Will until too late. Some attempt to write their own Wills, with unfortunate consequences. Some still appoint as Executor a friend with no experience and who may not even be living when the Will is probated.

Does *your* Will need attention?

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# FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

DOROTHY THOMPSON SAYS

## We've earned the Arabs' hatred

I first set foot in the Arab world—then only in Egypt and Palestine—during the last weeks of the Second World War in Europe. Then, in both places, I had an inkling of unhappy developments brewing for the West. But it was an area of which I had no firsthand knowledge. Later I found that most of my secondhand knowledge came from highly prejudiced sources. It was only five years later, beginning in 1950, that I began visiting this world, learning to know its leaders and those whom I believed, or suspected, would soon supplant other leaders, talking with Palestinian refugees in Jordan, Lebanon and Syria, studying the area's history, checking and counter-checking various views, including those of foreigners, and making those myriad, small and only half-conscious observations that often, when brought to mind and intellectually arranged, reveal a very great deal. I do not pretend to be an "expert." I do think, however, that even some Western experts have had an extraordinary capacity to overlook the obvious.

### The Arab world awakens

It was obvious that a new middle-class leadership was forming that in Egypt, at least, would very soon supplant the old pashas and ruling feudal oligarchies. It was also obvious that these leaders or would-be leaders were in touch with each other from Beirut to Jidda; that they were held together by a fanatical belief in a pan-Arab awakening—a fixed determination to realize the concept of "self-determination" that Woodrow Wilson (not the Russians) had put into the world during World War One. They were also held together by a firm intention to get rid of every vestige of foreign rule, tutelage or control, direct or indirect; a somewhat vaguer (but I thought thoroughly sincere) will to introduce land reform, speed up industrialization, universalize primary education and greatly extend secondary, abolish slums, improve the conditions of workers, and bring the Arab world into the twentieth century. And they were in a strategic and economic area where they possessed a transcendent capacity for making trouble.

The West had friends in the area. But I found these friends mostly in the ranks of the old feudal oligarchies. Life was treating them very well and they did not want trouble. They spoke English or French, loved to visit Paris and entertain distinguished Western visitors and in Egypt would sometimes



Dorothy Thompson, noted U.S. columnist, lecturer and political writer, is an outspoken critic of the West's policy in the current crisis over the Suez.

tell you that they were not Arabs but Turks and thereby members of the real upper class. They, too, would chide Western policies, but their chiding was gentle and rather indifferent.

I also found friends of the West—of Western civilization and culture—on the faculties and among the students of native and foreign universities and colleges, the latter British, American and French. They did not chide the West gently, but with the burning indignation of frustrated love. The West, they said, does not live up to its own ideals; its interests are purely economic and financial; it is arrogant and condescending; it has made no effort to understand the Arab viewpoint; it sees the Arab world only as what it has been for centuries, the perpetual prey and pawn of empires. It has divided our natural unity to suit itself, they said; and always it has thought it can do anything it likes with us, even to establishing a foreign state in our midst, without even asking us what we thought, against the consent of every Arab state and every Arab individual. You claim that your military bases are here to protect us— from the Russians. We have no quarrel with the Russians. We have never seen a Russian. The Russians are not in Suez. The Russians are not in North Africa, or Libya, or the Sudan, etc. The Russians are not responsible for nearly a million Arab refugees, living for years now in mass camps, under inhuman conditions.

I am not a political policy-maker. I am a reporter. I came home and tried to report what was going on in the Arab mind. I tried to tell my people that a new educated generation had grown up in the Arab world, small in number, to be sure, compared with the great masses of largely illiterate fellahin continued on page 97



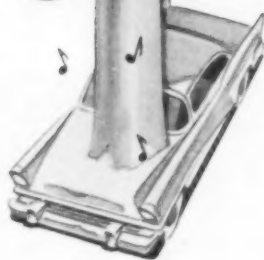


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## London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



In this broadside Bax claimed the Mirror was helping Egypt's Nasser.

### Bax's battle with the Daily Mirror

It all started with a dinner. Hugh Cudlipp, editorial director of the four-million-circulation tabloid the Daily Mirror had invited some forty guests to the Dorchester in honor of Sam Goldwyn of Hollywood who is the "G" in MGM. Hugh Gaitskell, the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, looking more like David Copperfield than ever, was also there.

When the ladies left us Hugh Cudlipp and I turned to the subject of the Suez Canal with both of us speaking our minds in language that left no doubt of what we meant.

Cudlipp is a brilliant journalist and his newspaper, in spite of its brassiness (or because of it) exerts a powerful influence upon public opinion. For example on the morning of the general election of 1950 it came out with a front-page cartoon of a hand holding a pointed pistol. The caption in huge letters was: "Whose finger on the trigger?"

It could only have one meaning. The finger on the trigger was that of Winston Churchill. No one doubted that this infamous cartoon cost the Conservatives a victory at the polls.

Churchill successfully sued for libel. The Mirror published an apology and paid Churchill's costs, plus a sum of money to one of his charities. A year later there was another general election which the Tories won. The Mirror did not repeat the slander.

In fairness the Mirror is not strictly a party newspaper. It supports the socialists but does not hesitate to castigate them on occasion. On the other hand it opposes the Tories but does not withhold

praise when praise is deserved.

When however the Suez Canal erupted the Daily Mirror began a campaign of attrition against the government and particularly Sir Anthony Eden. Its brilliant columnist who writes under the *nom de plume* of Cassandra ridiculed Eden day after day, mocking him, pitying him, scourging him.

Therefore at the Dorchester dinner party I told Cudlipp that in my opinion he had gone beyond the limits of responsible journalism and that instead of injuring the government he was striking at the nation itself.

He listened without a word of protest and when I had finished he said: "Since you feel so strongly about it I will make you an offer. I will give you the front page of the Mirror to attack us in any terms you wish. We will not cut a single word."

In a lifetime of journalism this was really something new. Inevitably news — continued on page 94



In his reply the Mirror's Cassandra said Bax was a famous bad guesser



# BANFF TEA HOUSE SURVIVES ROARING AVALANCHE

## Fir Plywood-reinforced Roof helps save Chairlift Terminal Building

Designing the 3,240 feet chairlift that carries skiers and sightseers up Banff's famed Mount Norquay confronted engineer Ray Wardell with unique problems. Location of the upper terminal, which houses lift mechanism and a tearoom, was in a possible avalanche path. Snugging the structure into the rock face of the mountain left only the roof exposed.



Under construction, tea house roof is sheathed with 4' x 8' fir plywood panels.

Magnitude of the force of possible avalanches dictated use of Douglas fir plywood sheathing. A double layer of  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch fir plywood, bonded and sheathed with roofing material, was laid over closely spaced, structurally engineered joists and beams.

When the anticipated avalanche blasted over the teahouse this spring a 2,500 pound stone chimney was sheared off and the roof buried under 300 tons of compacted snow. The chimney was carried 40 feet and two 400 pound concrete caps disappeared completely. When snow was cleared, the only roof damage was a 6 inch diameter dent from the crashing chimney. Pleased with the performance of fir plywood roof sheathing, Mr. Wardell said: "With the use of fir plywood, danger of racking was eliminated and high, uneven pressure was transmitted more evenly to the supporting structure."

Comprehensive, authoritative technical information is available to architects, engineers and contractors by writing to Plywood Manufacturers Association of British Columbia, 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.



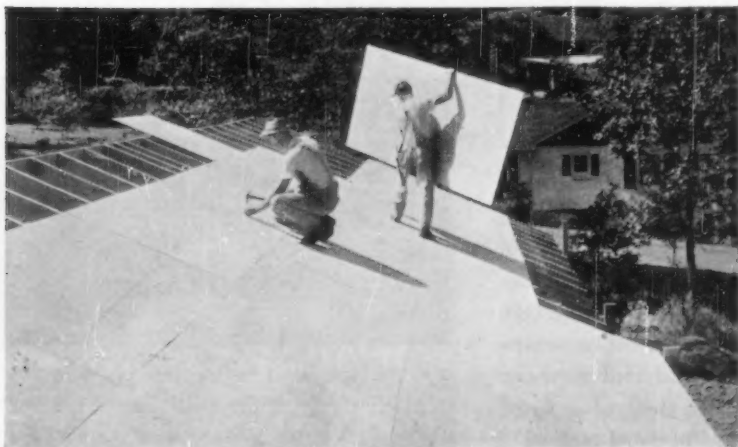
6,840 feet up Mount Norquay starts some of the best skiing in North America. Here, too, avalanches threaten at certain times of the year. Machinery for a chairlift had to be anchored and sheltered at this level, together with refreshment facilities. Many called it "foolishness" to hope any structure could defy an avalanche in the Rockies.



Chairlift deposits passengers in front of tea room terminal. Avalanche started at top of mountain, visible above roof line, blasted through "V" of rocks.



After the avalanche, an 8 foot layer of hard-packed snow was shovelled off the roof. One chimney was gone, another displaced, but the fir plywood roof was intact and quite sound.



**Roof Sheathing** to withstand an avalanche is not every builder's problem. Fir plywood strength and rigidity are important, however, to any structure. The suburban home shown here will never have any trouble with heavy snow loads or racking.



**Floor Underlayment** of fir plywood gives smooth, ridge-free surface which makes an ideal base for all flexible floorings.



**Wall Sheathing** with fir plywood panels speeds erection. Panels meet on studs with minimum of sawing.

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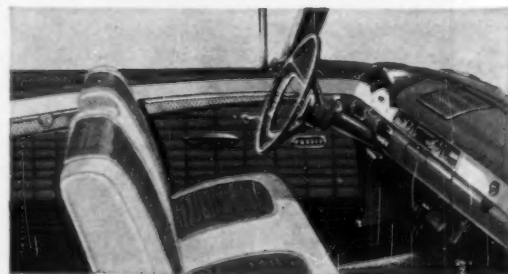
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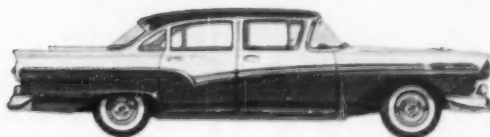


Fairlane 500 Club Victoria

(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

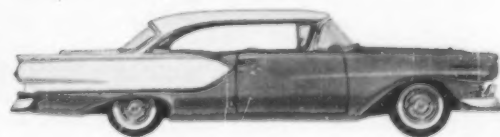
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field

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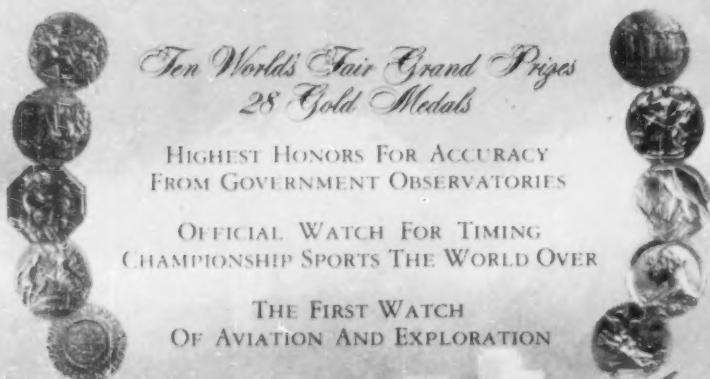
The Fairlane and Fairlane 500  
are over 17 feet long

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## A REPORT AND A PROMISE

The Ten Grand Prizes above frame a progress report of Longines' first 90 years. ☞ The Longines achievement of yesterday is the Longines challenge of tomorrow. The observatory accuracy records made by Longines watches 20 years ago are surpassed by the Longines watches of today. The Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic in the Geophysical year of 1957-58 will have better Longines watches than those carried by the first Byrd Expedition of 1928. The Longines timepieces used in the 1956 U.S. Olympic Trials far surpass those prepared for the 1940 Olympic Games. ☞ In the same manner, the new 90th Anniversary Longines watches are our all-time finest. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweller will be honored to serve you.

*Illustrated—Longines Nocturne "C", 14K gold case set with six diamonds in coronets, with three interchangeable straps, \$265; Longines Keut "B", 14K gold self-winding watch, fully protected against all common watch hazards, \$235.*

*Longines-Wittnauer Company of Canada*

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER



## Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



## Our Suez plan: anything but force

Canadian popularity in London and Paris has been sharply depleted by the argument over the Suez Canal. In both capitals and at home, Canadians have been startled by the bitterness and ferocity among normally reasonable people.

A Frenchman, who in the past has been almost a pacifist, told a visiting Canadian: "We should have landed troops the very day this scoundrel Nasser seized the canal company." Similar and even stronger fire-breathing can be heard in London. Canada, for refusing to applaud a "firm" policy and for applauding instead the appeal to the United Nations Security Council, is thought to have let down the West in general and the Commonwealth in particular.

At lunch one day in Ottawa a very intelligent Englishman asked whether Canada would be willing to send troops if Britain should decide, as he thought she might even yet, to use force in the Suez Canal zone. If not, he added, Canada's refusal would mean "the end of the Commonwealth as we have known it."

History is against him on this latter point. As long ago as 1885, when Britain was helping the khedive of Egypt put down an insurrection in the Sudan, the Gladstone government asked if Canada would send some troops to help. The request met a rude snub from that patriotic "British subject," Sir John A. Macdonald.

"We think the time has not ar-


rived, nor the occasion, for our volunteering military aid to the Mother Country," John A. wrote to the Canadian high commissioner in London, Sir Charles Tupper. "The Suez Canal is nothing to us . . . Why should we waste money and men in this wretched business? England is not at war . . . Our men and money would be sacrificed to get Gladstone and Co. out of the hole they have plunged themselves into by their own imbecility."

Nowadays the Government of Canada would be more polite, or mealy-mouthed, but Sir John A. Macdonald's words are still a fair summary of the Canadian position.

To Canadian spokesmen the idea of responding with military force to Colonel Nasser's seizure of the canal company sounded like sheer hysteria. They were sure it would smash, not save, the Commonwealth—drive out Pakistan and India anyway, even if the older members stayed in. They were equally sure it would get no support anywhere in the world, and that it would be impossible to justify.

Nasser's act may well have been illegal, as the British argue, but if so it was the breach of a rather fine point of law. The international convention of 1888, which Nasser is accused of violating, is mainly a guarantee that the canal shall be kept open at all times. Nasser has not closed the canal. At the time of writing, contrary to the predictions of the British and French pilots who continued on page 93





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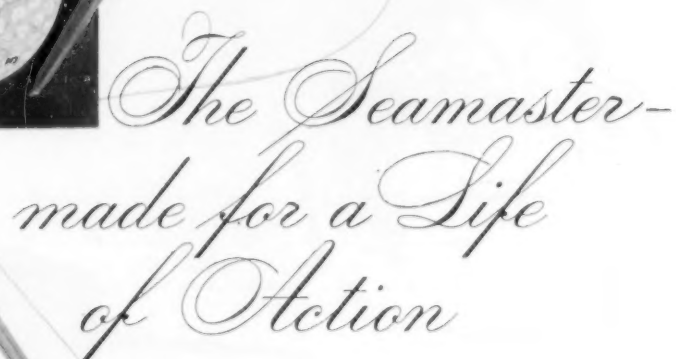
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OMEGA  
*Seamaster*



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 10, 1956



In a 4,000-word report  
two Quebec priests indicted  
their whole province  
for "political immorality"  
and pinned part of the  
guilt on their own church.  
Here's the story  
behind what these men of the  
cloth angrily call

# The "religious crisis" in Quebec politics



"Lies and corruption . . . condoned by the clergy," said Fathers Gérard Dion (above) and Louis O'Neill in an explosive report.

**By Blair Fraser**

PHOTO BY OESTERWINTER

**P**olicemen thought Quebec's provincial election last June the quietest in years. In Montreal only fifty-two were arrested for election frauds. There were lively moments, as when forty men with baseball bats and crowbars smashed a Liberal committee room and beat up party workers, but by previous standards the day was tame.

"There was no shooting," Detective Chief Georges Allain pointed out. "It was all very quiet compared to some other years."

Yet this genteel exercise, which returned Premier Duplessis and his Union Nationale for a fourth consecutive term, set off the loudest, longest fuss about electoral corruption that Canada has heard since the Beauregard scandal of the early 1930s, when W. L. Mackenzie King and his Liberal Party went through "the Valley of Humiliation."

Charges of corruption are nothing new at election time—in some provinces they're a habitual reaction of the losing side, and nobody pays much attention. What made the commotion in Quebec exceptional, and what has kept it alive all these months, is the unique source and scope of the indictment:

The accusers are two Roman Catholic priests.

They charge not merely ward heelers but the whole population, and describe contemporary politics as a breakdown of Christianity: "Never, perhaps, has the religious crisis in our midst been so clearly revealed."

Most sensational of all, they place a large share of the guilt on their brethren of the cloth, the Roman Catholic clergy in Quebec, who they say have condoned and even applauded gross political immorality.

Father Gérard Dion and Father Louis O'Neill, of Quebec City, the authors of this reverberating blast, have no special authority or status in the hierarchy of their faith—they are privates, or at most subalterns, in the army of the Church Militant.

Neither is an authorized spokesman for the Roman Catholic Church, nor did their proclamation carry the church's blessing. Like all writings by clergymen it was read by a "censor" before publication, and this fact led many Protestants and even some Roman Catholics to think it was an official rebuke by the church to the Duplessis government and its clerical supporters. Not so. The "censor" has no other duty than to certify that a publication contains nothing contrary or repugnant to the church's teachings. His authorization doesn't imply approval.

Father Dion heads the industrial-relations department in Laval University's faculty of social sciences. For ten years, as an extramural supplement to his work as a professor, he has been putting out a monthly mimeographed newsletter called *Ad Usus Sacerdotum* (roughly "For the Use of the Clergy"). Father O'Neill, a boyish-looking young man who was ordained only six years

Continued over page ►



Fathers Gérard Dion and Louis O'Neill, of Laval University, edit a paper for priests.

### What the priests had to say about Quebec politics ▶

#### The "religious crisis" in Quebec politics continued

ago and now teaches logic and philosophy at Petit Séminaire in Quebec City, has lately been helping Father Dion with this modest publication. (They send it out free of charge and appeal to readers once a year for donations to finance it.)

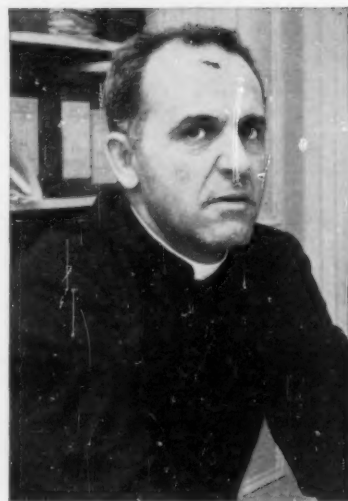
Written for priests only, it is read by a small minority even of them. There are about four thousand Roman Catholic clergy in the province of Quebec, but the normal circulation of *Ad Usum Sacerdotum* is only seven hundred, mostly among labor-union chaplains and others with a special interest in social and political questions. It was in *Ad Usum Sacerdotum* that the famous essay on Quebec's political morality first appeared.

This was not by any means the first time Fathers Dion and O'Neill had criticized words or works of the Duplessis government. As priests

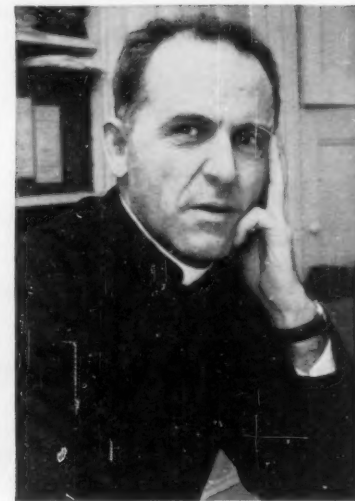
with their hearts in the Catholic labor movement they have often deplored Duplessis' labor legislation, attempts by the government to suppress or defeat strikes, and similar activities or attitudes of the *Union Nationale*.

But the previous attacks attracted little or no public notice. What made news this time was not only the proclamation but the reaction to it.

It was from readers, not the writers, that newspapers got hold of it in the first place. Robert Duffy of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* was the first to break the story, but by that time no fewer than three Quebec priests had sent their copies of *Ad Usum Sacerdotum* to *Le Devoir*, the fiercely independent Montreal newspaper that has been a thorn in Duplessis' side for years. *Le Devoir* printed it in full, the same day Duffy's story appeared in the *Globe and Mail*.



The Quebec election was "a flaunting of stupidity and immorality in which lying was elevated to a system."



"Voters were corrupted and browbeaten by vote buying, threats, false oaths and the corruption of electoral officials."

An astonishing chorus of acclaim then broke out. Dozens of organizations and hundreds of individuals wrote to echo and applaud.

Most significant of all was the response of the clergy. Not only fellow priests but several bishops wrote to Fathers Dion and O'Neill, in effect: "Congratulations on your courage in saying something that badly needed saying."

What they said ran to four thousand words, but the essence of it was this:

Quebec's election had been a "flaunting of stupidity and immorality" in which "lying was elevated to a system." Voters had been misled by preposterous "myths," especially "a myth of communism." They had also been corrupted and browbeaten by "vote buying, abuse of the electoral law, threats of reprisal against those who do not support the 'right party,' false oaths, imper-

### Will the priests get away with attacking the Duplessis regime? These men tried it and didn't



Mgr. Joseph Charbonneau

As archbishop of Montreal he backed strikers at Asbestos against Duplessis in 1949. Abruptly he was retired "for his health" though he felt fine.



Father Louis Camirand

At Asbestos he championed the strikers and spoke out bitterly against the government. He has since been shifted to another city.



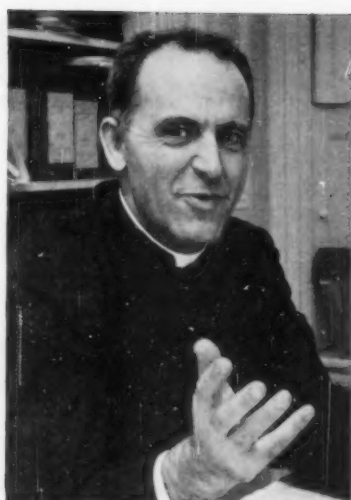
Father Georges-Henri Lévesque

As one of Laval's deans, he pestered Duplessis for social reforms. It won him a "promotion" to oblivion in another post outside the university.





"A low type of literature penetrated the convents. Nuns heard strange things about people they knew as Catholics."



"Some priests took part in the campaign. 'Before you vote,' one curé said, 'be sure to look at our fine new school.'"



"Similar methods in Red countries rouse our indignation. In Quebec people laugh and even brag about them."



"We bear a terrible responsibility if the people believe this immorality and Fascism is the Kingdom of God."

sonations, corruption of electoral officers." All these things, the two fathers said, "seem to become normal elements of our social life at election time."

What bothered them most was the indulgence with which even some members of the clergy regarded all this: "We have met priests who thought such (grossly false) propaganda 'smart,' and who did not object too much so long as it favored the good cause."

They name no political party, and take care to remark that none "has a monopoly" on the practices they deplore. But it's clear from the nature of the charges and the examples they choose that the worst offender, in their view, is Duplessis' Union Nationale.

Can two humble priests make such charges against the all-powerful Duplessis regime and get away with it? Quebecers are waiting with lively interest for the answer to that question.

The record of the past is ominous. Mgr. Joseph Charbonneau, who as archbishop of Montreal supported the strikers against the Duplessis government in the Asbestos strike of 1949, was abruptly retired a few months later — "for reasons of health," officially, though Mgr. Charbonneau said he felt fine. Father Louis Philippe Camirand, the fiery priest who was the heart and soul of the Asbestos strike, has since been transferred to another city. Father Richard, who as editor of the Jesuit magazine *Relations* published an explosive series about silicosis in the Laurentian village of St. Remi d'Amherst, was posted to an obscure parish in northern Ontario. (Admittedly, the silicosis story as told in *Relations* was full of errors.)

Most notable of all, the famous Father Georges-Henri Lévesque is no longer dean of Laval's faculty of social sciences, the post he made nationally known, and from which he caused frequent annoyance to the Duplessis government by calling for various social reforms in Quebec. Father Lévesque now presides over a new Dominican establishment in what used to be Kent House, a hotel at Montmorency Falls outside Quebec City. Within the Dominican Order it may be a promotion; to the public of Quebec and of Canada it looks like an assignment to oblivion.

Priests are even more keenly aware than are laymen of the high casualty rate among outspoken critics of Duplessis. In Quebec City I was told of one young priest in a small-town parish who

wrote a letter of hearty congratulation to Father Dion, but who added a cautious postscript:

"Please treat this letter as confidential. I don't want to be 'exiled'!"

Neither Father Dion nor Father O'Neill has been "exiled" yet, but Father O'Neill, the more junior of the two, has been told not to make any more public utterances. However, there has been no repudiation by Church authorities of the views expressed in *Ad Usus Sacerdotum*. After all, the pamphlet deals with morality, which is hardly an improper subject for priests to write about. Also, it deals with matters that are notorious, and well known to all.

Some readers thought the two fathers had special, secret information about the methods used last June. They had none. They printed only "what everybody knew," and many of their charges can be documented by public statements taken out of newspapers.

When they talk about "vote buying," for example, they are not talking only or even chiefly about secret deals behind closed doors. The most striking offers were made from the public platform by Premier Maurice Duplessis himself.

#### A new bridge for a right vote

In a campaign speech in Hull, Que., he spent some minutes ticking off each item of government work that had been done in the district, and its value in dollars. Having added them all up, he concluded: "We expect Hull to say thank you next Wednesday."

At Shawinigan Falls he was even more explicit. People there have been trying for years to get a new bridge over the St. Maurice River. The premier told them that if they wanted a bridge they had better defeat their Liberal MLA, Rene Hamel.

There were other cases, less widely publicized but equally flagrant, of the same kind of thing.

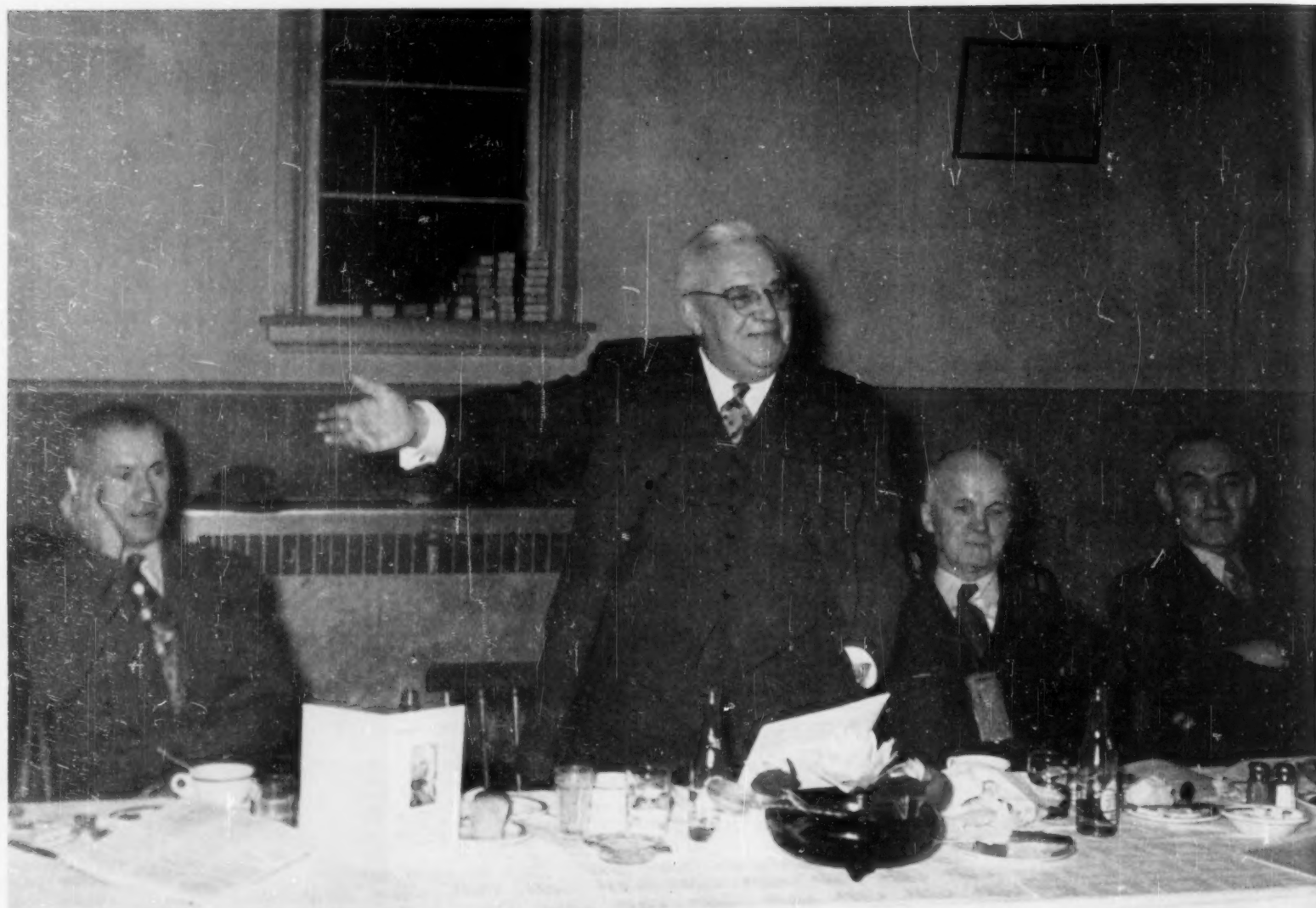
"Where I live," said an indignant priest in a Quebec suburb, "they paved the street right up to the polling station, and they stopped there a little while before election day. Then the party workers told the people, 'If you want the paving job finished, you'd better vote for our man.'"

In the same way the fathers' charge of "systematic lying" referred not to a mere whispering campaign but to open public statements. They were talking about paid advertisements, radio and TV broad- continued on page 90



Was his party the main target?

The priests did not name Premier Duplessis or his government, but their charges made it clear they considered Union Nationale the main guilty party.



Versatile speaker Lionel Forsyth talks coal and philosophy with equal ease. He receives at least one speaking invitation every mail, and writes all his own speeches.

## Who says big business isn't fun?

**Not Lionel Forsyth, Canada's biggest employer,  
who revels in every minute spent bossing a coal and steel empire  
that nearly everybody used to hate. He's so happy  
he sometimes forgets his splendid past as a divinity teacher,  
baseball player, lawyer and poet**

**By PETER C. NEWMAN**

**L**ionel Avard Forsyth, the heavyweight boss of Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, Canada's largest industrial complex, is a rare bird indeed among the dull fowl that inhabit the roosts of most Canadian companies. A former sailor, professional baseball player, railroad surveyor, streetcar driver, romance-languages professor and legal genius who now spends most of his hard-won spare time breeding Jersey cows and writing obscure poetry—he has made his way to Canada's top industrial job by the sheer force of his energy and intellectual equipment.

"I am an impostor and I admit it," he says. "I am neither a steel nor a coal man. I am, or was until six years ago, a lawyer." Forsyth was in fact Canada's highest paid corporation lawyer who in 1946 performed the unequalled legal feat of arguing and winning three cases before England's august Privy Council. A neat accomplishment, because he never went to law school and the only law school degrees he has are honorary. "He's a brilliant man who never forgets his humble beginning," says R. A. Jodrey, a Nova Scotia paper magnate who knows Forsyth well.

The most tangible salute to Forsyth's ability and reputation came from the unemotional stock



traders of Toronto's Bay Street. On December 19, 1949, the day it was announced that Forsyth would become the president of Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation (better known as "Dosco"), its shares jumped from \$17.50 to nineteen dollars — the biggest increase in three years. Since he took over command of Dosco, the stock has been subdivided on a two for one basis. The split shares now sell for twenty-one dollars, the equivalent of a twenty-three-dollar increase.

A few weeks later Forsyth launched a seventy-million-dollar modernization plan to remake the company in six years. He proudly flapped his stubby arms at a group of his Sydney steelworkers, and shouted: "We're flying now, boys!"

His realignment of Dosco affairs—now virtually completed—has placed the giant corporation in its most favorable business position in history, though it still must carry the burden of its geographical dilemma of producing steel at Sydney, N.S., a thousand miles from the main markets. The problem of selling enough coal to keep all the Dosco mines operating is still formidable.

The first Maritimer ever to head the company whose pay cheques support one sixth of Nova Scotia's population, Forsyth's most important accomplishment has been the labor peace he has brought to Dosco, which employs thirty thousand Canadians—more than any other business enterprise in Canada except the railroads. The company once had, and largely deserved, this country's worst labor record. This legacy of hate has been tamed by the Dosco chieftain's startlingly fresh approach to labor relations. "The conflict of basic ideology between management and labor has outlived its usefulness," he flatly asserts.

Forsyth's rough humor has salvaged some potentially explosive labor situations. Soon after he took over the presidency he walked into a tension-charged union-management meeting. Sensing the hate and suspicion in the room, he drew back his coat sleeves and told the suddenly relaxed gathering: "Look boys, there's nothing up my sleeves but my elbows."

#### How to spend a million a day

Forsyth's record as a corporate statesman, his ample figure and gruff voice, expressive gestures and talent for phrase-coining, have made him a sort of Churchill of Canadian industry. His friends call him "Laddie"; to a few close pals he's "Bluenose Bucko." Deep crow's-feet run from the corners of his eyes, suggesting the shadow of a constant smile barely under control. Heavy-set, white-haired, sixty-six years old, he has the energy of half his years. His dimensions—over two hundred pounds on a five-foot-six frame—don't hamper his activities, though they do require some special precautions.

So that he can sit comfortably yet be adequately covered, he has zippers on the sides of his vests, which he can open while sitting. Zipped up, his vest helps hold up his errant waistline—an arrangement labeled by Murray Chipman, a Montreal friend, as the modern version of the "Forsyth Sagger." Trans-Canada Air Lines has managed to make him comfortable by clamping extra-length seat belts to his airplane seat. Standard equipment won't reach around him.

Forsyth now spends a million dollars every working day on the diverse operations of the Canadian business colossus, whose impressive anatomy includes:

- Canada's most important coal mines, reaching out to sea from an elliptical thirty-five-mile shore frontage around Sydney and dipping four and a half miles under the Atlantic Ocean. Miners spend two hours a day riding to and from the workings which are kept dry by pumps returning water to the ocean at the rate of five hundred gallons a minute. **continued on page 84**



#### It's not all play

Willing worker Forsyth has spent more time prowling company mines than all past Dominion Steel and Coal presidents combined.

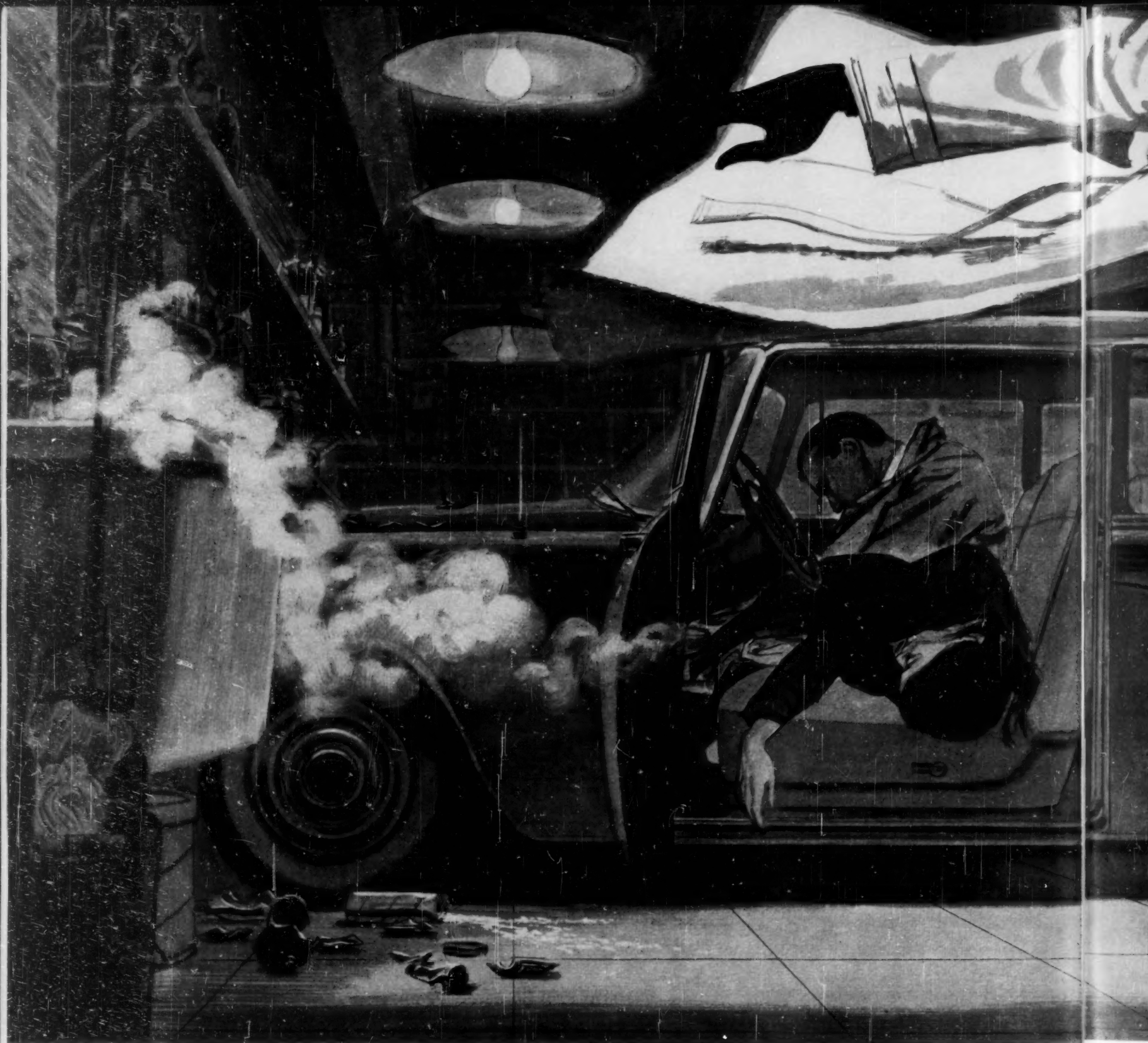


Pally president Forsyth hobnobs with workers, has won their respect by ditching master-servant relationship.

#### It's not all work

Fisherman Forsyth tries for trout in Newfoundland. He's also a duck hunter and cattle breeder on his farm near Huntingdon, Que.





**I had almost everything a woman could want  
—money, a fascinating career,  
the kind of figure  
that made men turn in the street.  
But I also  
had a memory that nothing could erase**

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

## **This is why I killed them**

**BY NOEL CLAD**





I rammed the car against the wall, but they did not wake. Then I smashed the bottle of deadly acid, pressed a handkerchief to my nose and ran. It was done.

**M**y name is Mary Creft. I am a bibliopegist.

Five years ago, while rebinding a fourteenth-century octavo by Camiu del Serte, I actually duplicated the whole thing. I chemically aged my own vellum, hand-lockstitched the folio and single-printed it over my own illustrated letter leads. As my personal stamp, I worked my name into a double acrostic toward the back of the book. Then I burned the original. No one discovered the hoax. People are such fools. The last sale of my forgery was in London, for nine hundred pounds. I care nothing for its consistently rising price, but it shows my skill.

This was a Wednesday in October. A west-coast client had sent up a Rembrandt sketchbook for cleaning. It is almost impossible work. It takes such supreme care that there are only a handful of people in the

world who do it. I am thirty, by far the youngest of them all. You know how Rembrandt worked: delicate reds and umbers. One page was slightly torn. I kept coming back to it. It was toward the back of the notebook. It was a charcoal sketch of Delft and the tear almost touched the arms of a windmill in the background.

It was impossible, that little tear. It is like a great surgeon being called in to attend a common cold. It is degrading. I reminded myself that such a small imperfection is the kind of thing that tends to become folded over when the folio is closed. It weakens the entire book. I have heard of cases where the slight ridge between the pages enables insects to enter and destroy a priceless work of art. In the end, of course, I tore it through the windmill. I know **continued on page 38**

**A Maclean's novelette complete in this issue**



The college crowds into seven acres in downtown Toronto. In the background (centre) is Maple Leaf Gardens.



The campus, crisscrossed by about two thousand students

# The versatile college with the concrete

The Ryerson Institute of Technology is a flourishing puzzle:

- \* It acts like a university but it grants no degrees
- \* It teaches everything from electronics to cooking, printing and dressmaking — but it's not a trade school
- \* It squats in a slum but its students dress like executives

BY EARLE BEATTIE

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

In the last weeks of September and early October, young Canadians in every province repeated a long-established autumn ritual—the return to college. They flocked back eagerly to dear old alma maters that still resemble, with few exceptions, the fond image that parents hold of them: ivy-covered walls, tree-shaded campus, chalky classrooms, professors in billowing black gowns and casually dressed students strolling on undulant green lawns.

One exception to this pleasant stereotype awaited those who arrived at Canada's only "career college," the Ryerson Institute of Technology in downtown Toronto.

Nestled behind a high spiked fence and guarded twenty-four hours a day by uniformed commissionaires because of its location, Ryerson's campus is seven acres of concrete and asphalt set in a crumbling slum and vice district. Its halls of learning are six weather-beaten prefabs—former barracks, drill hall and hangar used by the air force in World War II—and three grimy stone buildings, the biggest of which was once Ontario's first Normal School and the office of public education pioneer, Egerton Ryerson, a century ago.

The institute grants no degrees, although it provides education three years beyond the high-school level. Its instructors wear no academic gowns in class and shun the lecture system. Its students are not found in open-neck shirts, jeans or windbreakers. They wear suit coats, suitable trousers and collars and ties, on the principal's



The students come from all over the world. Reporter for the campus paper interviews Indonesians (above).



The classroom work is only part of course: students visit offices and factories for practical experience.





every day, is often fragrant with fumes from a nearby brewery. But campus dignity is stressed by principal Howard Kerr's order that all men must wear coats and ties.

## campus

order, to look like natty young executives.

Nor does Ryerson enjoy the serenity usually associated with a college campus. The chatter of rivet guns and pneumatic drills on nearby building construction and street repairs continually bombard its walls, while a yeasty smell of brew from O'Keefe's beer vats across the street scents the campus when the wind is northerly. A block west is a busy amusement section of Yonge St., sporting six cocktail bars, a dozen restaurants and several movies. A block east is Jarvis St., Toronto's much-publicized sin strip.

In spite of this, Ryerson Institute has some enticing features and a bouncy way of life that draws an increasing number of students every year. It has a million dollars' worth of electronic, chemical and mechanical equipment that includes a radio station, TV and movie-making studios, a printing plant and teletype machines that bring in world news daily. Its radio station broadcasts six hours a day and a semiweekly newspaper, for years a daily, comes off its presses.

Its instructors supplant the traditional lecture system with a learn-it-yourself approach that includes lively class projects and excursions into the industrial and business world of Toronto and other cities. Students have their choice of a vocational career from the widest and oddest range of courses on any Canadian campus—as far apart as Childhood Management and Metallurgical Technology. Each graduate receives a technological diploma, issued by the Ontario government, testifying to his semi-professional standing. These diplomas have assured some thirteen hundred graduates jobs at starting

salaries of from \$175 to \$350 a month.

It is probably the fastest-growing college in Canada. When the Ontario Department of Education first set it up in 1948, registration was a hundred and eighty. Today about two thousand students strain its old joists. They arrive each fall from every province—for many of the courses can't be found elsewhere in Canada — from the U.S., the West Indies and South America.

Another forty-five hundred take evening classes from the first of October to the end of March, making Ryerson the largest school of its kind on the continent, according to a recent survey taken by the Rochester, N.Y., Institute of Technology.

Just what kind of college Ryerson really is still baffles most people, chiefly because there's only one of it in Canada. It's similar to some sixty "career" or "community colleges" in the U.S. where young people get technical and academic education. Far more advanced than technical high schools, Ryerson accepts only high-school graduates for entrance, but falls

short of university professional requirements.

Where the university graduates engineers, Ryerson turns out "engineering technicians" in the chemical, mechanical, electronic and electrical fields to work on the management side of industry. They work with the professional men to form what the Engineering Institute of Canada calls "balanced engineering teams" in which the engineer is released for more important work. The graduates from other courses become managers and assistant managers for stores and offices, research assistants, supervisors, laboratory technicians, designers, draftsmen, reporters, editors and radio-television personnel.

All students receive some liberal-arts education in English, history, mathematics and the social sciences, but in actual practice some departments have timetabled this down to one subject as technological courses make increasing demands on time.

Because Ryerson breaks the rules of the well-brought-up college it's often called a trade school. Each day people phone in asking for such short courses as **continued on page 34**

The curriculum includes radio and TV courses. Students learn acting, camera work in large TV studio (below).



# WILL FUNDY'S TIDE REVITALIZE THE MARITIMES?

Tugged by the moon, a forty-foot ocean of brine surges up this famous bay twice a day with fortunes in fish. It's the world's highest tide. Harnessed for power, it could change the future of the seaboard

By Ian Selanders

**B**rine from the open Atlantic, one hundred billion tons of it, surges through the rocky portals of the Bay of Fundy every twelve hours and twenty-five minutes.

It climbs the seaweed-stocked legs of wooden wharves in scores of salty communities in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Maine. In places it lifts Fundy's surface forty or fifty feet. It swells tiny creeks, muddy trickles, until they are broad and navigable. It charges at the rapids at the mouth of the St. John River so fiercely that the rapids turn and retreat in tumbling disorder. It bores up the Petitcodiac River, white and angry. It submerges reefs and beaches, hides the sharp-smelling chocolate-colored ugliness of mud flats, and throws itself at the dikes that guard lush marshlands.

Having done this, it rolls back to the Atlantic to gather strength for another assault.

This incredible mass of brine, moving so rhythmically in and out, is the Fundy tide—the highest tide in the world and the mightiest manifestation of the moon's strange pull on the oceans.

Life on the twisted jagged perimeter of Fundy's six thousand square miles is paced

by this tide. Ships must wait for it to rise before they can enter Fundy's ports or sail from them. The tide governs fishing, too. Ebbing and flowing, it carries with it vast floating gardens of microscopic plants and hordes of protozoa—minuscule creatures that graze on the plants. The grazers are trailed by small fish that feed on them, and the small fish by larger fish that feed on small fish, right up to sharks. The tide also influences the weather. By pushing depth-chilled water to the top, where it collides with sun-warmed air, it cools the summers and hatches fog banks. And, as surely as the tide has carved the cliffs at Fundy's edge, it has left its mark on Fundy's people.

Fundy's people are patient people, for they know the tide can't be hurried and worry won't fill a net with sardines or alewives or fat shad or mackerel or silver salmon. They are, by instinct and tradition, seafaring people. The

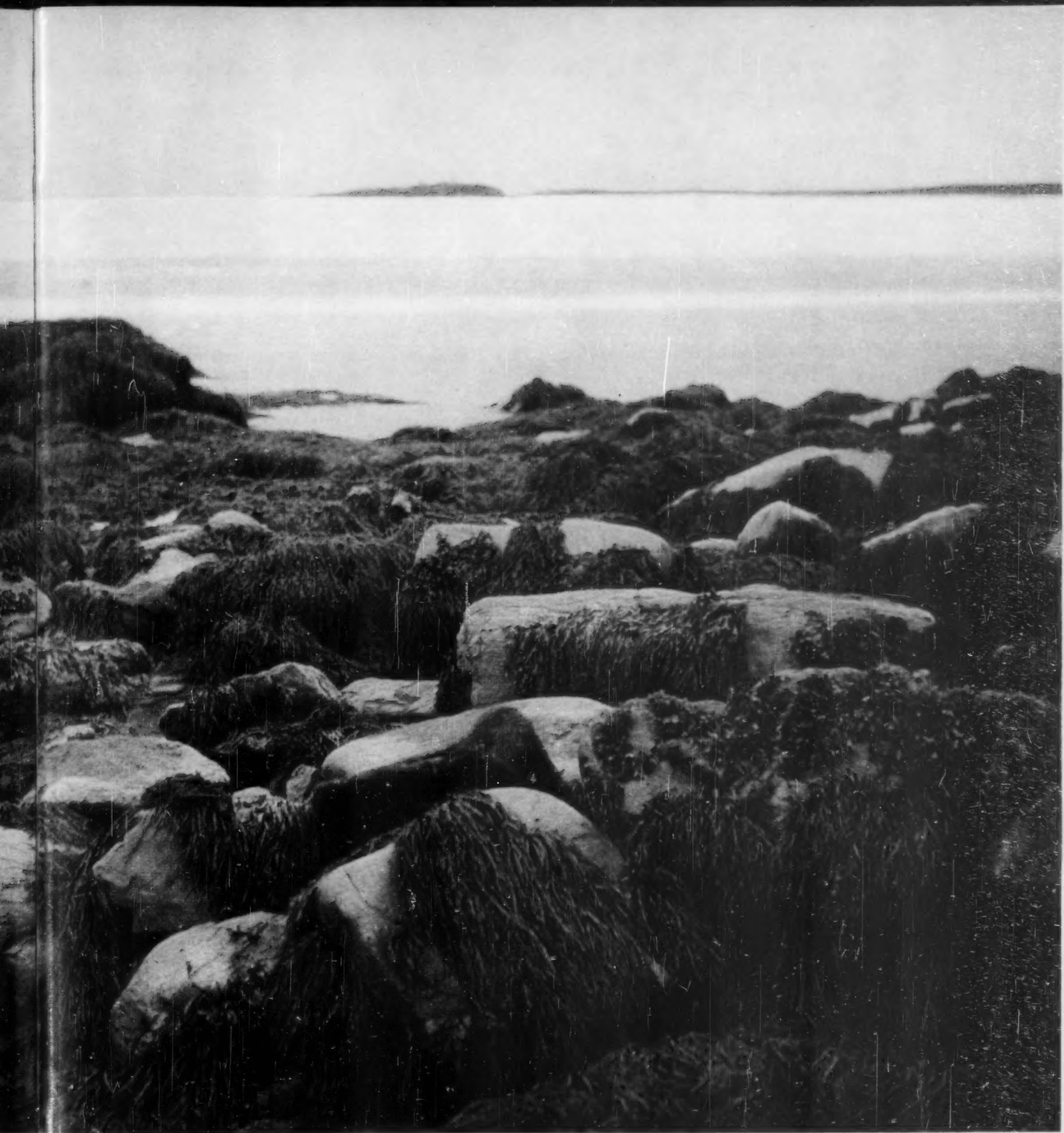


PHOTOS BY JOHN SEBERT



"One hundred billion tons of water... moving"



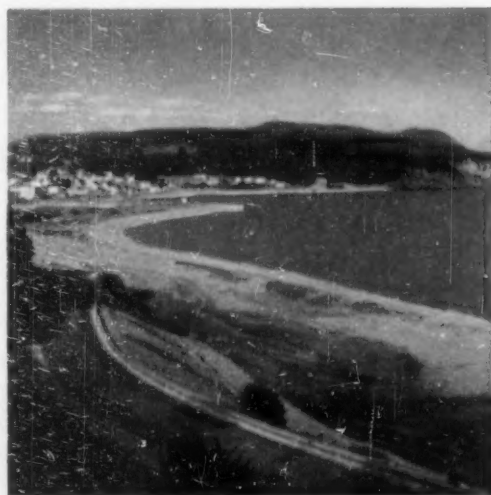


... moving in a mighty swell, submerging beaches, carving cliffs—the most dependable source of power known to man.”

Continued over page ►

Will Fundy's tide revitalize the Maritimes? continued

"Life on Fundy's jagged perimeter is paced by the tide . . . It governs fishing, the weather, people's memories and their lives, and its awe-inspiring force stirs dreams of a new glory"



A sandy beach on the Fundy at Alma, New Brunswick.



A pasture on the Fundy near Five Islands, Nova Scotia.

windjammers that brought them wealth and renown have long since sailed into history, but Fundy men still know how to outwit Fundy's treacherous currents and how to steer safely through a fog with nothing to guide them but the sound of breakers pounding a familiar bit of shore.

Their forebears felled trees and sawed the logs into deals and built ships of the deals and went off to foreign countries to trade cod and pine boards for molasses and sugar and tea. One Fundy man, Abraham Gesner, a physician who wanted lighthouse lamps to burn brighter, extracted kerosene from petroleum and fathered the oil industry. Another, Robert Foulis, spent a foggy Fundy evening inventing the first foghorn, and a third, James Smith, launched the Marco Polo, the clipper that broke all speed records between England and Australia during the gold rush.

Because much of Fundy's glory is in the past, Fundy's people cling to their memories. The tide stirs these memories as it washes the bleached bones of dead barques and brigantines and the rotted timbers of bygone shipyards.

But Fundy may have a new glory in the future. The tide, with its awe-inspiring force, stirs dreams in men like Randolph Fountain. Fountain is a shrewd lanky Deer Island fisherman. And Deer Island, an eight-mile-long chip of New Brunswick, sits like an anchored dory at a spot in the Bay of Fundy where engineers and governments for more than thirty years have contemplated making electricity from tide.

Last August this project, called the 'Quoddy project and often debated at Washington and Ottawa, was in the news when the U. S. put up three million dollars and Canada three hundred thousand dollars for a survey of what it would cost and what it would do for the fortunes of Maine and New Brunswick. Money talks—and Fountain felt the politicians might finally be in earnest.

His native Deer Island has seven ham-

lets, each snuggled against its own little harbor and all hauling an uncertain living from sardine weirs and lobster traps. Fountain had seen the hamlets shrink and it seemed to him the children hardly waited to grow up before they packed and departed for booming industrial cities far from Fundy. He wondered whether the 'Quoddy project, if it provided an abundance of cheap electricity, could stop the exodus.

An individualist, like most Fundy men, he decided on an investigation of his own. He tied his boat up and headed south to the Tennessee Valley, once a depressed region of the United States. He chose the Tennessee Valley because, in the 1930s President Franklin D. Roosevelt had attempted to harness 'Quoddy power at the same time that he organized the Tennessee Valley Authority to harness Tennessee power. Congress defeated 'Quoddy but the TVA survived.

In the Tennessee Valley, Fountain looked at the industries that had sprung into being as a result of the TVA. He asked about payrolls and wages and returned to Deer Island full of excitement.

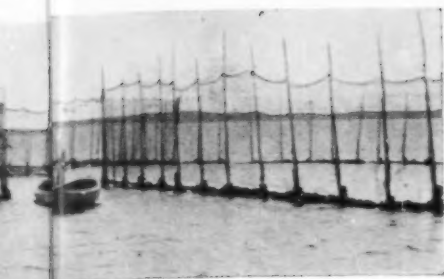
"If you get power," he says, "you get factories, and if you get factories, you get rich."

Fountain, and plenty of other Fundy men, are convinced that power from Fundy's tide can bring New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Maine a prosperity to eclipse that of their golden age of wooden ships. Fundy, they claim, is probably the greatest untapped source of hydro-electric power. Its tidal flow, by the reckoning of H. A. Marmer of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, is 164,427,000 cubic feet a second, compared with the Niagara River's flow of 203,000 cubic feet a second, and the difference between Fundy's low and high tide, averaged over Fundy's whole area, is twenty-two feet.

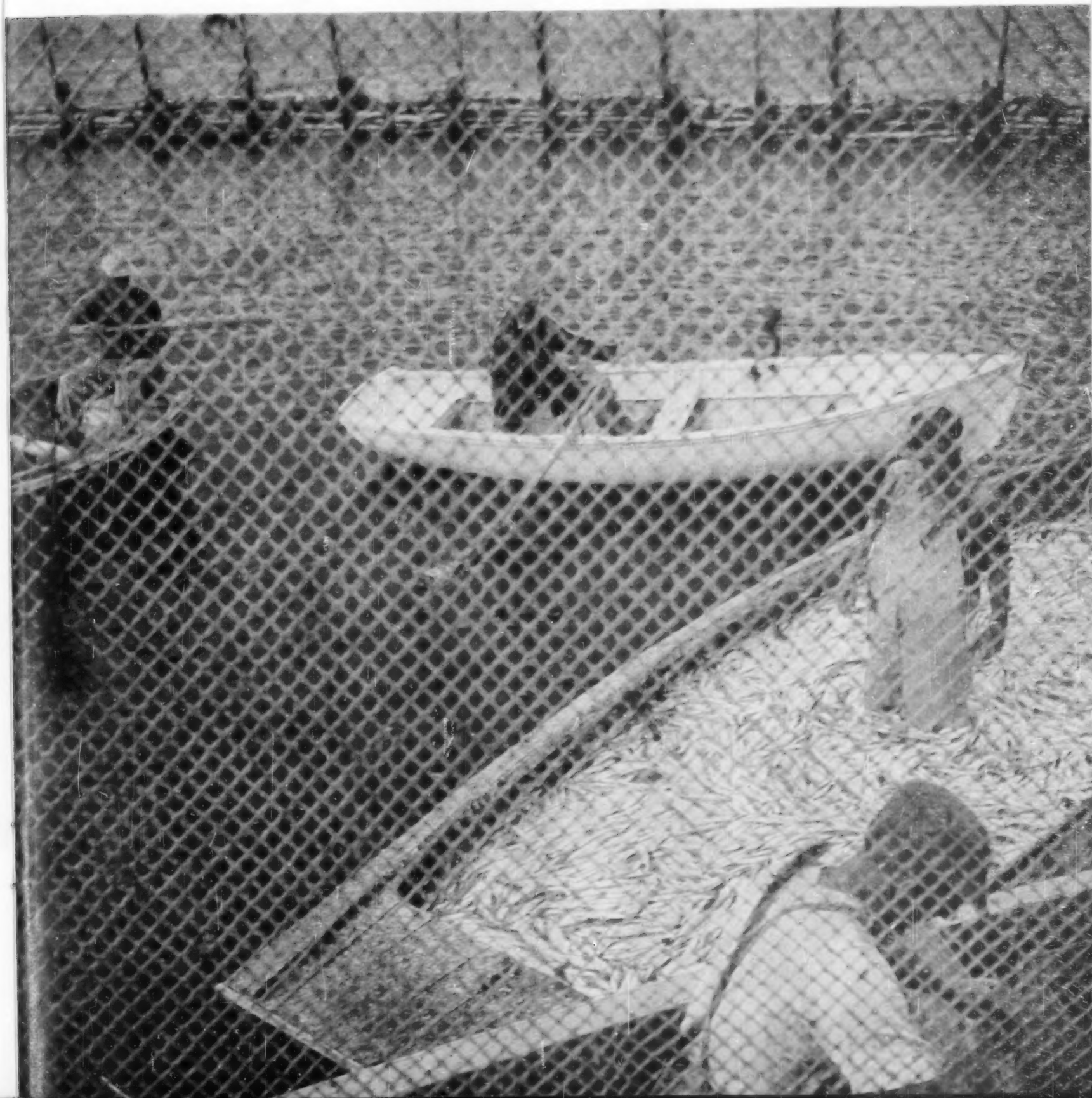
From these figures Marmer concludes that the electricity "theoretically available" in Fundy is 209,088,000 horsepower—a dozen times as







"Fundy's people are patient people for they know the tide can't be hurried and worry won't fill a net with sardines or silver salmon."





Family man Herb Trawick frolics with children, Herb Jr., Timi and Toni, at home, but his rugged behavior on gridiron (right) is no child's play.

## The gentle

For eleven years

hammering Herb Trawick has been barreling

out of the Montreal line

like a blockbuster with manners.

He's a perennial all-star

in a rough game — but

sometimes it's rougher off the field

## BONE-CRUSHER





**O**n a warm and hazy autumn afternoon in 1951 the air around the Montreal football stadium was being rudely stirred by the cries of wounded players belonging to the home-town Alouettes and the visiting Toronto Argonauts. The Argos were Grey Cup champions who had succeeded the Alouettes on the national pedestal in 1950, and the Alouettes were disturbing the peace in an effort to prove it was all a mistake.

Billy Bass, the Argonaut fullback, stood under a punt. When he caught the ball he was hammered to earth by the dark hurtling form of Herb Trawick, two hundred and forty-eight pounds of Montreal lineman who had obviously decided to become an undertaker that very afternoon. Bass lay still after the collision, and weary trainers at the Argo bench headed onto the field with a stretcher. Trawick, who'd started to rejoin his Montreal teammates, turned back to Bass and bent over him.

"C'mon, Bill, get up," he said, cradling an arm under the Toronto player's shoulders. "My wife bought a roast and we're expecting you for

three seasons in which he has not been named on the annual poll of Big Four football reporters and broadcasters conducted by the Canadian Press. There is no such thing as a poll to determine an all-Canadian team, but in the annual samplings of press-box opinion in the west, and in the east, no player has a record comparable to Trawick's seven successes in the eastern Big Four.

There are more graphic illustrations of his enduring prowess. He had already been an all-star on four occasions when Indian Jack Jacobs entered Canadian football at Winnipeg, and he was again endowed with all-star recognition the year after Jacobs retired from the Blue Bombers, a beloved and veteran quarterback. Jackie Parker, Edmonton's great quarterback, was a boy of thirteen with a ruptured appendix when Trawick first became a Big-Four all-star, and it was not for another eight years that Edmonton's famed split-T offense was even introduced in this country (two years later Trawick was once more named an all-star).

During Trawick's first eight years he was a

sixty-minute performer, playing the guard, or inside, position when the Alouettes had the ball, and switching to tackle, or middle, when the enemy got its turn to dispatch human missiles into the line. During the last three years his playing time has been cut down to around thirty-five minutes a game by coach Douglas (Pea-head) Walker, who employs Trawick as an offensive guard with the heavy responsibility of providing protection for Sam Etcheverry while the Alouette quarterback seeks out a receiver in Montreal's devastating passing attack. Trawick nowadays is used defensively only on goal-line stands where his bulk helps plug the middle of the line.

Sometimes his endurance confounds even his own teammates. In last year's eastern final, so fiercely contested that Montreal's departure for the Grey Cup final in Vancouver was delayed forty-eight hours while five players received the benefits of an extra two days in hospital, the Alouettes barely squeaked past the Argonauts. Afterward they sat in weary triumph in their dressing quarters. First **continued on page 80**

## of the Alouettes

dinner at our place right after the game."

Bass, who attended college in Kentucky with Trawick fifteen years ago, would have accepted the invitation, he recalled recently, except that he had a broken bone in his back. Trawick went down to the train to see Bass off for Toronto and expressed the hope he'd soon be feeling better.

Trawick has been knocking people down and helping them up for eleven seasons with the Alouettes, earning thereby a reputation as the most amiable menace in Canadian football. His eighth of a ton is lumped on a wide heavy frame of five-feet-ten. He has massive legs that resemble two small halfbacks as he bowls across the turf. His generous middle is surmounted by a chest the size of an icebox. His features are handsome on a head nestled low over thick shoulders. The gentle side of his nature is reflected in soft dark eyes, a deep quiet voice and an easy chuckle. At one time he could rumble a hundred yards in 10.5 seconds, and the impact was often awesome when he collided with someone along the way. Once in the late Forties when Joe Krol and Royal Copeland were making the Argos tick with their passing combination, Trawick nailed Krol behind the line of scrimmage just as he was throwing.

"I've never been hit harder," Krol recalls, "and then the son-of-a-gun had the nerve to stick out his hand and help me up. I just wanted to lie there. I told him to stop doing me favors."

Trawick, who will be thirty-five next Feb. 22, has slowed down some in recent years but he still was named on the Big Four all-star team last season as an offensive guard, or inside wing. In fact, no player in the country has earned all-star recognition as often as Trawick, who was the first Negro signed in eastern Canada's Big Four league. During his eleven seasons on the Larks' line—a record of durability matched by no other American import, and by barely a sprinkling of Canadians—there have been only



**Team captain Trawick** is also Montreal's most durable player—he's missed only three games in his eleven years. Teammate Tom Hugo once suggested: "Herb, when you die you better give those old bones to science."



Where were they going? With 30 men, three women, 130 packhorses, tractors and boats, Charles Bedaux (by tractor, centre) left Edmonton for Telegraph Creek, B.C., 1,170

## THE BIZARRE MYSTERY OF B.C.'s "champagne



What did he want? Bedaux gave many conflicting reasons for the trip. Some saw a sinister motive.



Who went with him? In Bedaux's personal party were Bilonha Chiesa (left), famed "big-game hunter," John Chisholm, game warden, and Mme. Bedaux.



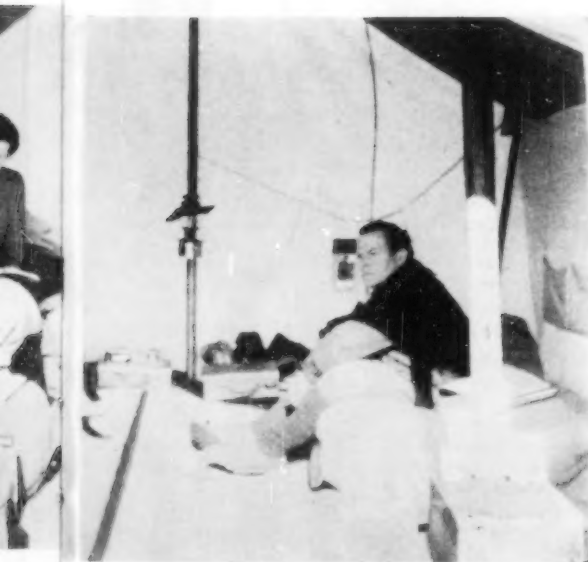
How did they live on the trail? The Bedaux packed in every luxury: silver





1,170 miles away. The trek collapsed 200 miles from its goal.

# the safari"



cutlery, crystal stemware, cases of champagne, pâté de foie gras, rugs, baths, hundreds of French books.

In mid-depression a millionaire friend of the Windsors squandered a quarter of a million dollars on a comic-opera trek into the Canadian wilderness. Even the ladies who went along weren't quite sure why Charles Bedaux did it

## A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK by McKENZIE PORTER

In a field behind a farm at Fort St. John, a British Columbia village forty-nine miles up the Alaska Highway, three old Citroen half-track trucks lie rusting, crumbling and overgrown with weeds. Another of these French-built vehicles is slowly falling apart up a Rocky Mountain trail, thirty miles to the northwest. A fifth, which has been put into fair shape with bits and pieces from the dereficts, may be seen in a Saskatoon museum.

They are relics of a bizarre adventure, highly and speciously publicized as the Bedaux Sub-Arctic Expedition. Its professed aim was to give a wealthy businessman the thrill of crossing unmapped frontier territory. In the light of subsequent events many British Columbians insist it had a more sinister purpose.

Consisting of thirty men, three women, a hundred and thirty packhorses, a fleet of river boats and the five Citroen tractors, the expedition set out from Edmonton in the summer of 1934 across an unexplored region of the Rocky Mountains toward Telegraph Creek, a tiny settlement standing just behind the Alaska Panhandle on the Stikine River of B. C.

It was abandoned on the Sifton Pass, two hundred miles short of its goal. Its failure was due to the unsuitability of the tractors in a country of precipitous mountains, scrubby foothills, swampy valleys and fast-flowing rivers; to the exhaustion of packhorses overloaded with champagne, elaborate clothing, fireproof tents and other luxuries; to the reluctance of the women to get up in the mornings; to interminable delays caused by the shooting of phony movie scenes; and to the erratic conduct of its multimillionaire leader, Charles Eugene Bedaux.

The last three hundred miles of the route were littered with broken tractor parts, dead horses, pack saddles, clothing, blankets, scientific instruments and cases of canned food. Although the safari took place in one of the bleakest years of the Depression Bedaux squandered on it a quarter of a million dollars. It was one of the craziest expeditions in Canadian frontier history.

In the middle Thirties Bedaux was a chunky five-foot-six man around fifty, with a close-cropped bullet head, leathery features, big brown smirking eyes, and a passion for women, expensive clothes and fine food and wines. He derived his fortune, reputedly, from a world-wide industrial time-study business. In 1937 he was famous as the owner of the fairy-tale French chateau in which the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were married. During the excitement of the ceremony Bedaux embarrassed the Windsors by announcing to the press: "I'm an out-and-out Fascist." A wartime traitor to his native France and adopted United States, he was arrested in North Africa in 1943. Flown back to Florida under military escort, he committed suicide

rather than face trial on charges of trading with the enemy.

Bedaux surrounded his 1934 Canadian expedition with a fog of ballyhoo. He himself wrote garbled reports of his progress, telegraphing them to New York and Paris to be relayed to newspapers by publicity agents. These accounts gave rise to the illusion that the expedition was facing great hardships and hazards. Actually most of the members were living off the fat of the land and encountering nothing more dangerous than the odd curious small animal.

To make the journey appear more perilous Bedaux deliberately started a bush fire, provoked a stampede of packhorses and blasted two tractors over a cliff while his movie cameras turned. Among his stories to the press was a whopper about a man being drowned during an enforced packhorse swim across a stream. The most serious casualty in fact was a cowboy's twisted knee. Bedaux wrote as if he were boring through country where no white man had been before. Actually only about seventy miles of his route was unexplored and this had been traversed by Indians.

Until the outbreak of the last war Bedaux was a Jekyll-and-Hyde figure. One side of his character figured in newspaper gossip columns, the other in the files of many a secret service. His public personality was that of a minor celebrity, a familiar dandy on Park Avenue, New York, Bond Street, London, and the Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

In New York he threw torrid parties with an Asian or African motif, usually in Bohemian Greenwich Village apartments rented under an assumed name. His Manhattan home was a Fifth Avenue apartment sprayed daily with quarts of lilac water and rented, when he was out of town, to Gertrude Lawrence, the actress. In Scotland he owned a grouse moor. In France he owned a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar castle staffed by thirty menservants in silk knee breeches.

He was a friend of the Herman Rogers, a wealthy American couple who lived on the Riviera and introduced Bedaux to the Duke of Windsor. Bedaux's wife was the former Fern Lombard, daughter of a wealthy industrialist from Grand Rapids, Mich. Madame Bedaux stood half a head taller than her husband.

As a businessman Bedaux appeared to epitomize the American success story. The son of a French railroad worker, he emigrated in his teens to New York in 1906 and made a living washing dishes, filling whisky bottles, swinging a hammer and shoveling sand out of subway constructions. He became an American.

Suddenly, shortly before World War One, he set up in Cleveland as a business efficiency expert. He had invented what he called the B-unit, a means of relating time **continued on page 66**

This refugee from suburbia  
had his fill of nosy neighbors, flooded  
cellars, the Suburban Set  
and walking in the dark. He says

## You take the suburbs ... I don't want them

By Hugh Garner

Last week an acquaintance in our apartment house came to split a last half-dozen ales and wish me good-by. Like hundreds of thousands of intrepid adventurers, he was moving to Canada's last frontier, suburbia.

"It'll sure be great getting into a place of our own, with a garden and room to stretch in," he said, quoting a subdivider's advertising blurb. "Why, from our kitchen window we can see across two miles of open country. Think of it!"

I thought of it. It was exactly ten years ago that I had moved out to suburbia myself. From our kitchen window we had been able to see across four miles of open country. I used to say to the boys at the office, "We live in the last house in metropolitan Toronto. On a clear day we can see almost to Winnipeg. Think of it!"

Today from what used to be my kitchen window, the present tenants can look across their barbecue pit right smack into the kitchen windows of a row of bungalows that have been built where a market gardener's parsnips used to grow. Behind the first new row of bungalows are more and more and more, stretching in zany geometrical design to the horizon.

My friend curled his lip as he glanced at our only piece of greenery, a Mother's Day geranium plant in the window. "I'm going to have a big kitchen garden," he said, dreaming out loud. "I'll grow potatoes, cabbage, salad greens, tomatoes . . ." His mouth began to water, while mine felt as if I'd bitten into a quince.

I had a corner house with a lot continued on page 71

DECORATION BY GEORGE FEYER



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NOW! the  
ALL NEW

# Sunbeam

*Golden glide* SHAVEMASTER



For that  
*Luxury Shave*

Available in Two  
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**Now! The All New SHAVEMASTER—Shaves closer, smoother, more comfortable!** Only the Shavemaster has the amazing scientifically precision honed Golden Glide head, lightning fast double-action cutter, and a new, faster armature type REAL motor. The Shavemaster is the finest shaving instrument available—by actual test.

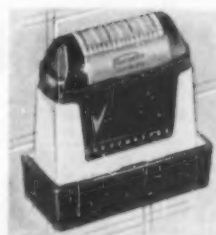
Amazing Golden Glide head shaves your whiskers super-close with new comfort and smoothness. The big, round head glides over your face pressing skin mounds flat and allowing your whiskers to pop into closely spaced holes. Each hole is scientifically honed and tapered inward around its circumference so there is nothing

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MODEL G—\$32.50\*

Traveling case that converts into a convenient wall-cradle holder.



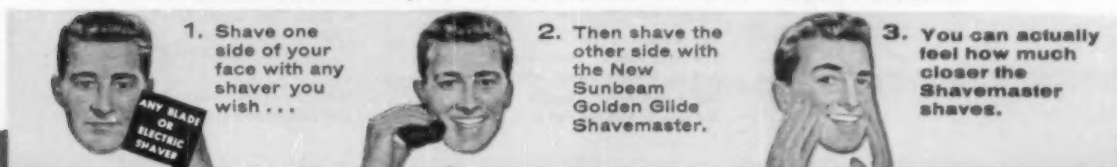
MODEL GZ—\$30.75\*

Zipper case of genuine leather.

\*Suggested Retail Price

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3. You can actually feel how much closer the Shavemaster shaves.

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Look for the  
MARK OF QUALITY

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THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

on television every Thursday night

\*The statements made in this advertisement concerning the performance of the Shavemaster are based on tests conducted by Electrical Testing Laboratories. In these tests, six major electric shavers, as well as a leading safety razor were given impartial tests and the results evaluated by ETL engineers.

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## Macleans' Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



The artist and the actor: Dutch artist Vincent van Gogh's self-portrait (at left) was make-up model for Hollywood's look-alike actor Kirk Douglas.

#### BEST BET

**Lust for Life:** Irving Stone's biographical novel about Vincent van Gogh, the spiritually tormented Dutch artist who killed himself in 1890 at the age of thirty-seven, has been turned into a sombre but solid two-hour movie. Actor Kirk Douglas' acute performance is helped by his own startling resemblance to Van Gogh's self-portraits. Anthony Quinn likewise does well as the brooding earthy Paul Gauguin. The film was photographed where all its events actually happened, and offers many a widescreen close-up of Van Gogh originals.

**Attack:** The non-heroic aspects of war are brutally exposed (perhaps *too* brutally at times, and not always quite believably) in this Hollywood drama about a cowardly captain (Eddie Albert), a corrupt colonel (Lee Marvin) and a homicidal lieutenant (Jack Palance). On the whole, I found it a powerful story.

**Back From Eternity:** A skilled cast and an authentically spine-chilling climax make up for the hackneyed elements in the plot. Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg and Rod Steiger are among those trapped beside their wrecked aircraft in a South American jungle populated by headhunters.

**Storm Centre:** A non-Communist librarian's dogged refusal to destroy a Communist textbook is hotly defended in a small-town drama starring Bette Davis. But the basic issues are sometimes obscured, sometimes oversimplified and the plot gimmick at the finish leads to a sentimental orgy.

#### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**The Ambassador's Daughter:** Comedy. Good.

**The Bad Seed:** Suspense and horror. Good until weak ending.

**Bigger Than Life:** Drama. Fair.

**The Birds & the Bees:** Comedy. Fair.

**The Black Tent:** Desert drama. Fair.

**Bus Stop:** Romantic comedy. Fair.

**Cast a Dark Shadow:** Crime. Good.

**The Catered Affair:** Drama. Good.

**Charley Moon:** British musical. Good.

**A Cry in the Night:** Drama. Poor.

**Dakota Incident:** Western. Fair.

**The Fastest Gun Alive:** Suspense in the West. Good.

**The First Traveling Saleslady:** Western comedy-drama. Fair.

**Foreign Intrigue:** Spy drama. Fair.

**French Cancan:** Music-drama. Good.

**The Great Locomotive Chase:** Civil War adventure. Good.

**The Harder They Fall:** Drama. Good.

**High Society:** Musical. Good.

**Invitation to the Dance:** All-ballet, no-talk musical. Fair.

**I've Lived Before:** Drama. Poor.

**Jubal:** Western drama. Good.

**The Killing:** Crime drama. Excellent.

**The King and I:** Music-drama. Tops.

**A Kiss Before Dying:** Suspense. Fair.

**The Ladykillers:** Comedy. Good.

**A Lamp Is Heavy:** Hospital drama. Fair.

**The Last Ten Days:** German drama about Hitler. Excellent.

**The Last Wagon:** Western. Good.

**The Leather Saint:** Comedy. Fair.

**The Long Arm:** Detective story. Good.

**Lovers and Lollipops:** Comedy. Good.

**Miami Exposé:** Crime drama. Fair.

**Moby Dick:** Sea drama. Excellent.

**The Naked Hills:** Gold rush. Poor.

**Pardners:** Western farce. Poor.

**Pillars of the Sky:** Western. Fair.

**Private's Progress:** Comedy. Good.

**The Proud Ones:** Western. Good.

**Reach for the Sky:** RAF drama. Good.

**Richard III:** Shakespeare. Tops.

**Run for the Sun:** Suspense. Good.

**Safari:** Jungle melodrama. Fair.

**Satellite in the Sky:** Science fiction. Fair.

**The Solid Gold Cadillac:** Big-business comedy. Excellent.

**Somebody Up There Likes Me:** Crime-and-boxing biography. Good.

**La Strada:** Italian drama. Good.

**Tea and Sympathy:** Drama. Good.

**That Certain Feeling:** Comedy. Fair.

**A Town Like Alice:** Drama. Fair.

**Trapeze:** Circus drama. Good.

**23 Paces to Baker Street:** Mystery and suspense. Good.

**Walk the Proud Land:** Western. Fair.

**War and Peace:** Outsize drama. Good.

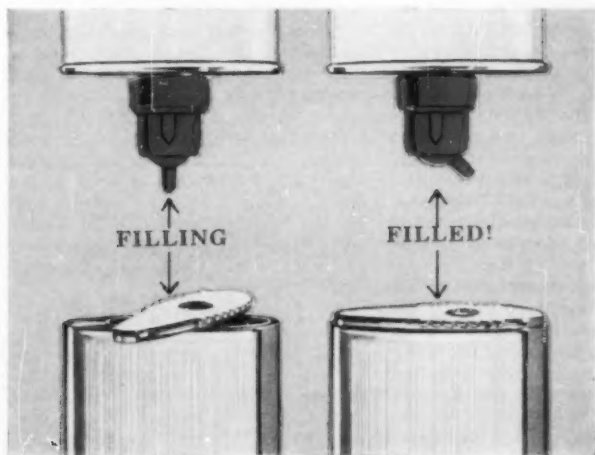


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AS QUICK AS A CAMERA SHUTTER, NEW PATENTED RONSON SWIVEL BASE CLICKS OPEN AND SHUT FOR THE WORLD'S SIMPLEST LIGHTER-FILLING OPERATION.

## New! Easy-to-use "Swivel Base" makes Ronson the world's fastest-filling lighter

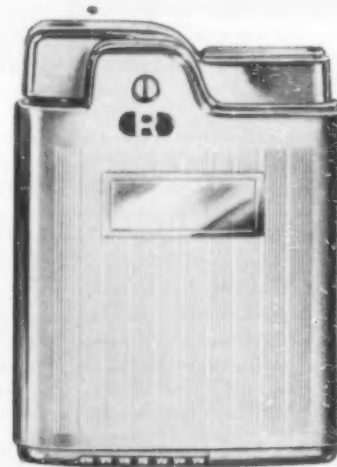


Here's another first for RONSON lighters that makes filling a split second job! It's the patented RONSON Swivel Base that makes *all the difference*. No screws to turn . . . no spilling of fuel. Just *twist* the base open . . . fill . . . and snap it shut. RONSON "Essex" for him. RONSON "Capri" for her. From \$8.95 to \$13.75\*

And the new RONSONOL "Switch Spout" makes it even easier—at last a lighter fuel tin without a tip to pierce or cut. Convenient. Spill-proof. Opens and shuts at the flick of a finger!



Easier flint loading too—another RONSON exclusive! Just press cap and turn slightly to release worn flint. On all new "Essex" and "Capri" lighters.



\*Suggested retail prices

**RONSON**

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTERS AND ELECTRIC SHAVERS



Model 401

# Now Marconi

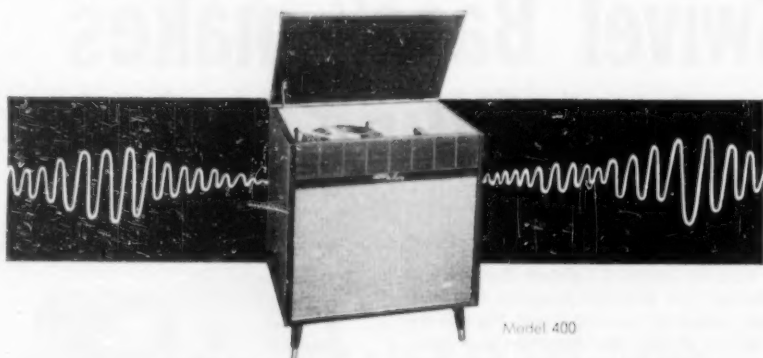
tone reproduction makes



Model 402

# High-Fidelity

a lot less expensive than these  
magnificent instruments look — and sound!



Model 400

MARCONI-ENGINEERED refinements now let you enjoy the full range and beauty of your most prized records, from bassoon bass to piccolo treble. AT LOW PRICES NEVER BEFORE AVAILABLE.

All three of these distinguished instruments faithfully reproduce the *living quality* of the original recorded sound. Note these special features of Models 402 and 401: variable reluctance pick-up, 4-pole motor to minimize rumble and wow. Separate pre-amplifier, 10" bass speaker and two tweeters, latter specially enclosed to eliminate mid-frequency interference. Separate radio tuner in No. 402 engineered for high-quality reception.

All three models have amplifier with 10-watt output: bass reflex enclosure for acoustic balance, freedom from boom; 4-speed player that intermixes all record sizes; automatic shut-off; dual tone control (bass 20 db, treble 20 db). Walnut, mahogany and limed oak finishes. See, hear High-Fidelity at its finest at your Marconi dealer's.

**CANADIAN Marconi COMPANY**

2442 TRENTON AVENUE — MONTREAL 16



## The versatile college with the concrete campus

Continued from page 21

### From jets to TV, Ryerson helped Canada prepare

bricklaying, bartending or radio repairing, while registrar D. G. W. McRae explains with a rising inflection, "We don't train skilled workers here." As Ryerson thinks of itself as almost-but-not-quite a university, the trade-school tag is like a red flag on the campus.

Ryersonians like to point out that they helped solve the serious lack of engineering technicians facing Canada after World War II. They supplied talent for the jet, atomic and chemical era that emerged from the war, the oil and uranium discoveries, the arrival of automation and the mushrooming of government activities, from the St. Lawrence Seaway to television.

Its up-to-the-minute quality is one of Ryerson's big assets. Courses and subjects have been added, eliminated or changed according to decisions made by its many advisory boards, drawn from business and industry. Twenty-two courses have survived the trial-and-error approach. The practical way in which they are taught has made the Ryerson campus so self-sufficient that anyone given the keys to the institute could stay around indefinitely and have all his needs looked after. He could get breakfast, dinner and supper prepared by students of Hotel, Resort and Restaurant Administration, selecting from menus printed by students in Printing Management. He could sleep in the ten-room "dream house" of the Home Economics and Childhood Management courses, and run his laundry through its automatic washer and dryer; write letters home on the electric typewriters of Business Administration, enclosing photos of himself taken by Photographic Arts.

He could play hundreds of records or watch student TV shows in the radio-television building and read the latest news on the journalism department's teleprinters before newspaper readers see it. For recreation he might build an occasional chair in the Furniture Design department, sketch on the drafting boards in Architectural Technology, shop in Retail Merchandising's student store and exercise at fencing, archery or Judo in the gym, one of Toronto's largest.

But even then he would not have become acquainted with the "top third" of Ryerson's courses—the eight engineering-technician groups in which two thirds of Ryerson students are registered. These are Architectural and Building Technology; Chemical Research of Technology; Instrument and Laboratory Technology; Mechanical Technology and Metallurgical Technology; Electrical Technology and Electronic Technology. Graduates of these courses have an average of four jobs waiting for each of them.

Not long ago Indonesia's minister of education spent two days touring the Ryerson campus, moving from classroom to lab in a state of excited curiosity. Other Asian visitors, studying under the Colombo Plan, have seen the Ryerson type of education as the quickest answer to Asia's lack of engineering know-how.

A big attraction for both visitors and students lies in the way Ryerson applies American educator John Dewey's learn-by-doing philosophy of education. As part of that philosophy the student learns best, it is reasoned, when he does a job personally, handling tools, instruments, ideas and programs in co-operation with

others. At the same time, the community—cultural and business—becomes an active co-educator and is no longer what some colleges call "the outside world."

While traditionalists sniff at such an approach to learning as "progressive" and "too practical," it is everywhere evident on the Ryerson campus. On the second floor of one ex-barrack, journalism students learn work in the atmosphere of two newspaper city rooms with horseshoe copy desks, clacking typewriters and a teletype machine. From three till five each day officially, and often till 11 p.m. unofficially, they gather campus news and feature stories for a four-page newspaper.

Downstairs, students of Printing Management set up the stories on one of the school's five linotypes and run the paper off the press. Printing students do another forty thousand dollars' worth of printing for the institute each year.

As special projects the journalism students work on weekly newspapers and city dailies and visit the Ottawa Press Gallery, courts, legislature and city council meetings. This March fifty journalism students conducted a poll in the Bowmanville area, near Toronto, for the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association to find out which sections of the local weekly appealed most to readers.

### Designs from a dungeon

Directly across from the journalism and printing building, another former wartime barrack houses more than a hundred radio and TV students in a seething activity that outjumps most radio stations. While some students take turns at the radio control board of "education's own station, CJRT-FM" and at the monitor sets for the big television studio, others are busy acting in dramas, conducting disk-jockey interviews—often with top entertainers visiting Toronto—or rehearsing for tomorrow's show. Ryerson's TV programs are not yet beamed off the campus (they may be soon), but this year the young producers, with the help of electronics students, started to pipe their programs on a closed circuit to a nearby theatre classroom for student inspection and criticism.

Across the way architectural technology students are just as busy, but less excited. Last year they took as their project plans for a residential hotel, with course director D. G. W. McRae and artist-instructor A. G. Forsey supervising designs, working drawings and models. Down in the basement, students in the allied Building Technology course—dubbed the "dungeon workers"—did layouts for a residential community, supervised by Dr. G. V. van Tausk, a short, gingery Belgian-Canadian.

For practical experience in the field, architectural technology students have visited Toronto construction sites and traveled to U. S. cities to study buildings designed by world-famous Frank Lloyd Wright. With this background they have returned to their drawing boards and hopefully designed a bright modern layout for the institute, complete with grass, trees and playing field.

Not far from the busy architects, bevy of teen-age girls work in the humming atmosphere of sewing machines as they put together dresses, evening gowns, skirts and hats from their own designs.



This spring these fashion-course students combined their artistic abilities and feminine charms to stage a fashion show in the Ryerson auditorium, which was once a solemn chapel and assembly hall. They paraded on a stage in a hundred and fourteen outfits, some taking prizes awarded by clothing firms. One manufacturer walked away from the show with fifty-one variations of felt skirts. One year the girls modeled their gowns for a National Film Board documentary while TV students trained cameras on them for practice, passing the pictures out to a Famous Players mobile unit operated by electronics students.

Photographic arts students operate in an atmosphere of spotlights, news cameras and darkroom chemicals. Supervised by instructor Les Holmes, they use twenty studio cameras, eight press cameras, two motion-picture units and a hundred pieces of lighting equipment in handling subjects ranging from expensive cut glassware they've borrowed from reluctant landladies to young children and wives borrowed from instructors.

For outside projects on picture-story assignments the young photographers last year shot assembly-line jobs at Toronto's Nash Rambler plant and the manufacture of corsets and girdles at the Nemo Corset Co. plant. Each year they take all the photos that go into the Ryerson calendar and student yearbook and most of those for the campus newspaper, saving the institute thousands of dollars.

From their second-story photography studios a visitor can walk downstairs into the strikingly different world of sawdust, resin, varnish and upholstery. There, in half a dozen workrooms under the direction of tall blond Max Werner, a Swedish designer, students are at work on dozens of projects: making furniture, from TV chairs to chesterfields; wood carving; refinishing period pieces; and upholstering chairs. New work must be from the students' own design and backed up with theories and working drawings. Those in the allied Interior Design courses make plans, elevations, perspectives and presentations from their drawings. They've found practical outlets in designing the interior for the "dream house" and a student common room.

From the clean woodsy world of furniture, a narrow alleyway leads up to a big squat prefab at the north end of the campus, once an air-force mess hall. Here are the steaming kitchens and savory smells of the Hotel, Resort and Restaurant courses under Gladys Dobson, a former Saskatoon school teacher and later manager of De Havilland Aircraft's catering department. From the central kitchen some five hundred meals a day are sent to the student cafeteria, faculty dining room and two snack bars. Freshmen do the cooking, sophomores plan the menus and seniors supervise.

Just south of the food school, students in a companion course, Home Economics, work in the practice house, arranging baby formulas and learning household chores. There appliance companies have installed the latest in refrigerators, stoves, ironers, washing and sewing machines. One male student, Arnold Davis, stuck with the Childhood Management course for a while, but finally dropped out—even though his football prowess and nickname, Tiger, put him above the usual jibes.

Students in this course spend more time off the campus than on, working several days a week in day nurseries and visiting such institutions as the Guelph Reformatory, the mental hospital at Orillia and a cerebral-palsy centre.

Retail merchandising students also put in as much time on outside jobs as class-



## How to make a lazy susan work

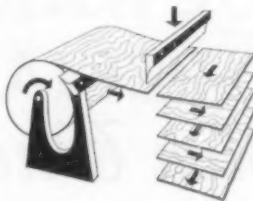
A favorite kitchen space-saver, the lazy Susan is an intricate piece of cabinet work simplified by the use of British Columbia's Douglas fir plywood.

In 1913, the first panel of fir plywood was produced at the Fraser Mills plant of Canadian Western Lumber Company Limited, a subsidiary of Crown Zellerbach Canada Limited. This versatile material has become immensely popular among home owners for interior decoration and home improvement . . . architects and builders have found important uses for it in in-

dustrial and commercial construction.

The demand for plywood, which has doubled since the war, is expected to double again by 1980. That is why Crown Zellerbach, now in the middle of a multi-million dollar expansion program, plans to modernize and enlarge its plywood manufacturing facilities at Fraser Mills.

Through increased production and constant research, we will help meet the plywood demands of Canada's building boom . . . our contribution to better housing, better living.



Only the finest B.C. fir logs go into the two "peelers" at Fraser Mills to be converted into plywood. These two machines peel a 1/10" sheet of veneer 8 feet wide and 2.7 miles long every hour! Sheets are bonded together with waterproof glue under heat and pressure to form plywood.

Forest products for better living

**CROWN ZELLERBACH CANADA**  
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room assignments. The youthful merchants take classes in the mornings and go off to work in stores in the afternoons. Both the paid jobs and the classroom work count toward their diplomas. On the campus, they take turns operating a student store that grosses forty thousand dollars a year.

To finance all this, the institute has a working budget of a million dollars a year, which includes salaries. For each student it amounts to a subsidy of a thousand dollars annually. The value of equipment works out to some five

hundred dollars per student. Industries and business firms contribute twenty thousand dollars a year in scholarships, cash and gifts.

The student himself pays \$134 a year for his course if he lives in Ontario (it was once \$25); \$169 if he's from another province or is a visiting British subject; and \$289 if he's non-British. Twenty-five dollars of his money goes into the student-council treasury, giving a total tidy sum of \$50,000 for extracurricular activities. Spare-time and summer jobs are easy to get, bursaries and loan funds are

there for the asking and at least one permanent job awaits each graduate.

Such a happy state of affairs was only dreamed of back in 1934 when a few farsighted Ontario educators visualized the need for a career college to fill the gap between high school and university, and framed legislation for it. Depression, war and the aftermath delayed its founding until 1948 when an order-in-council set up the Ryerson Institute of Technology. It was named after the fiery Methodist preacher, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, who directed the province's public-

education system a century ago from the office that the institute's principal, H. H. Kerr, now occupies. In those far-off days it was located in a spanking-new Normal School with boys' and girls' model schools behind, all of which were set in a spacious green parkland.

Throughout the war the site was used by the RCAF as No. 6 Initial Training Centre when the prefabricated buildings were added. From 1945 to 1948 it served as a dominion-provincial rehabilitation centre for ex-servicemen. Some sixteen thousand veterans, taught by four hundred instructors in an epic educational sprint, became auto mechanics, jewelry repairmen, welders, piano tuners and skilled workers in other lines in courses that lasted from three to nine months.

From this the Ryerson Institute inherited a varied assortment of equipment, ranging from a Hoffman press to an unidentified skeleton and a two-hundred-thousand-dollar printing plant.

The man chosen to head the fledgling institute was Howard Kerr, then forty-seven and regional director for the Canadian Vocational Training program. A tall lean Scots-Canadian who unflinchingly eats porridge for breakfast, Kerr has angular features, a healthy crop of greying hair and a ready smile. He came to the job with fifteen years' teaching experience in mathematics and engineering drawing after being graduated in engineering from the University of Toronto.

#### "Nobody thought it would last"

Students know Principal Kerr as the man who often startles them by remembering their names, who turns up regularly at football games in a blue-and-white school tam to cheer lustily for R.I.T., but who sternly imposed the collar-and-tie regulation.

Launched on newspaper ads two weeks before school opening in 1948, Ryerson attracted fewer than two hundred students that fall, all of them feeling like guinea pigs in an unproved experiment.

"We had a hard time getting teachers, too," Kerr recalls. "Nobody thought it would last." But they filtered in from odd corners of Canada, from Europe and various professions to total fifteen the first year. (There are a hundred and three today.) There was an average of twelve students for every instructor. In the printing courses eight instructors taught four students. "That was the principle of individual attention put into practice if ever I heard of it," says chief printing instructor Cliff Hawes. "It made us feel pretty jittery."

Classes were held wherever there was space for the bodies and the arrival of new equipment often drove the students out. When photographic equipment filled the second-floor rooms of the Photographic Arts department, instructors taught from a stairway landing and students sat, like roosting pigeons, on the steps.

While classes aren't held on stairways any more, things never have settled down at Ryerson. Crews of carpenters, painters and maintenance men under George Hitchman, the flint-eyed building superintendent, continue to move walls, doors and partitions around like scene-changers on a Hollywood set. After eight years of this, instructors often get irritated, but they're left speechless because all the work crews are Estonians who understand little or no English.

Ted Schrader, the bustling director of journalism, was talking to a class earlier this year when a maintenance man came in and started to saw a hole in the wall.



#### AT THE FESTIVE SEASON

*Dewar's is the Scotch*

At parties and family reunions all over the world, glasses are raised, toasts are proposed . . . gay ones . . . sentimental ones.

But many people (you are probably among them) will be sipping a glass or two, simply because you like the taste of Dewar's.

And that's as good a reason as any!

**"DEWAR'S  
SPECIAL"**  
*Scotch Whisky*  
—it never varies

*Distilled, Blended & Bottled  
in Scotland*

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

63M



A second man entered, took the classroom door off and began to plane it. "Then the two hung up a new blackboard without so much as a how d'you do," Schrader says.

To make matters worse, a message from Sweden over the journalism department's teletype a year ago made instructors feel it wouldn't be right to cuss the unheeding work crews. It revealed that most of the thirteen Estonians had been educators, lawyers and cabinet ministers in Estonia. One of them, John Holberg, former caretaker in the Printing Management building, was named president-in-exile of the small republic, now absorbed in the Soviet Union.

The news made instructors feel like one student who had just got irritated at Holberg for mistaking an order and sawing open his locker. "Ye gods!" he exclaimed. "I almost bawled out the president of Estonia!"

Because of this slum-child existence and the "trade school" tag, Ryerson has tried hard to keep its dignity. Last year many students felt the dignity campaign had gone too far when an order came down that all males must wear a light-colored shirt and tie with suitable dress. Protests sprang up. "Collar and tie" became a synonym in the campus paper for "regimentation." One student placed a sign on the west entrance gate reading: "You are now leaving free Toronto."

But the rule stuck and even spread to the teaching staff. Instructors were asked to dry-clean their greasy lab coats and not to remove suit coats in classrooms.

Came graduation day and the directors of courses underlined the new dignity by dusting off old rabbit hoods from their own university graduations, donning black academic gowns and mortarboards and parading solemnly to the ceremonies in the ex-drill hall. For an added effect they introduced a bronze lamp into the proceedings to symbolize the lamp of learning. Students burst into quiet guffaws as the lamp was borne in: it was the former sports trophy awarded annually to the winner of the homemade chariot race on Ryerson's field day.

In spite of its ugly-duckling ways in the educational world, Ryerson has graduated some thirteen hundred students, many of whom find companies competing for their services. When third-year electronics students toured the Westinghouse plant in Hamilton recently the company tried to employ the whole class. "It wouldn't be fair," demurred Eric Palin, director of the electronics course. "I have to ration them."

Dr. H. W. Jamieson, personnel director of the Defense Research Board, often hires Ryerson graduates. One of the board's scientists, E. J. Bobyn, commenting on twenty-five students doing guided-missile research at Valcartier, Que., says, "They're the best technicians we have. They have the best potentialities and most of them occupy senior positions."

Graduates of Ryerson chemical courses are working at the Chalk River atomic plant, in public health labs and in the labs of steel, oil, chemical and rubber companies. Retail merchandising students have become managers, assistant managers and buyers for stores, ranging from A & P to Zeller's.

The first graduates of the TV course emerged just in time to save the CBC from a painful shortage of skill and talent as it prepared to launch Canadian television in 1952. They have manned all nine cameras at Toronto's CBLT. For the program side, Ryerson provided announcer Gil Christie, the institute's first student president; Stan Harris, a producer of Cross Canada Hit Parade; Rena Elmer, producer of Howdy Doody; and

TV actress Caryl McBain. Other institute grads have gone to private radio stations in Canada and Australia.

Ryerson journalism graduates hold down jobs in news offices as far apart as the Vancouver Sun and the Canadian Press bureau in London, England, on magazines, in advertising agencies and radio and TV newsrooms.

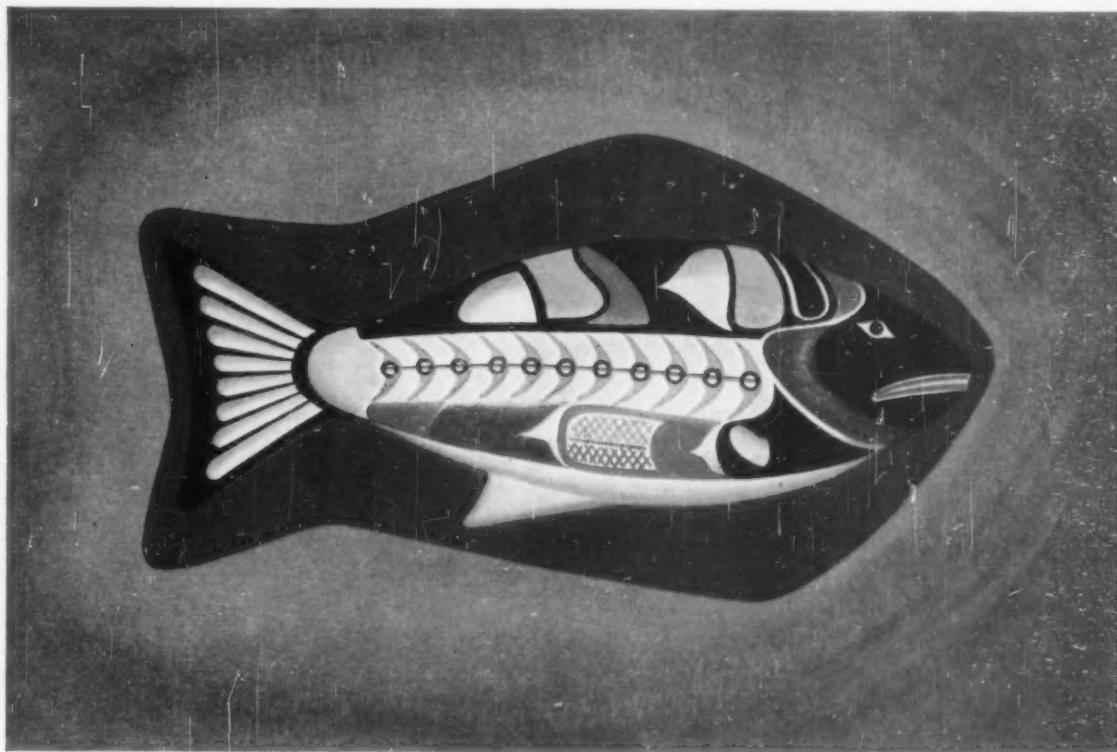
Most graduates feel like Peter Donoghue, an ex-architectural technology student, who says, "I'd still be working in a butcher shop if I hadn't gone to Ryerson." He's now designing buildings for

the Toronto-Dominion Bank.

While many continue to look askance at the lusty young polytechnic with the maverick ways, it seemed by last year to have proved itself to its anxious parent, the Ontario government. Budget estimates appropriated half a million dollars for one brand-new building as the first installment of a five-million-dollar program to replace the worn prefabs. It was followed this spring by an announcement that Ontario would build up to twelve junior colleges and technological institutes around the province. The first will

be a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar Lakehead College of Arts, Science and Technology between Fort William and Port Arthur.

Ryersonians had only one regret: they were to stay on the same downtown site with its noises, odors and run-down neighborhood. Yet, as surveyors arrived this summer, many were already looking back wistfully over eight years of erratic but interesting life in the old H-huts and the antique stone buildings where they fretted at working conditions but found never a dull moment. ★



*A native Canadian design painted by Arthur Price for the pulp and paper industry of Canada. West Coast Indians carved totems, like this salmon, to record their legends and achievements.*

## Record of Achievement

Pulp and paper has a good record as a tenant in Canada's forests. It manages its leased woodlands wisely, growing more wood than it cuts. Although only a tenant, it makes the largest financial contribution to the conservation and protection of Canada's publicly owned forests. The pulp and paper companies are helping to control the budworm plague over thousands of square miles, are operating test forests, and with money and effort are the mainstay of the Tree Farm Movement.

The day-to-day management of the woodlands by skilled foresters assures you that pulp and paper forests are being maintained as a source of wealth for Canadians forever.

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THE ENTERPRISE OF MOST VALUE TO CANADIANS

\* softest ever \*

New Kotex with Wondersoft covering \*

- the most comfortable, \*  
most absorbent napkin ever designed

Only Kotex has Wondersoft\* covering . . . the new open-mesh covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex\* napkins with this Wondersoft covering can give you: softness you thought you'd never have; complete open-mesh absorption that never fails; and a perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape.



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Only New Kotex

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48

Regular Size  
Sanitary Napkins  
per package

ALSO IN PACKAGES OF 12  
—REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



KOTEX WONDERFORM\* BELT—  
for utmost comfort and security  
... your choice of white or pink.

\*REG. TRADE MARK



I removed the tops from the candies  
and divided the powder among them.

This is why I killed them continued from page 19

"Mary, your father is coming to see us," mother  
said nervously. The manuscript tore in my hands

how to repair it. Vellum is difficult to work with, but this was a standard seventeenth-century pressed stock. You can practically do it with a hot iron. I don't mean that seriously, of course. But when I put the edges back together, you cannot tell. Few experts can tell that the page has ever been torn. In very light tracing ink, I always wash in the word TOP. No one ever notices. If they do, they can only think it a binder's mark. It is my code for Torn On Purpose.

I had just torn it when my secretary sneaked in. I slipped the torn piece back in the book. She saw nothing.

"Miss Creft. Your mother is on the phone." My employer, Mr. Cross, thinks my secretary efficient. He is a slipshod thinker. It takes an artist to be truly efficient.

"Thank you." I picked up my phone and waited. She stood in the doorway and frowned. I don't like her eavesdropping. "Have you spoken to Mr. Cross about the leaky faucet in the garage?"

"Yes, Miss Creft. He said he would get around to it soon."

I grimaced. I keep my specialized and invaluable chemicals at the rear of our delivery garage. His negligence had made a useless paste of a container of bleaching powder. He will spend money on nonsense like automatic doors and ignore important details. I waved my hand and finally she went away. I closed the door. I have a pane of frosted glass. I can see if my secretary is trying to overhear. I locked the door. "Mother?" She is a dear. The only one you can be honest with.

"Mary?"

"Yes, Mother."

She didn't say anything for a moment. I thought it was the gas man again. I'll not have him bothering her at all hours. Her health is delicate, and there is really only me. The others are useless.

"I have some news for you, Mary." If it was Anne bringing some young man home to dinner, I would die. The Thing had not been calling on her much of late, thank heaven. He is a boor who never puts things back where he found them.

"Not William, Mother?"

"As a matter of fact your sister is bringing him to dinner," she said. "I hope you won't mind too much. Will you, dear?" She waited a moment and I made a noise. I thought we had got rid of him.

He is insufferable. "But much bigger news than that. Mary, your father is coming to see us." She waited again.

Very slowly, I opened the Rembrandt once more. I tore it even more. I started to have one of my migraine headaches.

"He's bringing her," mother said. "They haven't been in Toronto in four years. He sounded just like his old self." That coarse accent started to come back into mother's voice. "Mary, what should I wear? What should we have for dinner? Mary, are you there?"

"Yes, Mother." There is a way of drawing stars. When the figure is completed, it is impossible to tell where the line began. I drew several. "I will arrange it all," I said. "Wear your blue. And remember to stand up straight when he comes. I will be home soon. When are they coming, Mother?" A circle is that way, too. I forget who it was that, in lieu of calling cards, merely drew a perfect circle. They always knew who it was. Mine are almost perfect.

"The blue would be nice," she said. "You don't think it's a little too sombre? They're coming at eight. Could we have a cocktail, Mary?"

"The blue is the right choice," I said. "But they can drink with their own friends. Don't let them pull you down to their level. Did they just get in from Mexico?"

"Yes, Mary. I suppose you are right about the drinks. I only thought we might be a bit festive. He is still a handsome man, you know." I detest my mother when she giggles. "They are coming to us directly from the hotel. We're the first people they will see. Dick said he's not forgotten my alcoholic habits." She giggled again.

"That's nice," I said. I knew what she meant. She has an insatiable appetite for a certain kind of foreign chocolate which contains stimulants. I allow her a few but in quantity they are bad for her nerves. My father used to lead her on by constantly bringing her boxes of them. Apparently he intended to continue. And she would let him.

Mother has a good firm mind. But where that man is concerned, she becomes virtually amoral. I don't mean that. But she is not well. She has never been well. They never got on. My father is loud, completely without a sense of propriety. Once I built a secret house in our attic to hide my best books. He







Man with ideas—you can see by the shirt. This Arrow Arden collar is a medium spread, short pointer with built-in 24 hour crispness. The shirt is cut to fit your bodyline—keeps you looking trim even if you don't wear a jacket. "Sanforized"—keeps its fit to the day you retire it. Just \$5.00—in imported English fabric \$7.50. Many other attractive Arrow collar styles to choose from at your Arrow dealer's. Aratwill Tie \$1.50.

White Shirts  
by **ARROW** — first in fashion

Cluett, Peabody & Co. of Canada, Limited, Kitchener, Ont.

At first I did not see what I wanted. But suddenly I saw a pair of turquoise that would look exactly right with mother's blue. They were small rectangles of the stone, rather long, with a quiet waterfall effect. The salesgirls were hopelessly involved in their pads and pencils and I slipped the earrings into my pocket. I went to the lounge and wrote out one of my postcards, telling the store manager of the joke and that if they were as attractive when worn as they promised, he'd promptly receive a postal money order for the price. I mailed it in their own letter chute.

Next I went to my butcher. Few people know it, but there is a great deal of sub-standard meat sold. I have checked on my man. I purchased an excellent rib roast. It was large but there would be time to cook it slowly. I am certain you cannot get meat like that in Mexico. It is virtually our daily fare. The butcher, however, is one of your Bohemians.

"That would be complemented by a Madeira sauce, Miss Creft. Do you know how to make it?"

"If it is worth its exorbitant price, it should not demand stimulation."

"That isn't what I meant, Miss Creft. This meat is first quality."

"Thank you. Good day."

I went to my usual Bloor Street candy shop where I buy those foreign chocolates for mother. I am very sparing with them but they are a convenient way of disguising sleeping pills when she is being difficult. I had the box wrapped, as usual, in plain paper so she would not know what it was. If my father planned to purchase his acceptance in our home with a handful of cheap chocolates, he would indeed be surprised to find she already had them, from me.

I stopped at my florist for three dozen American Beauty roses. They go well with mother's complexion. After all, one cannot always defer to Anne's allergies. My florist was full of the usual trite remarks on the weather. It was good weather. He is well mannered, but rather young. I took a taxi home.

"The cook is grouching," mother said. She looked pale. My heart went out to her, thinking of the amount she had to endure. "She said she had an evening planned."

"She would not find it easy to get another position," I said. "She will stay. Look what I brought you."

"Mary. They're beautiful." She went over to a mirror and tried the earrings on. They were exactly as I had foreseen. "Mary, what would I ever do without you?" She took them off. "I'll put them away until supertime. Is that the box?" I still held the wrapped candy.

"No," I said. "This is for later. I threw the earring box away. It seemed nicer to have the warmth of my hand still on them." She looked at me and smiled. I had never loved my mother so much.

The afternoon called for endurance. Anne came prancing in like a colt. She skirted around the roses and went toward the kitchen but I caught her before she spoiled her dinner. She likes to talk with Mrs. Haverty. After the usual tantrum she took her bath and I helped mother dress. The blue looked lovely.

"It's a new shade of lipstick, isn't it, Mother?"

"You like it, Mary?"

"It does seem a little garish," I said. "But you wear whatever will make you happy." She did not take it off. Mother has that stubborn streak in her. I went to my own room to dress. I wore the plain grey with heels. I had been nearly as tall as he at the time of the divorce. Men tend to shrink as they grow older.

OF COURSE he made us wait for him and then breezed in late, as though nothing had happened. Caroline looked washed out. That sort doesn't wear well. She was raised in an orphanage; heaven knows who the parents were. She used her defenseless state to good advantage with my father, appealing to his masculine conceit. I thought for a moment mother was going to get up. I looked at her.

"Marty, you look wonderful," he said. "Don't get up. Where shall I put these?" He had brought exactly the same assortment he always did. Mother smiled and I took it up to my room and put it with the brandy and things mother is not to know about in the locked drawer. Both candy boxes were the one-pound size. I opened them both. Later I would pass them both. I wanted to see my father's expression when I did that. When I came out I saw at once that he had begun to penetrate mother's defenses.

"You look well, Richard. Mexico must agree with you. And you, too, Caroline."

"It's been a long time, Martha." Caroline wore her hair straight, like an Indian.

"And you, Anne," my father said. "You're radiant. Last time I saw you, you were the bubble-gum champion."

"Oh quit it, Daddy," Anne said. "We're glad you're back." She hugged him.

"How are you, Bunny?"

"I'm fine, Richard," I said.

"Well, good. Good." He looked around. He was nervous. He didn't belong here.

He never had. "The house still looks the same. I've missed it. The farm still all right? I suppose you would have written if anything was amiss with the business." He looked around again. "I remember when this house was only a dream. I remember when we bought that chair you're sitting in, Marty."

"So do I, Dick." Mother wouldn't look at me. She lifted her head again. "Everything is fine. The farm is paying for itself. Your business manager turned out to be a gem." She laughed. Her nerves are bad. "What about Mexico? What kind of place do you have?"

"Quite different from this." He let himself heavily down in the good Chippendale chair. Caroline looked at him and smiled at something. "Leatherwork turned out to be a profitable idea," he said fatuously. "We were lucky in finding a good partner, another chemical engineer. We've thought up some minor shortcuts in tanning." He was always full of that false modesty. "We live in Xochimilco, outside of the city. And we've bought a little place for week ends in Acapulco. But it's good to be back." He rubbed his hands and shoved his feet out clumsily. "Aren't you going to offer us a drink?"

"Fat chance," Anne said. She learned that pout in a movie.

"There's nothing in the house, Richard," I said.

"Well, we can fix that." He was on his feet reaching for his pocket. Big as he is, he moves quickly. He has never been sick. He never needed anyone. "I still carry my flask—same one I've always had. Don't see them so often these days."

"Well, Dick." Mother looked at me. Certainly it wasn't up to me. It was her own decision. "Well. That is thoughtful." He was already going toward the kitchen, Anne tagging along. He remembered where everything was.

"It's nice there's such compatibility," I said to Caroline. "It can't happen often that the first-choice wife gets along so well with the second choice."

Caroline looked at me. "Dick misses you all very much," she said. "One of our reasons for coming is to persuade you to visit us. You'd love Acapulco."





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"Mother's not very well," I said. "I'm afraid the trip would be too much for her."

"I should think the sunshine down there would be just what the doctor ordered."

"I'm sure it is as hot as the food," I said. "You must be able to think of some better kind of revenge on mother than that." I laughed, pretending I was joking. Caroline started to say something but the doorbell rang. I heard father and Anne open it. It was the Thing.

They talked a moment in the foyer

and then they came in. "You could do worse," my father was saying. "Anne's a little flighty but you could beat some sense into her." And Anne took it. She let him insult her like that. "Caroline, this is Bill Hawtry. My wife, Bill."

"Second wife," I said.

There was a moment's pause. Mother stood up. "Dick, get busy. It's been a long time." She is so easily led.

"Right. What's the preference? Light on the ice?"

"Dick, for heaven's sake. I've been on the wagon for years."

"Shame, too." He actually smirked. In this house. "Caroline's gotten me in the habit of drinking tequila. We can't even taste anything less than a thousand proof any more."

"Don't blame me," Caroline said.

And suddenly they were laughing. All of them laughing. As though nothing had ever happened, there had never been a desertion and divorce. They were all looking to my father while he and that woman were blatantly at ease. As though it were no crime for a man to break a marriage of years and run off to palm

trees and tequila with the first woman of indifferent reputation who came along. As though it were nothing that mother's health was ruined, that she had been left alone after giving him everything she had. But it was I, I who had unfailingly nursed her; I who had given up everything for my mother and sister. I hated him, and Caroline.

"I've been hearing about tequila," the Thing said. "We've had some engineers visiting school. I hope they're still looking for people next fall."

"You and Anne come down," my father said. "We'll have a wonderful time. We'll take you to bullfights and some real fiestas in the mountain villages. It's fine country, Bill."

"How about it, Anne?" William leered. "Just ask me," she said.

They couldn't be allowed to walk in like this, to take over the very things they had desecrated. It was not justice.

"Dick," mother said. "That's grand. You can still mix them."

"I thought you were looking a little peaked. But now the roses are coming back in your cheeks. Well, here's how. *Salud*, as we say." He smacked his lips like an animal. "Marty?"

"No."

Mother was starting to look feverish. The result would be a severe setback. "Dick," she said, "tell me about your life." Abruptly she leaned over and took Caroline's hand. "I'm so glad it can be like this. I was trying hard to be terribly modern. But I don't feel modern at all. I just feel happy."

"Marty, I'm so glad." My father is the kind of man who revels in domination. "You have no idea how I've missed you and Anne. And Bunny. Divorce is a terribly serious thing. When it has to be, this kind of reunion is the best of all possible worlds."

"And, Dick, you're on your feet again? Financially, I mean?" She looked at the floor.

"Yes," he said, playing it, of course, to the hilt. "It was close for awhile, but everything is all right now."

"How much do you make?" I said.

"Still not as much as you," he said rudely. "Caroline and I and our partner have worked like dogs to make it go. We're still putting in fifteen hours a day. Like we did, Marty. Before you got sick."

"Give me another drink, Dick." Mother was working herself into a state.

Mrs. Maverty came to the doorway. "Dinner," she said sourly.

"Are you still as good as you used to be, Erica?" my father said.

She looked at him with that calf-like expression. "Not as fancy any more," she snipped. She turned away and went back into the kitchen. We started into the dining room. Mother was visibly weaving. My father laid his hand on her shoulder. I could almost see her shudder. He pushed her chair in and then Caroline's, and sat down in my place at the head of the table. Mrs. Maverty set the roast in front of him, avoiding my eye. He carved and passed the plates just as though he belonged here. It was maddening.

"This is delicious," Richard said.

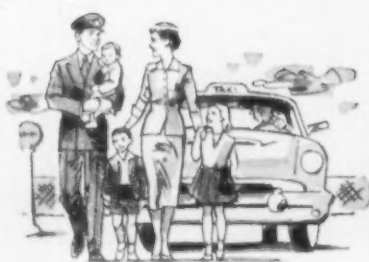
"I thought it was rather tough," I said. "Usually our meat is much better than this."

"It's better than we get in the old country, isn't it, Caroline?" He had to admit it. His fetish about scrupulous honesty forced him to admit it. I couldn't stand him.

Caroline turned away from the Thing and nodded, chewing with her mouth full. She didn't mind brushing her hair back at the table, either. And mother had to sit through this. "It's new country, Bill,"



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she said. "Now that there is finally political stability, it's opening up. The completion of the highway is only an indication of the things they're doing. They need technicians. Come down and help us, Bill."

"It sounds terrific," he said.

"Don't pound on the table, William," I said.

"Sorry."

"Anne's taking it to heart," my father said after a pause. "It's not so good you have to cry about it, Baby."

She laughed and wiped her eyes. "It's a thought. I could almost bawl, it sounds so good." She took William's hand, letting her fork clatter on her plate. "But it's the damned roses, Daddy. Sorry. I'm still allergic."

"Why didn't you say something, for heaven's sake? I thought you'd probably gotten over it when I saw the bowl." He got up and took my flowers into the kitchen. "You didn't have to sit there and suffer." He had no right to do that, without asking me.

Anne looked at me and bit her lip. "They go so well with mother's complexion. I don't like to baby myself all the time." She smiled, wiping her eyes with the clean napkin. "They choke me up. I can't breathe."

I looked at Anne. "You're not strong," I said. I saw William look at his hands. I kept thinking of her getting choked up.

"She looks strong as a horse," my father said. He and William exchanged glances. William put his hand on Anne's. He would take her away somewhere, to some distant mining camp. She had to be protected from herself. She would be helpless away from me. She would get all choked up. And it would be my father's fault. Like everything else.

Then, in a flash, I had it. Picric acid. And bleaching powder. And a leaky faucet. I gasped.

**I**S SOMETHING the matter, Bunny? You're pale."

"No, Richard," I tried to smile at him. "No. Everything is fine. Now." I turned to Anne. "I didn't want you to choke up, dear. I just forgot." Suddenly I felt a tremendous sense of ease. I wished we had got some wine to go with the meal. My plan was so natural, so simple. It would all be only a mistake. A tragic mistake.

I smiled at my father. "It's good to have you back, Richard. It's a memorable occasion."

"Why, thanks, Bunny. Thank you."

"We will come down," mother said. "Won't we, Mary?"

"Of course, Mother. If you like."

"It will be such fun. Dick, what will we do down there?"

"There's endless things to do, Marty. Bullfights and fiestas, as I said to Bill. And dances and restaurants. If you can eat the food."

"I can eat it," mother said. She did not even look at me. I watched Mrs. Maverty clear away the dessert things. "I feel as though I've been penned up here for ages. Let's have coffee in the other room, shall we?" She linked her arm through Caroline's. "I wish we had some brandy, Dick. Like the old days."

"We have," I said. Mother looked at me. I felt an intoxicating sense of power. "You know, Mother. The medicinal we've always had, in case." I looked at her. She frowned, almost convinced she had known. "I'll take care of it. Brandy, Richard?"

"Why, thanks, Bunny. Yes, if you please."

"You all sit still," I said. "I'll do it." I went over to him and took his hands. I could have laughed aloud. "It's nice

you're here." He looked shamefaced. And no wonder. I went up to the bedroom and got the brandy from the drawer. The two boxes of candy were so obvious, so right. I almost laughed as I ran down the back stairs to the kitchen. Mrs. Maverty turned around.

"I did as well as I could, Miss," she said.

"It was splendid, Erica."

"It was? You liked it?"

"Very much. I want to apologize for keeping you. It was wonderful of you to stay." She gaped at me. "I'll carry in the

coffee. But I want to make it up to you." I gave her a twenty-dollar bill. She looked at it, and at me. She swallowed. "Perhaps you can still salvage something out of your evening, Erica. It's still only ten. Why don't you just slip off now? You needn't say anything to anybody."

"There's the dishes." She blinked.

"Never mind. We'll leave them until tomorrow. You go along now." I got out her coat from the hall closet. "Go down the back and out the basement way. And have a nice time, Erica."

"Yes, Miss Creft. Thank you, Miss." I

closed the door after her. I had to stop for a moment. It was well to remain calm. I put the brandy and the glasses on the coffee tray.

"This is style," my father said. I smiled at him.

"I'm not seeing right," Anne said. "Mary serving liquor? I must be drunk." William laughed, as though that were an enormous witticism. He was bold, in the presence of my father. But I could handle William.

"Sugar and cream, Caroline?" Caroline shook her head.



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"Black," my father said. "It's after-dinner coffee, Bunny."

"Oh, you're so right. You certainly know how to live." I laughed and laughed. I poured brandy for them all. "Well," I said. "Here's to a happy ending." They drank with the most natural cheer in the world. The brandy brought tears to mother's eyes.

"To another reunion down Mexico way," mother said, waving her glass like a barroom girl. She and Caroline were two of a kind. Not really. Mother would have an attack soon. I had to remember that. I had to work quickly.

"As long as I'm playing hostess," I said, "I might as well do it right. Excuse me. I'll be right back." My father nodded affably. I saw Anne and William exchange glances. He felt at home. We had lost a lot of ground with William. But he wouldn't want a sick wife. William was no problem.

THE TWO boxes were identical; I could not have told which one I had bought and which one my father had given us. I picked out one of the chocolates and shook it. I could hear the small gurgle inside. It is the alcohol that attacks mother's nerves. She stubbornly refuses to believe this so I have told her that candy is bad for her complexion. She understands that. Even so, if I did not watch her closely she would buy them behind my back.

The radiator was turned off. I turned it on and put the contents of one whole layer of chocolates on it. I got mother's candy dish and put it outside on the cold window ledge. I went into the bathroom, got down mother's bottle of seconals, and ground enough of them in the mortar to load each chocolate with the equivalent of a grain and a half. When I went back into the bedroom, the chocolates were already becoming warm. Exquisitely, using only a pair of manicure scissors, I removed the tops from the candies, dividing the powder equally among them and replacing the tops.

When I had finished no one could have told that the chocolates had ever been broken. I replaced the chocolates in the box, except for nine which I left out to serve. They firmed up quickly on the cold plate. I shook each one. My hands were marvelously controlled. I was truly an instrument of justice as I went back to them.

"I thought that's where you'd gone," my father said. "Looks pretty. Why didn't you bring the box, Bunny?"

"Because she rations me severely, thank heaven," mother said, reaching out. "If I had my way my complexion would go to hell."

"She's pulling all the stops tonight," Anne said. "She usually lets mother have about one of those a month."

"And it's not even bedtime," mother laughed. William laughed, too. I stared at him. We would send him packing soon enough. I swallowed my annoyance and smiled again. "Mary, I believe you must have had an especially trying day," mother said. "That always makes her happy," she explained to Caroline.

"What kind of work do you do exactly, Mary?" Caroline said. I passed the chocolates to her and my father, then to Anne and William and mother. "Dick says it is a book bindery." I watched my father get up and pour another brandy for everyone.

"A rare-book bindery," mother said.

"How fascinating," Caroline said, her eyes lighting up. Caroline is the craft personality. I am sure she owned dozens of peasant skirts and thong sandals. "How did you happen to go into that, Mary?"

"Bunny always liked cutouts." Father slid down on the base of his spine, swirling his brandy. "Remember the time you tore all the pages out of our Anniversary Book?" He smiled. "I could have killed you. Remember the spanking you got?" He laughed. "I bet you could have killed me."

"Yes," I said.

"She's very good at it," mother said. "People send old books from all over the world." She yawned. "Sorry."

I picked up the candy dish again. Caroline and my father each took another. So did William. That was the way I wanted it to be.

"It's all right," my father said. "We've got to be getting on. Come on, Caroline. We'll call a taxi. Big day tomorrow."

"Don't go, Dick," mother said. "I hate to see this evening end."

"There'll be lots of others, Marty."

I left them still talking and went back up to my bedroom and called the garage. The depleted candy box was still on my dresser. I put the cover back on it and put it away in the drawer on top of the other box. I went down into the living room, again.

"I'm going to run you back to the hotel," I said.

"Bunny, I wouldn't hear of it." My



My masterpiece lay in the press—and in the garage a deadly motor purred.

father yawned mightily; I could almost love him. He was like a sleepy little boy.

"Nonsense," I said. "It's all done. The car is being sent around. Richard, finish the candy. I hate to see one left on the dish." He started to shake his head and covered his yawn with the back of his hand. He looked at me, then shrugged and put it in his mouth.

"It's nice of you, Bunny," he said.

"I have a surprise for Caroline," I said. They looked at me. "I'm going to stop just for a moment and show you. It's an original sketchbook of Rembrandt's. It is priceless."

Caroline smiled unenthusiastically. "It's rather late, Mary."

"Oh, you've got to come. You'll never see anything like this. And it will have to go back tomorrow." I acted crestfallen.

"Sure we'll stop, Bunny," my father said quickly. "It's nice of you to do all this for us." He shook his head. "I don't know why I'm so sleepy. Long plane trip, I suppose. But let's not make it long."

"It won't take very long," I said. I looked at his handsome white teeth. "Come on William. You better get your bus. It's late." Anne and William were holding hands. She did not look at me. She was smiling, at nothing at all. "You've been out to all hours lately. Anne, You'll be ill again, like you were all last winter."

She looked at me. "Three days, Mary. I only had a touch of flu."

"Hell," my father said. "Let young love consume the midnight hours. You're too old for it soon enough. Don't you think so, Marty?"



"Anne looks like a wreck now," I said. I wanted to stamp my foot.

"I guess it's all right," mother said. "For a little while." Her eyes met Caroline's. There was something terrible in their glance, friendship, or understanding. Nobody listened to me. I might as well not have been there. After all I had done for them. I was choked with fury at my father and Caroline. I couldn't wait to make them pay for everything. I put my hands up to my jagged teeth, watching Caroline pull her gloves on. There would be no fingerprints.

**T**HE CAR was at the curb. Caroline was practically asleep. She slid in next to me and my father slammed the door on his side. My hands were trembling so much it was difficult to turn on the radio. They were just starting to play a recording of Ravel's Quartet in F. I warmed up the engine for a long time, listening to it. Ravel's music is so undisturbed.

"The art of rare-book restoration," I said quietly, "is actually a development of the past twenty-five years, although it is far older in regard to paintings. It is only within that time that modern science has brought all its developments to bear. We can determine the validity of volumes by microscopic tests of leather, contingent upon its place of storage, climate, and so on. We can tell genuine stitching. I carry in my head a vast amount of knowledge of papers, typography and the inks used in hand lettering."

I listened. Caroline was breathing softly. "Umm," Richard said at last.

I lowered my voice to a monotone. "We can do things which would excite you. We can actually counterfeit volumes." I felt the excitement rising in me. "You are a chemist, but you know nothing of the kind of chemical miracles we can perform. We can reconstruct inks that have not been used for five hundred years. We can age bindings in acid so that even experts cannot tell them from antiques. We can scuff leather. We can hand-block with worn wood. Father?"

There was no answer.

It was well to be calm. Exactly as I had known, the streets around the bindery were deserted. People don't live in that part of Toronto any longer. I pulled up to the doors of the delivery garage, shut off the headlights and left the motor running while I hurried around to the front door. I opened it with my key and found my way across the floor, past the shipment books, past the piles of paper. My feet seemed scarcely to touch the floor. I felt buoyantly strong. I walked slowly down the basement steps and pulled open the heavy fireproof door. After all these years, justice. I could have screamed it. I ran my tongue over my misshapen teeth.

I opened the garage doors, got back into the car and drove it inside. The doors would close automatically in three minutes. They are the result of Mr. Cross's abnormal fear of theft if the workmen should leave the garage untenanted for a moment. I had thought it absurd. I did not think so now.

Neither my father nor Caroline moved. The only sound was the gentle idling of the engine. I looked at my father's face and at his Bohemian wife. I regretted they could not be awake to see their fit reward.

I opened the car windows. I was trembling wonderfully. As a chemist, my father should have appreciated my cleverness. He would never have thought of it. As any schoolboy can tell you, one part of picric acid to ten parts of bleaching water produces nitrochloroform. It is

also called vomiting gas, or chloropicrin. It attacks the lungs and, as Anne put it, you can't breathe. Chloropicrin smells like flypaper. I started to laugh. It seemed so terribly funny for my father to be caught in flypaper. How very right.

I soaked my handkerchief under the leaking faucet. The cardboard container of bleaching powder was soaked through. I took the bottle of picric acid from the other end of the shelf and put it directly over the faucet. Then I pushed several of the other bottles toward the front of the shelf. Holding the dampened cloth in

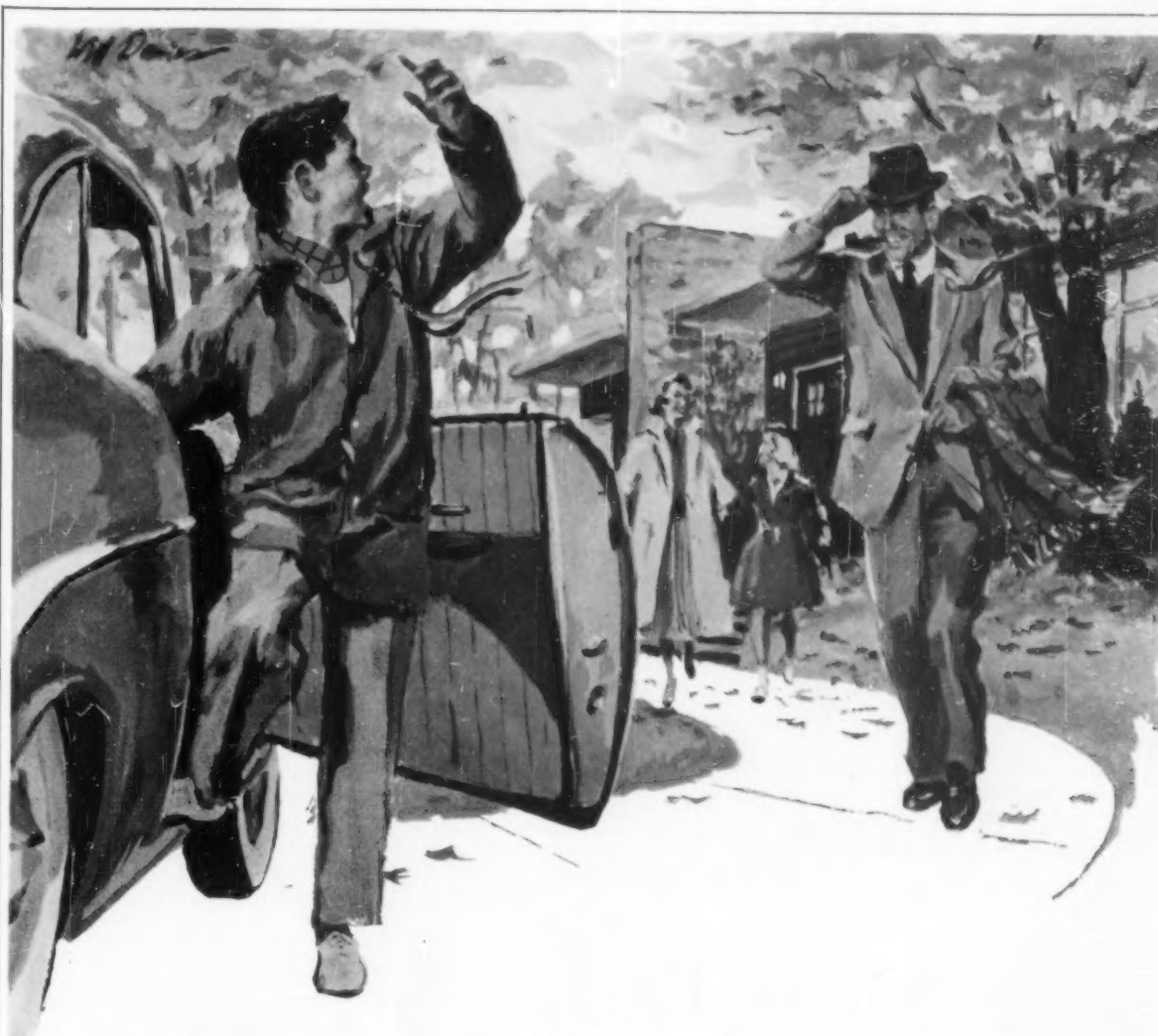
my hand, I got back into the car. They were still sleeping soundly. I was not trembling now. Asleep, my father looked defenseless. I loved him. I wanted to take care of him. But he had never let me. He had ruined everything for me. He had tried to destroy my mother. He had tried to take everything away from me. I set my jaw. He would never do it again. I put the car into gear and rammed it hard against the back wall of the garage.

Bottles fell. My father muttered in his sleep but he did not wake up. The picric

acid was still on the shelf. Suddenly there was a noise behind me. I turned, sick with terror. But it was only the garage doors closing. The three minutes were up.

I seized the bottle of picric acid and hurled it against the faucet. I heard the violent chemical reaction as I ran up the steps, the wet handkerchief pressed over my nose and mouth. For a long time I leaned against the fireproof door, feeling my teeth with my fingers.

At last I went back across the main floor. The shipment books and the piles of paper had not moved. I went up the



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stairs to the second floor and past the business offices. At the end of the long corridor was my room. My secretary had left a raincoat hanging on the clothes tree outside my door. I would have to tell her to pick up after herself. I unlocked my door and sat down. I could not hear a sound.

After a long time, I turned on my desk lamp. My office was like a little stronghold. The janitor had wanted a key once, but I don't like him poking around. My things are my own. I looked at the Rembrandt sketchbook, then took it out of the press and turned the switch on the magnifier. My restoration was flawless. I wished there were someone I could show it to. They would never believe it had been torn. Even knowing it—knowing that I, myself, had torn it—it was hard to be sure. I don't believe there is anyone else in the world who could have made such a marvelous restoration. It was, beyond question, the best I had ever done. I took my lightest tracing ink and diluted it with a third part water, and printed TOP. Then I put it back in the press. I felt better after that. I would not have felt honest had I not left my clue on my own work.

I had been in my office for the better part of an hour. I shut off my desk lamp and locked my door again and went downstairs. The paper and the books were my friends. Listening at the basement door, I could hear the motor idling. I thought of the smell of flypaper down there.

I knocked on the basement door. "Father?" He didn't answer. I knocked harder. Only the motor. He was defenseless now. If only he had ever let me, I would have cared for him. I opened the door half an inch and slammed it shut. Even at that my eyes were streaming and my lungs burning. It was horrible. But he had hated me. I had to protect mother and Anne. Nothing was too much for me to do for them.

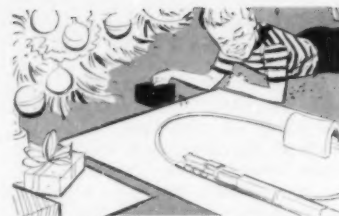
I felt strong again. I went back across the floor and up the stairs to my office. I picked up the telephone and dialed for the operator. "I want the police," I said. "This is an emergency."

AFTER I told them my story I put the phone back and turned off my desk lamp. It was very quiet in the darkness. I thought of the gentle motor in the delivery garage. Beyond that, I did not think anything at all. I heard the sirens at last. At first they were far off. They seemed like a part of the peaceful night. Then they were loud outside and I knew I would have to go down and meet them.

There were three vehicles: a police car, an ambulance, and some kind of maintenance vehicle. I opened the front door and switched on the floor lights. I pointed across the floor and a policeman and a man in plain clothes ran past me. They were followed by a trio of men with masks on their faces. Two hospital orderlies followed. We ran down the steps to the basement door. They were all terribly upset.

"Stay back, Miss," the man without a uniform said. He seemed rather young for such responsibility. "Whatever that gas is, it could be in lethal concentration."

I did as he asked. The men with masks were quite efficient. They opened the fireproof door and slammed it again. The plain-clothes man wiped his eyes and said something to one of them and got an answer. He made some kind of exclamation and looked at me but I didn't say anything. Then one of the maintenance men ran back past us and up to the main floor. We were all wiping



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our eyes and my lungs hurt. One of the maintenance men pushed up his mask. His face was covered with perspiration. "A freak," he said, and put the mask down again. The other one came down the stairs carrying a plastic box, a neutralizer, obviously. Probably some sodium sulphite in alcohol, although I couldn't see. My father would have been surprised at my knowledge of chemistry.

The door closed after them. I could hear their feet on the steps. After a time the engine stopped and it was oddly quiet. One of the men came out to tell the hospital orderlies to bring the ambulance around to the delivery entrance. I heard the word "stretchers."

"They're dead," I said.

"Yes," the young plain-clothes man said. He looked at me.

We went around to the garage door. The hospital orderlies carried my father and Caroline outside. The ambulance drove away. They did not sound the siren. The maintenance men were checking here and there.

"Can you give me the details?" the young man said.

"Yes," I said. He took out a pad and pencil. He looked tired. "What happened?" I started to wring my hands.

"It's called chloropicrin," he said. "It was manufactured as a poison gas in the last war. Thank God they never used it. I hate to have to question you now."

"I'll try," I said. I told him my name, my address, my occupation, in consecutive order. I told him about the reunion. "My stepmother Caroline wanted to see the Rembrandt sketchbook. I pulled up to the delivery entrance. My father was nervous about waiting on the street in this deserted neighborhood. I opened the garage doors for him and then went upstairs to turn on the lights. I did not wait for them to drive in."

"Didn't you begin to wonder why they didn't come up?"

"I got involved with a restoration on the Rembrandt in my office. I am like that. I forget everything else. It was the better part of an hour before I thought about them."

"What kind of restoration, Miss Creft?"

"A tear," I said. "But I don't understand what happened. Tell me what happened."

"It looks like your stepmother took the wheel and drove too fast; the bumper hit the wall hard enough to knock down your carelessly stored chemicals. The automatic doors closed."

"Oh," I said, closing my eyes. "It's horrible. I told Mr. Cross about those doors."

"Had your stepmother been drinking, Miss Creft?"

"Yes," I said.

He asked me a number of questions after that. At one point, he said, "You don't have to try and bottle it up because of me. Go ahead, cry, if you want to."

"I never cry," I said. He looked at me again.

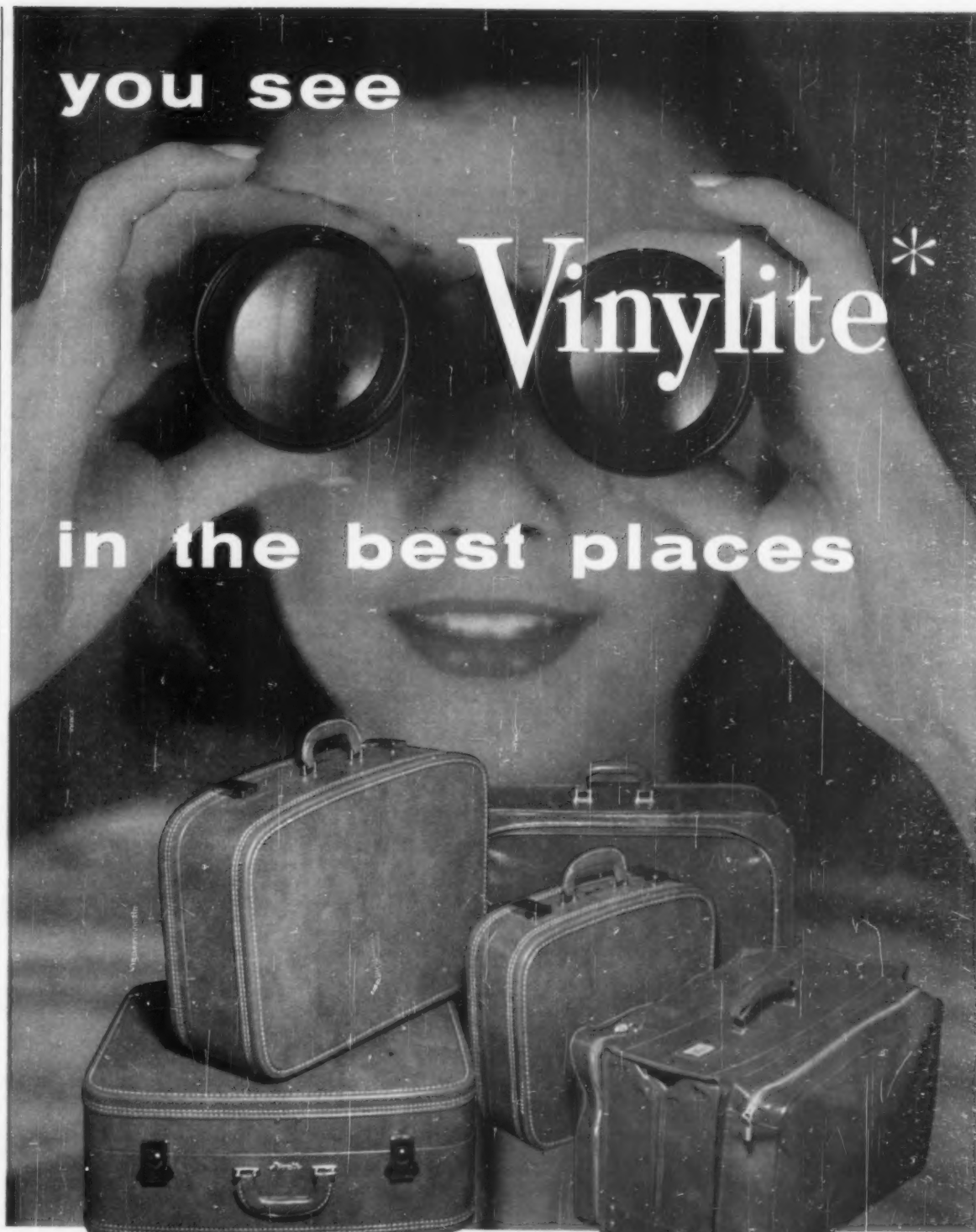
"All right, Miss Creft. My name is Case. Detective Sergeant Case." He gave me a card. "I'll take you home." I said I could drive myself home. He looked at me rather strangely. "I'm afraid we'll have to impound the automobile for decontamination and inspection," he said slowly. I had not thought of that. "If you think of any more details please call me, Miss Creft." I nodded. Sergeant Case had crooked teeth like mine.

He and the policeman let me off. They told me they would come in the morning to ask some more questions. I had told him about mother's nerves and he agreed

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"Father and Caroline are dead." I watched her face. I was sure now of what I long suspected

it would be less dangerous if I broke the news myself. It was a fine October night. There was some wind up high, sweeping away the smoke that usually hangs over Toronto. You could see the stars.

WILLIAM had gone. I hung up my coat and knocked on Anne's door. She did not answer. I went into her room and turned on the bedside lamp. She was lying on her back with her mouth slightly open. William would not have been entranced if he could have seen her like this. I shook her. "Anne." She didn't move. William's picture was on her bureau, together with the kewpie doll they had won at an amusement park the first time they went out together. I remembered the night. She had come home very late. "Anne, wake up." She began to stir a little. There was a college permant on the wall. That, too, was William's. "Anne." But we were safe from William now. Soon we could manage to be rid of him altogether.

She sat up. There was a little saliva on her lips and her eyes had difficulty focusing. She needed to be taken care of. "What time is it?" She rubbed her eyes. "I want a glass of water." I went to get it for her. When I came back she was frowning at the clock. "What time is it, Mary? What's the matter?"

I watched while she drank the water. "Father and Caroline are dead," I said.

It was strange how she continued to drink the water. The right corner of her mouth twitched, as though she were trying to smile. I was sure, in that instant, of what I had long suspected: that deep in her heart she knew my father for what he was. "You're kidding." She sat up and put the empty glass on the night table.

"No," I said. She wore a short nightgown with a puff of lace around the sleeves. She looked adorable. I told her how it was.

"It isn't so, Bunny. It isn't like that." Her eyes wrinkled and she started to cry. Her face looked awful. "It's a dream, Bunny. Help me wake up." She threw her arms around me.

"It's horrible," I said. My heart was pounding. "Cry, Anne. I'll take care of everything."

"I'm drunk, Bunny. I can't wake up," she began to scream. "I can't bear it!"

The door opened. Mother was in a wrapper and slippers. She looked fragile and old with her hair in curlers. My heart went out to her. "What's the matter, Anne? Mary, what happened?"

"Father and Caroline were killed by poison gas. They said it was a freak chemical reaction."

She sat down on the edge of the bed. She did not say anything at all. I went into the kitchen. The brandy was still there and I brought them each a glass. Mother was touching her heart with her left hand. Suddenly she stood up. "That frightful bindery. There must be something we can do. The police will want to ask us questions."

"It's an awful way to die," I said. Mother sat down again. Anne was sobbing into her pillow. "I have already told the story to the police. There will be more questions in the morning." Mother, too, had started to cry. "I'll spare you all I can."

"Mary, you're a tower of strength," she said.

I went into my bedroom. I opened my dresser drawer and took out the two indistinguishable boxes of foreign chocolates. I left them on the dresser, as though I had just come to the realization of what I had done. I hurried back into Anne's bedroom. "Mother, you didn't eat any more of those candies while I was gone, did you?"

"No. Mary, it doesn't matter any more about my complexion." She threw her head down on Anne's. I went to the telephone.

"Case speaking," he said.

"Sergeant Case, this is Mary Creft. I drugged my father and stepmother."

"You what?"

"I gave them seconals. That's the reason they did not save themselves. I noticed they were terribly sleepy but I didn't think anything about it. I thought it was only because of the plane trip. I told you about my mother's nerves. She doesn't like medication, but she needs it. I put sleeping pills in some candies she likes. My father brought her an identical box. By mistake I served our guests from the wrong box."

There was silence for a moment. Then he said, "Have you told them yet?"

"Yes."

"How are they taking it?"

"Hard," I said.

"I think I had better come over," he said.

"I think you had, Sergeant Case." I put down the receiver. Anne and mother had finished their brandy. I made them take another. Anne kept shaking her head. She could not wake up. Mother was dazed. It seemed forever until the doorbell rang. It would soon be light outside. I made the introductions. Anne had thrown on a negligee. Sergeant Case kept looking at her.

"I'm terribly sorry to intrude," he said. He looked at mother. "Especially since you're not well, Mrs. Creft."

"She's a sick woman," I said. Mother looked at me and nodded. "Nor is my sister strong." It seemed as if Anne would never stop crying. My heart went out to her. I would never let anyone hurt her. "I never liked my father," I continued. "Mother had worked herself to the bone to help him get started in business. When she became ill, he deserted her for another woman. But tonight he was changed. We got along quite well, with the aid of intoxicants."

"How much would you say you had, Miss Creft?"

"I had nothing. The others had perhaps two cocktails before dinner and two brandies after it." He nodded. "I felt sorry for the cook. We had interrupted a date of hers. I gave her twenty dollars for working on her evening off and let her go at ten o'clock." I explained about the candies. There was no way of differentiating the two boxes. I went to my room, brought them out, and showed them to him. "As you can see. I am appalled at what I have done."

"So you give your mother medication sometimes without her knowledge."

"I do," I said. "She is everything in the world to me." Mother reached over and pressed my hand. Absurdly, I felt almost sick.

"One more question, Miss Creft. I'm sorry to take so long. Did you wear gloves when you went out this evening?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I'm most sorry to have caused you this additional pain tonight."



I would appreciate it if you would remain available for further questioning, by me or my boss, Inspector McVerney. My deepest sympathies." He took his hat. "Good night."

"Good night, Sergeant Case." He looked worn and defeated, poor boy. I opened the door. "Please let me know if there is any other way I can be of assistance." I closed the door. It was very peaceful. I came back into the room. Anne lifted up her head. I said, "I am thinking of killing myself." That is what they would expect me to say.

Mother got up. "No, Mary. It was only a tragic mistake. I know I don't take my medicine the way I ought to. You thought you were doing right. You always do what's best. Oh, but God, it's too terrible to bear. I'm so sorry for you, Mary."

"It's all right, Mother," I said. "You are to take another pill at once; then you'll sleep." I will not stand anyone feeling sorry for me. I am the strong one.

I got her in bed, finally. Anne was still staring at the floor with glazed eyes. I looked at her for a moment, then put an arm around her shoulders. She started to cry again. "Bunny, what will we do? He was so wonderful. Help me, Bunny."

"Cry, honey. We will all miss him. I shall have to learn to live with the knowledge that I am a murderess." I shivered.

"No, Mary. You couldn't help it. You musn't blame yourself. Oh, I wish Bill were here."

"He could do nothing," I said. "I shall bear my guilt alone. We are a family, Anne, and this is a family tragedy. We don't want outsiders."

"I feel dead, Mary."

I half carried her into the bedroom and made her take a pill. She was like a defenseless child. I loved my sister. She held my hand until she went to sleep. It was almost seven. I went to the telephone again and notified my employer of the details. The police had already called him and he had been down to the plant.

"You told me that automatic door was foolish, Mary," he moaned. "You warned me about that leaky faucet. Who of us could have foreseen such a fantastic kind of accident?"

"Don't be too hard on yourself, Mr. Cross," I said. "I'll be in as usual. I have some work that must go out."

"It's all my fault. I didn't listen to you about that faucet. Poison gas. Who would ever have imagined poison gas in a book bindery? Simple bleaching chemicals we use every day. Don't come in, Mary. Your secretary can do whatever is necessary."

"No," I said. "I'll work as usual. Try and get some sleep, Mr. Cross. It wasn't your fault."

"Thanks, Mary," he said humbly. We hung up.

Our living room was like a little stronghold. If I listened carefully I could hear Anne and mother breathing quietly. The morning traffic moved along the street and stopped for the light and rolled on again. Nothing disturbed you here.

I WAS early at work, stopping at the post office to send the money order to Simpson's. I got the Rembrandt out of the press. Miss Keene knocked on the glass and almost scared me to death. I unlocked my door.

"Miss Creft. Detective Sergeant Case to see you. I'm terribly sorry, Miss Creft, about the accident. If there is anything I can do, please tell me. Shall

I show him into your office?"

"No. I'll see him out here. Please leave us alone."

"Yes, Miss Creft."

I folded my arms and watched him walk down the long corridor. He nodded. "I called at your home. I didn't expect to see you at work. Nobody answered."

"I gave my mother and sister something to make them sleep," I said. "Is there any more I can tell you?" I don't know what hours policemen work but I wondered when this young man had last

been to bed. I felt sorry for him.

He shook his head. "It looks as though your father and stepmother just drove in too hard, knocked over the chemicals and were too dazed by seconds to escape. Cross's trick door sealed the gas in."

I kept my arms folded, waiting for him to go on. I saw my secretary coming down the corridor. She saw me and turned into the set room. I looked back. Sergeant Case was looking at me strangely. "Go on," I said.

"That's all," he said.

I frowned. He made me nervous,

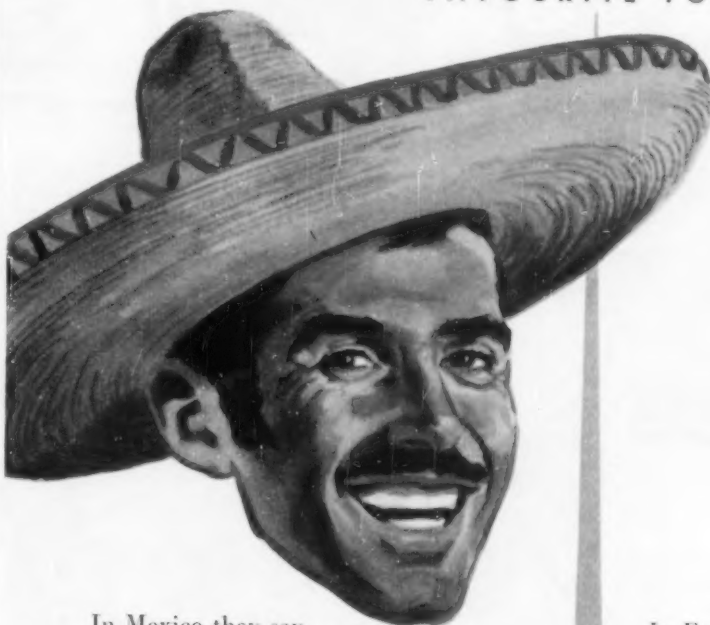
standing there, staring. "I'm a killer, aren't I?" A slight shiver went down my spine, the same kind of thrill in perfection I had experienced in repairing the Rembrandt I had torn.

"You mustn't brood about it," he said. "I would leave off giving your mother disguised sedatives, however." I looked properly chastened. "You didn't like your father, Miss Creft?"

"I told you that last night."

"Could you describe him to me? We know the physical features, of course." He winced. He was actually trying to

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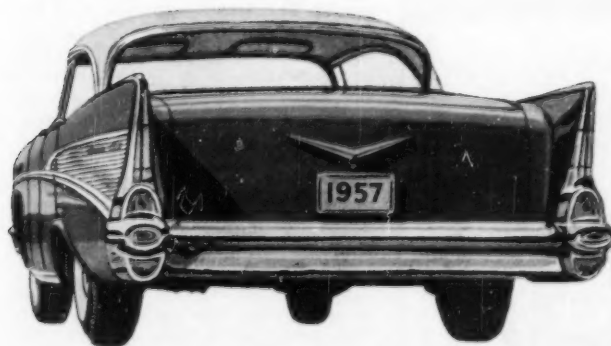
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make it easier for me. He was too young for his job. "I mean what he was like."

"A combination of bluff and manners," I said. "He liked to ridicule people. I understand he was a hard worker. He prided himself on the most brutal honesty. He had no patience with sick people. He had some kind of mental block against privacy. He might have made a good police investigator."

"Brutally honest," Sergeant Case pursed his lips. "You wouldn't call him, then, the fatherly type, Miss Creft?"

"Never." I unfolded my arms.

"All right." He took his hat from the desk where he had put it. "Good-by, Miss Creft."

I put my hand down on my secretary's desk. "Good-by?" I was filled with glee. What fools they all were. "But there must be more to it than that, Sergeant Case. Are you sure you have investigated all the possibilities?" I wanted to revel in my feeling of power. I wanted to skirt near the brink. I knew I was clever enough to extricate myself from any danger.

"What possibilities, Miss Creft?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. My heart was pounding. "All the aspects. There might be some aspects you haven't thought of." There was one galling thing: I hadn't left a clue. It was dishonest.

"There might. I am being taken off the case. Thank you for your co-operation."

I took my hand away. All the edges had come out exactly even. "Then the case is closed?"

"There's always a chance additional

facts will come to light, of course."

"I see," I said. It was unbelievably simple. The police had accepted everything. "Well then, good-by Sergeant. We all appreciate what you have done." He bowed slightly, turned and walked down the hall.

I went back into my office and locked my door again. I set the magnifier at maximum and spent a long time looking at the Rembrandt sketchbook. Then I did the first wrapping in felt and cotton wool. The packers would take it from there. I was glad I had put my mark on it. I gave the package to my secretary.

"Miss Keene, I am going out for the day."

"I understand, Miss Creft," she said sympathetically.

I suppressed my intense annoyance. "I feel perfectly well. There are details of the funeral and looking after my sister and mother I must attend to. I am fine." I locked the door to my office and went into the street.

IT WAS one of those days when the foliage in the country would be marvelous. Even the trees in the city had shaken off some of their pallid quality. I knew I looked weary but the day was so brilliant that one nice elderly man smiled at me.

I detest funeral parlors. Their air of false commiseration is stultifying. And they always try to do everything for you. They even try to cry for you. After all, it is a business, like any other. I was glad we were able to make arrangements for an early burial. I had not realized quite how expensive it would be, but I wanted absolutely the best. I arranged everything.

Anne was a problem. Mother, as I expected, suffered a severe attack. I made her stay in bed with a stringent diet and constant medication. The third day I learned she had tried to get up. I talked sense to her and by agreeing to allow her to attend the funeral, she behaved well. Anne babied herself.

"I don't want anything, Mary. Why doesn't Bill ever come?"

"Just a little hot milk," I said. "It will make you feel stronger."

"Get out. Can't you ever leave me alone?"

"Just as you like," I said. Let her face it herself then.

William annoyed us by appearing in person and an incessant use of the telephone that was indecent under the circumstances. I tried to make clear to him in a nice way that Anne was a very sick girl and could see no one. The telephone is in my room and I made sure that when I was out Mrs. Maverty would not let him disturb her. Her health was too delicate for further upsets.

It was a perfect funeral. The pallbearers were correctly uniformed. The caskets were dignified and quietly ornamented. The flowers went well with the décor. Even the minister had an air of conservative dignity about him that struck the right note. I stood between mother and Anne. I let them go out in front of me, keeping my eyes down. At the exit, I looked up. William had not been invited. I started toward him. I had almost reached him when a big man stepped in front of me. I could hardly contain my scream.

"I'm sorry to frighten you, Miss Creft," he said.

He appeared to be in his late fifties, or early sixties. The same greying hair. The same kind of nose. My lips were trembling. For one awful moment I had thought it was my father. I thought I would be sick. Instantly, I hated him.



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"Who are you?" A few people turned to gape at me. I couldn't bother about them. "What are you doing here? We don't know you."

"I'm Inspector James McVerney, Miss Creft. Headquarters felt it would like to have a representative here. Our deepest sympathies."

My stomach was weak. He presented credentials but I didn't look at them. I didn't want to look at him. It was some kind of hideous joke that he should resemble my father. Like a ghost at the funeral. But the police department wouldn't intend that. "Thank you," I managed to say. "Tell your department we appreciated their flowers."

He rubbed his hands. "Not at all. I often wish we could be more human in our work. The department's gotten us in the habit of violence. We can't even react to much anymore. We get tired, putting in fifteen hours a day."

I had a violent headache. I seemed to hear my father saying, "Caroline's gotten me in the habit of tequila. We can't taste less than a thousand proof. We're still putting in fifteen hours a day." It was ghastly.

I brushed past him. I couldn't stand the sight of him. I hurried out of the chapel. It had seemed a lovely little place, but the people had spoiled it. William had disappeared. It was only in the open air that I was able to breathe once again. Out of doors each separate body is its own individual stronghold. No one can come inside. It was not possible to dismiss Inspector McVerney entirely from my mind. Mother looked ill. The funeral was a terrible strain for her. But I had the consolation that after this crisis there would not be another. My father would never wound her again. For a minute I couldn't find Anne. Then she appeared from an unexpected quarter of the churchyard. She looked very pale.

Mother did not want to return to bed. But I knew that talking about the dead was the worst thing for her. It is far better to lock one's grief inside. With Anne's help I managed to get her to bed and insisted that she take another seconal. It was a long time before she went to sleep. I went into the living room with Anne. Mrs. Maverty brought us some cold coffee. Anne was withdrawn. She did not make it easy for me. I mentioned William's irresponsibility.

"You're young," I said finally. "One day you'll learn what real love is."

"Yes, Mary." She looked at me oddly.

"I guess I will." The clock ticked loudly. I recrossed my legs. I was about to go into the kitchen to speak to Mrs. Maverty about the coffee when Anne said, "It's too bad Bill dropped me, isn't it, Mary?" Her eyes were dark.

"In all honesty, I think it's for the best," I said. "That kind of life is not for you."

"You always tried to do the best for me, didn't you, Mary?"

"The best I knew how, dear," I said. I felt very sisterly toward Anne, yet uncomfortable. I don't know why. But the discomfort annoyed me.

"Bill had a lot in common with daddy," Anne said. "They were both strong people."

"That's one word for it." I looked away from her eyes. "Perhaps callous would be more correct." I looked back at her.

She was staring at her hands. Her hair fell in her face. "He'll graduate next fall. We planned to leave Toronto. Bill doesn't want office work. He wants to be in the field. We had thought of Arabia, or Africa, or possibly Alaska. They need engineers in a lot of countries."

"It's too bad," I said tentatively. I drank my coffee.

"Far away," she said. I could not see her face for the hair.

The window was open at the top. I had not realized how cold Toronto can get in October. "Conditions are bound to be primitive in those places," I said. I needed more lipstick. My lips were dry. "You're really not very strong, Anne. Remember how sick you were last winter."

She looked up. "I thought I might apply for a secretary's job with an oil

or construction company in one of those places."

"Anne, I won't let you play the martyr. Stop babying yourself."

"Don't you understand I loved him?" Her eyes were slits.

"Anne, you're young. There'll be other men."

"Damn you." She stood up. "What do you know about love? You've never been in love." She started to cry.

"There, honey. Go ahead and cry." I started to put my arms around her but she pushed me away.

"I will cry, Mary." The tears were running down her face, leaving great streak marks. "You couldn't bear to let me get away, could you?"

"Anne, don't be a fool."

"I loved daddy. I loved Caroline. I love Bill." She threw herself out of her chair and stumbled out of the room, her hair hanging in her eyes, choking. Her door slammed and the lock clicked.

My migraine almost blinded me. I got up and walked around the room. There was a Dresden shepherdess, one of those simpering china creations with crook and

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# Electrohome

KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Inspector McVerney stood framed in the doorway.  
"Get out!" I screamed. He watched me . . . waiting

flounces. I held it in my hand, carefully, turning it over and over, feeling the delicate petals of china in my hand. I set it back very carefully on the sideboard. All our bookshelves are filled with that kind of bric-à-brac. When my father lived here they were solid with books. No longer.

I looked at the curios, the paperweights, the shells. Some of them I stroked with my finger. I went up to my room and looked at the telephone. They don't know what it is to have the responsibility for everything on your shoulders. You try to help them. And none of them understand. They all live for themselves. I wished my father were still alive so I could punish him again. I seized the Toronto telephone directory. It was the only book in sight. I began to tear the pages out of it. Abruptly I caught Mrs. Maverty skulking outside. "You serve me another cup of cold coffee and you'll lose your situation," I said.

"Sorry, Miss Creft." She half stepped back, looking at the directory in my hands. "It was hot when I brought it in."

"It was not hot," I said. I put the directory down very carefully on the stand. "You had better change your ways." I turned my back on her.

I walked for hours in High Park.

**T**HE NEXT day I had hopes, but the incoming assignments were very routine. A Queen Anne binding to be matched, stitches taken in a Flemish folio. There was nothing in any of it that would demand adult attention. I took extraordinary pains with the only mildly interesting possibility: a Philadelphia binding of a series of anti-colonist bombasts just prior to the Revolutionary War. It was interesting because it had been mended before. With Virginia indigo. Imagine. I removed it and set about the approximation of my own chemical formula when the knock sounded on the frosted glass. The girl thought my office was Union Station. I reached behind me, still watching the chemicals. "What is it?"

"Quite a stronghold you've got here."

I turned around, spilling the formula all over the desk. Inspector McVerney stood framed in the doorway. "Get out!" I screamed.

He backed up. I touched my throat. He was staring at me. I could hear all the noise on the floor suddenly stop. I touched my crooked teeth. The noises on the floor began again. My secretary looked over McVerney's shoulder. "Are you all right, Miss Creft?"

I couldn't breathe. My head was racked with pain. My knees were weak. "Yes," I swallowed. "Go away, please." I pushed myself up from my worktable. They were both watching me, like savage wolves. I managed to stand up and came across the floor toward them. They backed away. At last I got my door closed behind me. "I'm sorry," I whispered. A couple of office boys were gaping from the corridor. I saw Mr. Cross brush past them.

"Is everything all right, Mary?"

"Thank you." I sat down on the edge of Miss Keene's desk. "I've been under a strain. I'm tired." I closed my eyes for a second. I could feel the blood pounding in my temples. "Mr. Cross, this is Inspector McVerney."

"We've already met, Mary. The faucet

is repaired, Inspector," Mr. Cross said sadly. "And the chemicals have been separated as you suggested. That's my history: lock the barn after the horse is stolen." He turned to me. "Mary, you ought to go home. Inspector, she never takes a vacation. And she handled all the funeral arrangements herself. It's been an awful strain. Nobody would believe the amount she does for her mother and sister."

"I would believe it," McVerney said slowly.

"I am fine," I said. I forced myself to smile. "It was just being taken by surprise. I have been upset." I straightened up. "I'm all right now."

"Mary, you ought to go home."

"Nonsense, Mr. Cross. Work is the best thing for it. We haven't received any real work in the last hour, have we?" He shook his head. "Well, Inspector McVerney, what now?"

"Everything is going to be all right." He stared at me. "You just take it easy."

"I've never been better."

"I would like you to tell me about it," he said. "Once again, from the beginning." Cross and Keene and the office boys were still staring. The ceilings are low here. It is a stifling, old-fashioned building. "If you are up to it, Miss Creft."

"Of course I'm up to it." I won't be patronized. "Perhaps we could take a walk outside and talk."

"All right." I turned and closed my door behind me. I started to clean up the mess on my desk but when I heard them begin to whisper, I grabbed my coat. I could tell they were talking about me by their malicious tone. I locked my door and we walked down the corridor and down the stairs to the street. We turned the corner. The doors to the delivery garage were standing open.

He walked like my father, with a slight hunching of the shoulders, as though he were consciously holding down his speed to mine. I quickened my step. I was nearly as tall as he. "Cross says you are one of the best people in the country in your work," he said conversationally. "He told me something about it. It takes almost insane patience."

"Your tactful choice of words must be a great help in your profession," I said.

He laughed. Just the same way as my father used to laugh. I didn't want to look at him. "I didn't mean that, Mary." I stiffened at his uncalled-for familiarity. "Only that it's something I could never do. We admire what is beyond us, I suppose. Marvelous day, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said.

"There's so many things I don't know. I'm a very limited policeman. Never got married, for instance. I know nothing about kids. I would have liked a couple. You hungry, Mary? How about us stopping in Honey Dew for a hot dog?" I shrugged. He laughed. "I suppose it feeds a man's ego to have children. They come to you with their problems. You can really play Solomon. In the department we can only try. I was so bent on getting ahead I never took the time to marry. Sometimes I think maybe it's not too late. Some people think fifty is not a bad age. I'd like to be able to give my fairly cynical knowledge of the world to someone. I would like to help somebody else with their problems, help



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# Glider Somersault over Austria's Alps

1 "It's pushing your luck to try an outside loop in a glider. Soaring upside down at 100 feet altitude has even an expert flying on sheer nerve," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "The sailplane I flew at Zell Am See in Austria was specially braced for acrobatics. But diving earthward at 150 mph, I had my fingers crossed as I held the stick forward at the bottom of the loop."



2 "You had me worried," said Walter Kolleger, chief of the gliding school, as he lifted the canopy from my glider after I landed. And he showed me why he'd been so nervous at my stunt-flying...



3 "A cracked-up glider bore witness to the risks of powerless flight. As I showed the ground crew how easily a crash can occur, I realized it was a miracle the pilot had survived the wreck. If you lose momentum and your glider 'stalls,' you can drop like a stone."



4 "Smooth sailing," said Walter when we grounded for the day. A fitting toast and a smooth drink to match it—Canadian Club! Glider pilots are an international fraternity. Wherever my fellow bird-men ride the winds, I find a real appreciation of Canadian Club."

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YM-4

them get the most out of life. How about that hot dog, Mary?"

"All right, Inspector McVerney," I said. "Then you can take me to the zoo and we'll feed peanuts to the monkeys." I will not be treated as a child, and I will not be cajoled.

He chewed his lip. "Wrong approach?"

"Yes, Inspector. The wrong approach."

He shook his head and walked on down the street, his arms swinging in just that way my father had. They were busy arms, idle for the moment, yet you had the feeling that they were waiting for something they could reach out to, waiting for something to do. My father had never given me a chance.

"Okay, Mary. But you do look pale."

He stopped and took out a card with his home address. "Mary, I want you to come and see me if you ever need help. Any time." He straightened up again and laughed shortly. "And don't give me that 'I've never been better' routine. You're going to have something to eat if I have to shove it down your throat."

"All right," I said. I took the card. "But I will never need help. Not any time." I could have laughed in his face. It was so clear what he had in mind. He was trying every aspect of paternalism. He was making a fool of himself, trying to find some sort of psychological Achilles heel. "Now you're trying the third degree." He looked crestfallen. I laughed. "Look, Inspector. If there is something you want to find out, ask. We're rational human beings. But don't play games with me."

Even he had to laugh. "All right. Let me tell you, though, I'm actually off duty." He brushed the back of his hand over the fine grey at his temples, and smiled. He had beautiful teeth.

"I don't understand," I said.

"It was a ruse," he said, "hiding behind officialdom. I wanted to see you again." The foolish cat-and-mouse expression had left him. He looked at me. "I hope you don't mind. I hope I didn't ruin it."

I couldn't reply. I will say he did his best to be engaging. I did not return to the office at all. We walked. He knew a surprising amount about books. We never mentioned the accident. I had to laugh because we actually did go to the zoo. He had a wry way of speaking and he compared the animals to various people in the police department. He was quite humorous. He was the kind of man women turn around to look at. It was a lovely fall day. The leaves were bright red and orange. At dusk, just as we were leaving, he fell.

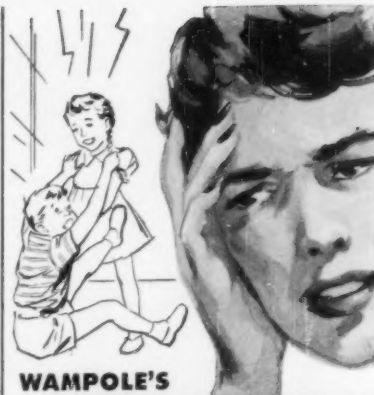
He sat there on the dew-wet grass, looking surprised and hurt, like a child. He turned to me. "Mary, I turned my damned ankle."

"Pull up your trouser, Mac," I said. "Let me have a look."

"It hurts, Mary."

"I know. It's awful. You wait here and I'll get somebody to give me some tape. I'll bind it up for you." He was trying not to show the pain. I ran up to the administration building. Everybody there was in a dither, but at last I forced them to tell me where the nearest doctor was. I wanted simply to have a roll of tape. I have Red Cross training. But the doctor insisted on coming with me. He was frightfully slow. But I chivied him into hurrying and we arrived back breathless.

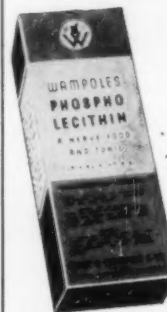
"He hopped up to the road," an attendant said. "He took a taxi home. He said he didn't want to spoil a perfect afternoon." I felt terribly let down. "He said to tell you he'll call you," the attendant added. I nodded. I tried to give the doctor something for his trouble but he wouldn't accept anything. I flagged a taxi.



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THE WORLD OVER



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I WAS surprised to see Anne and mother eating when I arrived home. I did not show it. The food was tasteless. Mother smiled at me. I could not tell whether she was trying to simulate gaiety or whether she was ill again. I didn't say anything. Anne had her head down as usual, shoveling it in. "Sit up, Anne," I said.

"All right, sister." She sat up and grinned impudently. I looked at her.

"Will you tell her," mother said. "Or shall I, Anne?"

I put down my fork. "Tell me what? What is it?" I detest cheap secrecy.

"Anne is going to get married," mother said.

"What!" I had to steady myself.

"Bill asked me yesterday, Mary. This afternoon he gave me this." She turned her hand over and I could see the tiny stone. I am sure it was a diamond. It was too small to be paste.

"What for?" I pushed the horrible plate away. "Why? Asking you when your father wasn't cold in his grave. Horrible."

"I love him, Mary."

The room reeled. "Anne, you can't." She was still grinning. I had to remain calm. "You can't run off and leave your family, Anne." I reached over and took her hand. She did not move it, but there was no answering pressure. "You owe that to your mother." She still wore that smile. "It will kill your mother, Anne. For heaven's sake, don't throw yourself away." And still she smiled. I stood up. "Anne, I won't let you."

"Try and stop me, Mary."

"You're crazy. You can't waste yourself on William. He isn't right for you. He's nothing. You can do better. Stay here. Wait a bit. He should have died too."

She was on her feet. "You're insane."

Mother just sat there. "He isn't right for you," I screamed. "Any more than father was for mother. There's a new chance now. Don't you see that? Don't either of you see that? We're all together now. We've got to stay that way."

"Mary, Anne loves him," mother said.

I turned to her. "Is that any reason? He will wreck her life. You ought to know it. Arabia, Venezuela, Mexico. You can't live in those places, Anne, please."

"I've made up my mind, Mary."

I felt the chair come up, hard. I put my elbows on the table. It wasn't possible. Anne knew what marriage was like. She couldn't have thought it all over seriously. She didn't know what she was doing. She would be tortured, humiliated, deserted. What if she got sick in some foreign place? What if William were injured?

I stared at Anne. I felt the tears come up. I kept thinking about the way Mac's face looked when he fell. I was bitterly ashamed. "Annie."

She came around the table. "It's all right, Mary." She put her hand on my arm. She loved him. She loved William.

I threw her arm away and pushed back my chair. Nobody was going to pity me. "Go ahead, then. Go to China. I don't give a damn." I grabbed my coat in the hall and slammed the door behind me.

The night streaked by in tears of neon. I did not think of anything. The address on the card Mac had given me was an apartment on Yonge Street. It had a buzzer and a house telephone. I waited until his answering signal came. The mouthpiece said: "Who is it?"

"Mary, Mac. I've got to see you."

"Come on up." The buzzer sounded again and the door clicked open. I went up the stairs. He opened his door. The gauze looked almost too clean on his ankle. I stopped in the doorway. It was

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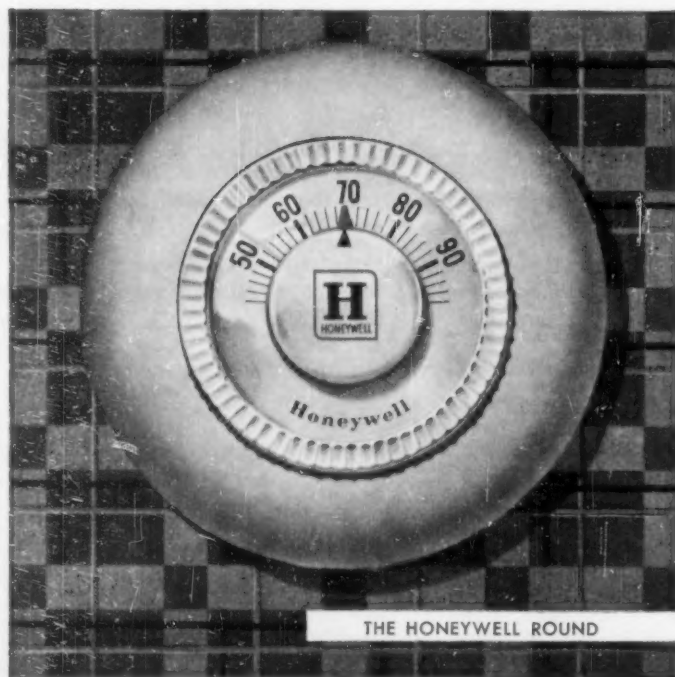
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**The door closed behind me, as though it would be hard to open again. Suddenly I felt trapped**

a very bachelor dwelling. There was a day couch on one side and a bureau on the other. On the far wall was a desk piled with papers. The desk lamp was on. The room was too small. I felt suddenly constrained with him, almost embarrassed. "How is the ankle, Inspector McVerney?"

"It's coming along fine, Mary. Won't you come in?"

"All right. Just for a moment." The door closed behind me, as though it would be hard to open again. I had an uncomfortable feeling of being trapped. He pointed to a chair and I sat down. I kept my gloves on.

"I'm sorry I ran off, Mary. I didn't want to spoil a fine afternoon."

"Yes."

"Can I offer you a drink, Mary?"

"No."

He nodded and hobbled across to a worn armchair. I watched his ankle. He sat down and lit himself a cigarette. I folded and unfolded my hands. He smoked quietly. He ran his hand over the hair at his temples. "I haven't laughed like that in a long time, Mary." He looked at me. "You should smile more. It's becoming."

"Mac, I would like that drink."

He nodded again and set his cigarette in an ash tray and limped across the room to a closet kitchenette. I heard him rattling ice. There were designs of Greek urns in his wallpaper. I had counted sixty-five of them when he came out. I didn't want to let myself think. He handed me the cold glass. I sipped it. He sat down again.

"Oh, Mac," I shook my head and wiped my eyes with my glove. My father never took time to listen to me. The drink was terribly strong.

"Yes, Mary?"

"My sister is going to get married." I swallowed the rest.

"You should be glad. He's a nice boy. But I know you love your family to be together." He hunched his shoulders in that familiar way my father had. I wanted suddenly to tell Mac everything.

"I don't know what to do. Suppose a person tries to do something," I moistened my lips, "for his family." It was terribly warm in his apartment. "And suppose then his family," I turned the glass around on the table, "doesn't appreciate." It made a ring. "Suppose the person didn't really realize, Mac."

"Yes, Mary?" His tone was exactly like my father's.

"Can I have another drink, Mac?"

"Of course." He got up, intense concentration on his face. I sat up. The bottom went out of everything. Mac was not limping now. He went into the kitchenette. I pulled open the door and ran down the stairs. He did not call after me.

I BEGAN to work incessant hours at the bindery. I was glad of the occupation, and it was necessary. Something had gone out of my work. I was clumsy with the Philadelphia binding. I don't know how it happened, but I had to take the whole thing down to base and start over. I even had difficulty with such apprentice jobs as hand stitching and retouching. I did not want to touch my chemicals, and when I did I kept forgetting all the formulae.

Mother stood up for Anne in a dreary little civil ceremony and helped her move into a doubtless equally dreary apartment in one of the new suburbs. I didn't have

time to be there. Mother and I did not talk about it. I tried a couple of times to make her lie down and rest but she flatly refused. She drank a glass of brandy and I went back to the bindery. I began staying there all night a couple of times a week.

Inspector McVerney called again. I told my secretary I did not have the time to talk to him. A day or so later he called again. He had cut his hand opening a can of something. I was no longer quite so sure he had lied to me about his ankle, and he sounded in pain. I was too busy to go to him, so I gave him minute directions for treating it. He was gravely, and most pleasantly, appreciative over the phone. Miss Keene interrupted us. Mr. Cross wanted to see me. I said good-by to Mac and went downstairs.

"Sit down, Mary," he said. "How do you feel?" I grimaced. These repetitions were awfully tiresome. He turned around in his chair and brought a small wooden box over to his desk. He opened the lid and took out a very heavy parchment envelope. From the envelope he took a volume. The covers were steel plates. There were four thumbscrews at the corners. He loosened them and passed it to me. "Take a look, Mary. See what you think."

I removed the thumbscrews and took off the top plate. It was very exciting. There were about a dozen sheets, all superb vellum, every Latin letter a marvel. I knew them at once. News of this manuscript had rocked the rare-book world. Inferno. Canto I. "In the midway of this our mortal life, I found me in a gloomy wood, astray." Dante. It was the famous copy of the Divina Commedia recently unearthed in the ruins of Vesley Abbey. Priceless work. Every page had been the work of years. Some unknown monk had given his life to this. I went cold as I looked at the neglect and vandalism that marred these lovely pages. The lettering had been blurred by mois-

**PETER WHALLEY'S**

## Silly Saws

Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these drawings? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Check your answer below.



TRUTH WILL OUT



ture. The binding was totally rotten. Some of the pages had been deliberately torn.

"They say it isn't possible to restore it," Mr. Cross said. "Dumier, in Paris, tried it."

Yes, I could tell his clumsy efforts. The edges hardly matched, fairly hammered together. The replacement joining was so obvious it was a brutal joke. Dumier was world-famous, but any workman who could treat this manuscript in such a manner had no soul. I couldn't speak. I felt like a great surgeon who at last finds a case to challenge all his will. I loved this manuscript.

"I told them that naturally we couldn't guarantee the work. I wasn't even certain we would want to try. It's a beautiful thing, though, isn't it? What do you think, Mary?"

I held it to me. At last I found voice. But it wasn't my voice. Nothing in my life had equalled this. I would heal this work of art. I could do it. "You guarantee," I said. "Just give me time." Always before, with the simple jobs they gave me, the simple ills that faced me, I had to make it worse in order to prove my skill. No longer.

"Whatever you want," he said. "We'll subcontract your routine work. Are you sure, Mary? Everybody else has given it up." He was on the edge of his chair. He was looking at it in a business sense. To be the single firm in the world that could do a restoration like this would bring high-priced jobs in abundance. But I did not care about any of that. To cure its wounds, to show the monk he had not labored in vain, to be the greatest restorer of them all. That was my victory.

I took it to my office, put it on my table and looked at it. I cleaned my pans, readied my chemicals and studied my supplies of vellum. I was fearless.

"Miss Keene. Nothing is to disturb me."

"I understand, Miss Creft."

I locked my door. Never before had I really worked. Abruptly it was night, and then it was morning again. I had them bring me a sandwich and went back to work. It was night again. We had no vellum of comparable quality. I had to emery our finest grade to tissue thinness. I had to imagine, to invent inks. I had to almost envision the chemicals to make those inks. I removed Dumier's crude work. I could only guess at the conditions which this priceless treasure had undergone in half a millennium. I had to design my own brushes. I spent hours over the microscope, looking for a hint of grain. It was night. It was morning. It was night. The sandwiches piled up. I had little time for them. The crispness of the vellum indicated it had been stored where it was cold. I refrigerated to trace the grain. I turned off all my radiators. Miss Keene brought me hot coffee and ruined twelve hours' work with its steam. Even the alphabetic letters were a unique design. I traced them out a hundred times to gain proficiency. Mother tried to call me until I had them disconnect the phone. I pressed in my restoration. It failed. I took it all apart and started again. I aged, I baked, I refrigerated. I tried countless formulae. A week. Two weeks. Then it was done.

I tried, I really tried to let it go. I sat for hours looking at it. If there had been someone there, perhaps I might have left it alone. But the bindery was deserted. There was grey light outside. Dusk or dawn, I don't know which. It was such a beautiful thing. My eyes were swimming in exhaustion. I began to cry because I knew I couldn't help it. I tore one of the pages, then matched it up again flawlessly. I took, at last, my lightest tracing ink, diluted a hundred times

in water, and carefully wrote TOP. They tell me I collapsed.

McVERNEY was the first to see me. He brought roses. I could not look at them. "This is the second time I've used my badge to see you," he said. "Only relatives are supposed to get in."

"I have so few relatives left," I said. The hospital white that surrounded me was terribly cold. He made it seem warm. "Your mother's coming later."

"So soon, Mac?" He looked at me. "What time is it?"

"You ought to ask what day it is. You've been here two weeks." I sat up. He put his gentle hand on my shoulder and I lay back. "I was worried, Mary." We looked a long time at each other. Mac turned away. "Cross was beside himself with guilt for what he let you do to yourself. He said to tell you it's a masterpiece."

"I saved it then?" I couldn't seem to remember. He nodded. I closed my eyes. "That poor old monk. I saved it. Me."

"It's back in Paris," he said. "Then it

goes to Rome. The *Société des* something-or-other has voted you a medal. They want you to lecture. Cross is up to his ears in learned bibliophiles and trans-Atlantic telephone calls."

They never guessed. Under the very noses of the best experts in the world I had made that one additional tear and they couldn't see it. My hands began to tremble and I put them under the sheets. I had signed it, so deftly, so ingeniously. I laughed. "I'm feeling better."

"You take it easy."

I had thought about it for countless

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hours and I knew just what to say. The act of destruction that made it mine was only part of it. The extra thrill that honesty demanded lay in giving them the hint they could not read. "You want to buy a car, Mac? I'm thinking of taking mother to Paris."

He frowned. "I'd be sorry to see you go, Mary."

I was tremendously excited. "The garage has taken good care of it." I drew a breath. "Except the upholstery still smells of chlorine on the driver's side." I gripped my lip with my teeth. "Where

nobody was sitting." That was my mark. Except for the police who brought the bodies out, no one but the murderer could know there had been nobody behind the wheel.

Mac looked away. "Just needs a fumigating," he said. "When were you thinking about going?"

I sighed. My trademark was in the public domain now. Like the way I signed TOP, or the way I wrote my postcards when I borrowed things from stores, I had confessed. It ought not to be my fault if people were such fools they could

not see my clue. Everything was done. My hands were still. But suddenly it was an empty victory. "I don't know," I said. "It was an idea. Perhaps I'm still out of my head."

"I've stayed too long," he said. "I hope your fame won't keep us from going to the zoo." I tried to smile but I couldn't. I was hollow. He squinted at the ceiling. "The ankle is fine now." I nodded. I wanted to make myself believe he had really turned his ankle. I wanted to believe in Mac because I so desperately needed his belief in me. "Be a good pa-

tient, Mary. Just let me leave this before I go. I can't afford your kind of books but you might get some fun out of this." He put a small volume on the bed table. For an instant his hand touched mine. "I'll come back." And then he was gone.

I stared at the book. My fingers clenched. A simple book. From Mac. I wanted to throw it on the floor. I read Latin and Greek and half a dozen modern languages. I read Chaucer's English, and Celtic. I've spent years with Sanskrit and the infuriating nuances of the Hamurabi. I hate books. I always hated books. I flung myself over on my face and sobbed.

"Mary?"  
I rolled over and blinked. It was nearly dark outside. I must have slept. I looked at Mac's book again. I was so tired. "Come in, Mother."

"I'll go away if you like, Mary."  
"Go away?" She turned on the bedside lamp. The glare hurt my eyes. "Why should you go away?"

"They said you didn't want to see me. They said, during the delirium, you said you hated me. You don't hate me, do you, Mary?"

I looked at her. She looked tired. On the bed, looking up, I was conscious of how tall she was. "Of course I don't, Mother. When you called so much at the bindery, I had to disconnect the phone. I must have been a crazy woman. Sit down, please." I watched her. She was like a stranger. I felt nothing at all for her.

"Anne is fine. She and William are buying a television. He's had a wonderful offer from a construction firm in Venezuela for next year. They're very excited about it and I think they ought to go. Don't you?" I didn't say anything. I thought of Anne in Venezuela. Just that. It did not impress me one way or the other. "And I've stopped the pills, Mary. I got so frightened during the time at the bindery, I simply forgot them. I went a week without them. I don't feel any different, Mary. What do you think? Do you think I should start taking them again?"

"I don't know," I said. It seemed too much trouble to think about it. "Inspector McVerney brought me a book," I said.

"What an odd thing," mother said. "He should know you have more than enough of that in your work. What kind of book?"

"I don't know." I was annoyed. I took the book in my hands. He had marked a page. "Don't people usually give books to sick people?" It was light verse.

"Mary, how do you feel?"  
"I feel all right." Then Mac, too, was gone. They were all gone.

"I have some news for you, Mary. I hope you won't mind too much."

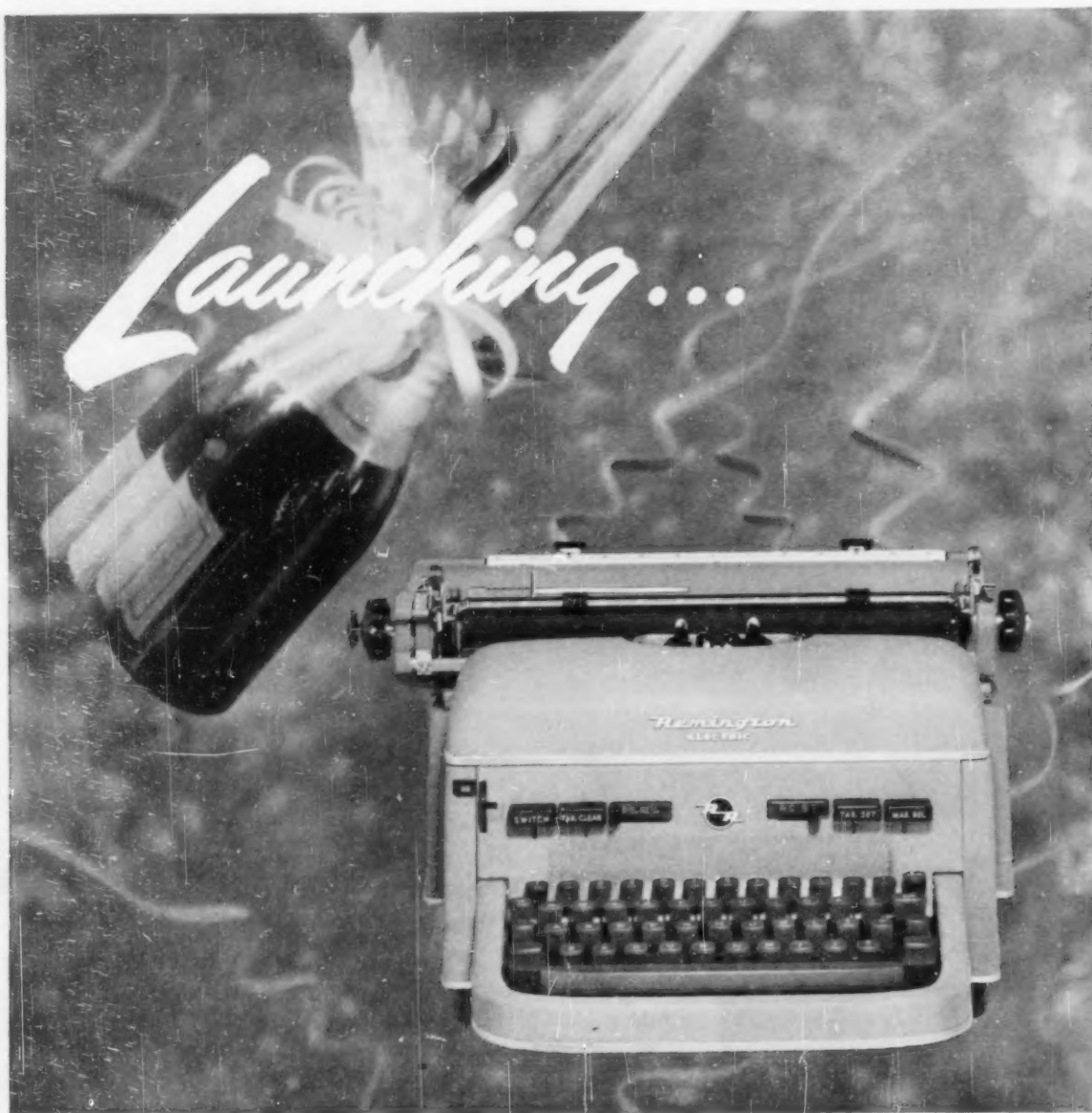
"I won't mind, Mother." I felt dead.  
"Dick and Caroline had a partner." And Mac had spoken to me as having patience. He had played his game to perfection. I was filled with bitterness. I meant nothing to Mac. It was only a routine police assignment. "He came, during the time you were working, to discuss a settlement of your father's share of the leather business. We had tea."

"Mother, haven't we taken enough? Let him keep father's share of the business. We don't have to reach into father's grave to skin him again."

She stared at me. "I already told him that, Mary."

"You did?"  
She nodded. "Mary, he wants to take me out for cocktails and dinner. He is unmarried, Mary. He seems to find me attractive." Mother held her breath. "Mary. Do you mind terribly?"

Suddenly, I loved her very much.



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"You are attractive," I said. "Is he nice?"

She sat on the edge of the bed. "He is nice, Mary." Mother took my hand. "We both like autumn. Neither of us are in springtime any longer. It is relaxed and peaceful. You're not angry, Mary?"

"I'm not angry."

"Mary, you've been everything to me. I know what you've given up for me."

"Mother, please, please don't."

"You've taken care of me, watched over me, protected me. What do you think I should wear, Mary?"

"You've got to make up your own mind, Mother."

"I suppose I should wear the blue, shouldn't I?"

"Burn your blue dress."

"Mary, you're crying. I've never seen you cry. Is something wrong, dear? Should I really burn it? Don't you like it anymore?"

"I hate it."

We faced each other across the bedcovers. It was a long time until mother stood up. She rose slowly, seeming taller and taller in the dim light of the lamp. I seemed to drop away under her. She opened her mouth to speak and then closed it again.

"Keep covered up, Mary." She leaned over me and pulled the covers up over my shoulders. "And be sure to drink your juice."

"Yes, Mother."

She smiled down at me and then turned off the light. The room was dark except for a red-and-blue reflection from the neon down the street. "I'll come back tomorrow," she said. "Maybe I'll bring him. Be a good girl, Mary. Try to get some sleep." She closed the door softly behind her.

**T**HE neon reflection sprang to life. Then it went dark. It lived. Then it was dead. It flashed, vibrant for an instant. Then there was nothing. I looked away from it. There seemed brilliant promise in those colors, but it was never fulfilled.

My father had never let mother alone. There was nobody home, ever, except the baby, Anne. I had read in the attic until the red lights and the blue lights came into my eyes and I couldn't see anymore. I was horribly ugly. I had no friends. Boys laughed. It was all the fault of my teeth. Only mother understood. She had been ugly, too.

I rolled over on my side. The sheets twisted under me. I was sweating. The neon went on, off. Life, death. I had killed them.

If a person came back from a dance actually ill because nobody had asked her to dance, my father grinned up from his book and said, "It will go better next time." That is the sort he was. He was never sick. He said if you were honest and kept trying you'd succeed. But you couldn't succeed if your teeth were crooked. It wasn't my fault he and mother had no money for braces. It was up to him to get money. Anne was born with lovely teeth like his. From the time she was a child she was surrounded by beaux. At eighteen it was too late for me. All the other girls had stopped wearing braces. And I refused to let my father buy me forgiveness. I wanted my teeth to remind him always that he'd made me fail. Mother understood. Mother knew the agony it was when they wouldn't ask you to dance. But mother had no time to talk to me. She was always with him.

I sat up. My forehead was wet. I reached out for the glass of juice on the bed table. It wasn't cold anymore. I pounded my pillow and lay back again.

All the girls my age were boy-crazy then. They didn't want me around be-

cause I hated boys. I decided to become an archaeologist. There were wonderful times in the attic with my own books, not his kind of books. I went to the Land of Oz and to Egypt and to faraway places. It was all sunshine and you could go swimming every day. Everything you said came out clever and all the boys laughed and laughed.

I thought he'd be angry when he found my secret reading place, but he approved. I never read any book for pleasure again. I despised those dreams of exotic foreign places. I spent my life trying to destroy

the books I loved. Because of him.

Sometimes mother and I would talk. But then she would have to go. My father liked social life. Cocktail parties were good for business. They were always laughing together when they came home. I believed he'd made her drink on purpose, to take even her away from me. I used to steal and smash the bottles from their liquor cabinet.

I pushed the bedcovers back. I was drenched. I couldn't drive it out of my mind. The neon went off, as black as the grave.

Mother got sick. How terribly I wanted her to get sick, to have her to myself. We were together all the time she lay in bed, and we talked. She didn't get well. I knew she was not well enough to leave me. And my father finally called a business school and got Caroline to keep the books.

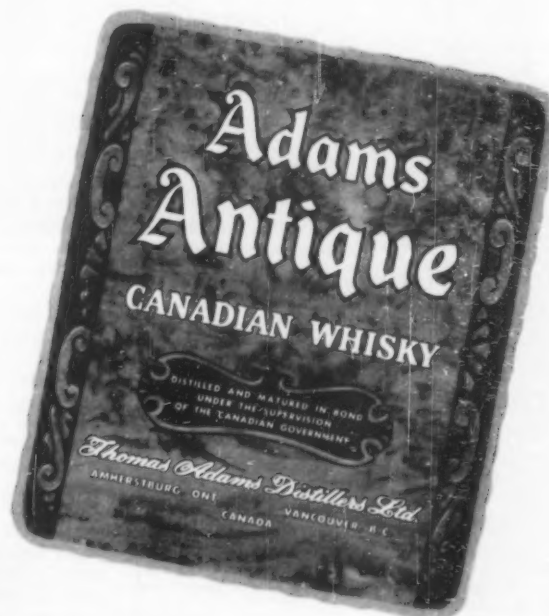
And for these things, I had killed him.

I put my feet on the floor. I was weak. I went to the window and looked out. The streets were wet with November rain. The lights were runny and dull. It was the end of the year. You can never turn



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back the seasons. Every act of time is irrevocable.

I had killed him because my hatred deprived me of a dream world of books. I had killed him so I could keep my mother. I had killed him out of the torture of adolescence. And for that I had to kill myself.

I put on my clothes and my coat. I put Mac's book in my pocket. The corridor was empty. It was late. The hospital was vast. I walked down the hall and around the corner and into a different wing. I pressed the button for the elevator. Nobody came. The elevator operator slid back the doors. He did not recognize me as a patient. At the ground floor I walked past the night attendant. He looked up but did not say anything.

The rain was cold. A taxi started to pull up from the stand but I shook my head. I pulled up my collar and walked away from the entrance. It was a different Toronto, a world I had never known. There, in the thousands of lighted windows, were adolescent daughters growing up, suffering tears at dances, alone in their misery in a callous-seeming adult world. But most of them living, too, until another dance. There were people by those lights, reading books, not for vengeance, but for enjoyment. Somewhere, years back, I had lost all that. It was beyond recapture now.

I crossed the wet streets, walking south. I started to shiver from the cold. I tried to make myself stop it. At last I reached the lakeshore. I could see the lights of the islands and the ferry carrying men eager to make a go of life; altruistic, proud men, perhaps too ambitious to spare that extra hour to get to know the families they worked so hard for. I looked at the deep dark water. I thought I heard a step behind me. I looked around. There was no one there.

Still searching the dark, my eye caught a light. It looked like a tiny restaurant. It seems absurd, but a cup of coffee sounded heavenly. I had left my purse behind but there was sufficient change in my pockets. I looked again at the lake. There was plenty of time for suicide. There was all night. I started to walk away.

It was not a restaurant but a drugstore. A dozen people sat around the counter—truck drivers, elevator operators, seamen. Past the telephone booth a young couple looked into each other's eyes as I went by. I so much wanted to tell them not to despair. My own despair ached to leave some decent act behind me. They did not look up and I seated myself in the end booth. I took off my wet coat and ordered coffee. Mac's book was still dry. I wished the drugstore sold alcohol.

**I**NSANITY. Of course I was insane. But what kind of mind could do a thing like that? My hand trembled and the coffee spilled. I turned my head to the wall. I cried. I cried all the years and years of tears I had so long kept inside me. I did not know that one could cry like that. The immensity of my guilt welled up in me. There was no end to it. I wanted it to torture me. Perhaps suicide was too simple for me. But I could think of nothing else to do. "I'm sorry," I kept whispering to myself. "Oh, God, I'm sorry."

I laid down all my change and put my coat back on. The two lovers did not look up. They had to plan their good life together, like Anne and William. I walked past them.

Suddenly I drew back in panic. The man in the phone booth was Detective Sergeant Case. I looked wildly around, expecting to see policemen at the door.



I stood on the brink, my fists clenched, I would do it. I braced myself to go. Then behind me footsteps... I must have screamed.

But there was no one. Case was facing toward the back wall, talking into the mouthpiece. His head leaned against the wall. He looked tired, poor devil. I held my face away and slipped quickly past. He had not seen me.

The lake shore was dark again. I took off my coat and wrapped it well around Mac's poetry book. The water would be cold. I could not help but shiver. It was a horrible kind of death. I could not look at the black water. I could not force my feet toward it. I stood on the brink, my fists clenched. I would do it. I would. I must back off, and run. Then I would be in it, and finished. I made myself walk back. I sucked in my breath and braced myself to go.

Footsteps. Running. I whirled. "Mac!" I must have screamed it.

"I thought you were going to let me know, next time you took a walk."

I gaped at him. If he had said anything else, I could still have tried for death. But some final thing seemed to give way inside me. "Oh, Mac... Mac... Mac... Mac."

"It's all right, Mary." He put an arm around my shoulders.

"Mac, I tried."

"Never mind it now. Let's get you back to bed." He picked up my coat and put it around my shoulders.

"All right." He took my arm and led me to where a blue sedan stood waiting. It did not have any police markings. Mac opened the door for me. Sergeant Case was at the wheel. I tried to smile at him.

"Hello, Miss Creft." His voice was very gentle.

Mac got in and shut the door. I watched the windshield wipers going back and forth. Very soon we were at the hospital again. I was shivering constantly, and my teeth were chattering. But it was not from cold. I knew now what I had to do.

Mac spoke a long time with the night attendant. We took a different elevator from the one that had been mine, to a different floor. It was a pleasant room, quite like my other one. The nurses

looked the same but there were more men in white suits in the corridors. One of them closed the door behind him, leaving Mac and me alone. I nodded.

"Don't try running off again," Mac said. "This wet weather is bad for you."

"I won't," I said. I knew I couldn't. "Mac, will you ask them to let me have a telephone? May I call you in a few days? I'm not quite ready yet. You've been wonderful to me." I looked at the floor. "I'm truly glad you didn't really hurt your ankle, Mac."

"You'll have your telephone." His eyes were filmed. "Call me any time you want to, Mary. I'm sorry I had to lie to you."

"It's all right. Good night, Mac." He took my two hands, for just a moment, in his. I felt a world of strength come into me. I was very grateful to him. "Good night, Mary." Then he was gone.

I got undressed and put my clothes away, and pulled down the covers. There was no neon reflection on this side of the building. The window was covered with wire mesh.

**A**S SOON as they brought my telephone, I put in my call to London. The girl at the switchboard spoke with someone and I waited. Then she took the number and I heard the trans-Atlantic operator. The volume was light at this hour, and in ten minutes I was through. Our agent had gone home, of course. I finally caught him there, in Tottenham. He is a kind man, but I could not budge him out at such an hour. It seems as though everything must wait until the normal nine to five.

"I know the whereabouts right enough, Miss Creft," he said. "But the market's tight. You might have to go to fifteen hundred. Charge to the firm as usual?"

"Pay anything you have to. I want it shipped tomorrow. And charge to me."

He laughed. "I knew you'd start collecting at the last. And congratulations on your restoration of the Vesney Abbey Dante. It's scheduled for display here in June. Very well, you'll have the other



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book. Shame to purchase at the moment, however."

"That's the way I want it," I said. I hung up the receiver.

I picked up Mac's book, smoothing the pages with my palm. I began to read it. I had forgotten the joy of reading. I hated to put it down. I thought about Anne and William in Venezuela. I thought about mother drinking and dining with dad's partner in New York. Dumier was not at home. I left a message for him to call as soon as he came back. He called me in an hour. He did not reverse the charges.

"I don't know why I should permit you to gloat at my expense," he said. "But proceed. My attempt at restoring the Dante was butchery compared to your work. What would you consider to work as a restorer for Dumier's?"

"Have them fluoroscope the sixth page," I said. "And compare it with your plates."

"My dear Miss Creft, it is not necessary. Already the experts are swearing that you are not contemporary. They swear the work must have been truly done six hundred years ago, and on the selfsame Alp. Fluoroscope. Do you think Dumier is made of money?"

"As a favor, I'll pay you for it. Please send a duplicate report to Inspector James McVerney of the Toronto Police Department."

"I don't know why," His voice was uneasy. "Very well. As you wish. And you will remit the expense within ten days on receipt of notice?"

"Personally," I said. "This is charged to me. And thanks, Dumier. You're nice." He started to say something gallant, but I had hung up. I went to sleep immediately.

THE BOOK I had purchased came Thursday, and I called Mac. While I waited I looked at it again. It had been five years since I had seen my forgery. The vellum was like velvet. The binding was hand-lockstitched. I remember I had even aged the beeswax its thread was rubbed with. The single printing, the illustrated letter leads were all mine. I flipped over the pages and worked out the double acrostic that spelled my name. I started to laugh. There was a knock on the door.

"Well, Mary." He had a bunch of roses for me.

"Well, Mac. Put the roses outside, will you? I don't like them anymore."

"All right." He took them away and then came back. He sank in the visitor's chair in the corner. He had not taken off his coat. He buried his face in his hands for a second, then looked up. "I got the report you asked them to send from Paris." He pulled out the long envelope, covered with green stamps.

"They found that I had made and repaired an additional tear?"

"Yes," Mac said. His voice was dull. "They don't understand. It can't detract from your restoration, but they don't know why you deliberately tore that one page yourself."

"You know, don't you, Mac?"

"Not quite everything. Maybe I never will. But enough. You must have loved your father very much."

I nodded. "I know that now. Desperate to emulate him. And insanely jealous of his affection for anything or anybody but me. Was all your kindness just a job to you, Mac?"

He shook his head, miserably. "No. It was, at first. It seemed the best way to handle it since I look like your father. I don't feel wholly professional about it any longer."

"I'm glad. I have a going-away present for you." I gave it to him. "The catalogues list it as a fourteenth-century octavo, by Camiu del Serte. It's worth thirteen hundred British pounds. It's a forgery." At last I said. "It took me a year to do it."

We sat without speaking for a long time. At last I said, "I'm scared, Mac." "There are times when I despise the law."

"Mac, have you ever seen it?" He looked up. "I mean the gallows. Does it hurt?"

"You'll go to Penetanguishene."

I sat up. "That's for the criminally insane."

"That's one of its uses."

"I can't stand it. Mac, I want to die. It's only justice. Make them let me die."

"I'm sorry, Mary. But you've been ticketed as a mental case for a long time. It's the law."

I sank back. The utter horror of it swept over me. To be entombed for years, perhaps a lifetime. I had been insane. Was I still insane? How can you tell? Where is the dividing line? "I'll

try to kill myself again," I whispered.

"I don't think so," he said. "That's why I took the responsibility for letting you go free so long." I hoped you'd make a start at working it out yourself. You have a responsibility now," he jerked his head, "to your father and his wife. May-be to me." He closed his eyes. "It will take a long time. Perhaps one day they'll let you go, under the supervision of some responsible person for the rest of your life."

"Will you come and see me, Mac?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then I think I can stand it."

"Are you ready, Mary? I'll have my assistant bring in his notebook."

"I'm ready, Mac." He got up, the baggy coat rumpled on his shoulders. He came over and pressed my hand and then went to the door. "Mac?"

He turned. The light from the corridor shone clearly on his face. "What is it, Mary?"

"You don't look like my father anymore."

"Well, that's it," he said. "I think we've made a start." ★

## My most memorable meal: No. 8

# Morley Callaghan

tells about



## A three-hour steak with Thomas Wolfe

Looking back on it, I can't remember meals for the food that was eaten. The food may have been wonderful, but the meal seems to stick in the mind because of someone who was there, or because of the way it was eaten. I remember some steaks I ate with Thomas Wolfe; but here again it was the man and the way he ate his steak that made the occasion memorable.

It was back in 1938 in New York when Wolfe was at the height of his fame as a novelist. One night Max Perkins, the famous editor who will always be associated with Wolfe, had taken me to meet him. We had had some drinks at the Waldorf, and when we parted Wolfe said he would come and have lunch the next day at my apartment in the old Madison Square Hotel. We made it early, twelve o'clock, for my wife and I had tickets for a matinee, and Wolfe said he had an appointment after lunch.

My wife said to me, "Well, we'll give him a steak. You can't go wrong on a steak with a man like Wolfe," and so we had some nice steaks.

Wolfe arrived promptly at twelve, and we sat right down. Wolfe was a huge, powerful, granite-like man with enormous appetites, and my wife watched with some trepidation while he sank his knife into his steak and then tasted it. When his dark face lit up with a beautiful smile, we were relieved and satis-

fied and settled down to our meal.

But Wolfe was not only a giant in size; he had a gigantic flow of words when he was interested. Happily, or unhappily, he got interested, and between each bite about eight thousand words came pouring out of him. Not that he wasn't taking a bit of the steak with relish; he was. The only trouble was that he didn't seem to notice that the steak had got cold and time was passing. I didn't want to finish my steak and leave him stranded. I was trying to go along with him bite by bite. There was also a little social problem. We had been given the theatre tickets by someone in the show who was bound to be wounded if we didn't turn up.

Two hours had passed and Wolfe hadn't finished his steak. Finally, my wife said idly that she had to dash up town and would be right back, maybe in time to have some coffee with us. She returned at six. It is true that Wolfe and I had pushed our chairs back from the table, but he had taken three hours with his steak and as soon as he saw my wife he said, "That was a beautiful steak," and he went right on talking. Of course, he had a lot to say to the world.

At about seven he suddenly asked what time it was, then said, "Good heavens, I'm supposed to be at Edna Ferber's place for dinner."

I've often wondered if she served him a steak and how long he took to eat it. ★

MORLEY CALLAGHAN IS A WELL-KNOWN WRITER AND PANELIST.



# How busy men across the country keep their cars rolling on winter roads



**1 Quebec, Que.** — Mr. Edouard Grenier, manager of Yellow Taxis Limited writes: "We have used Suburbanites for about five years. Before that, broken

chains often caused damage to our cars and lost time for our drivers. But since we started using Suburbanites, we have done away with all these troubles and no longer buy chains."



**3 Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan**—Mr. C. Fletcher, who commutes by car to and from his work at Libby Auto Service daily, says: "I have had a set of Suburbanites on my car for three and a half years. On my way to and from work, I have to negotiate two long, steep hills and I have yet to be stalled due to snowy or icy conditions. I have passed literally hundreds of other Moose Jaw motorists who have been stalled due to lack of traction."



**4 Toronto, Ontario**—Mr. W. E. Waters, Sales Manager, writes: "I've done a lot of winter driving since my family took up skiing as a winter sport. One week-end, on the narrow snow-covered road from Huntsville to Limberlost Lodge, an oncoming car forced us into the ditch. But our Suburbanite tires got us out quite easily. Many times, my Goodyear Suburbanites have kept us rolling when cars with other tires were stuck in the snow or on hills."



**2 Calgary, Alta.**—Mr. J. R. Andrews, an employee of the Post Office Department says: "It wasn't until I actually put these tires on and tried them that I knew—tow jobs, spinning wheels on icy roads, are a thing of the past. My Suburbanites will be on and pushing every winter from now on."



**5 Winnipeg, Manitoba**—Mr. Ron Ayers, Commercial Photographer, praises his Suburbanites like this: "Doing construction photography takes me into all the new developments around Winnipeg. Last winter was the toughest I've ever known for snow and poor roads. I can thank my Goodyear Suburbanites for getting me in and out of these places with no loss of time. I use them year 'round because they are terrific in mud too."



**6 Here's why:** Take a close look at that Suburbanite patented tread. See how it is broken up into separate staggered cleats. There are 464 of them—each one with 4 sharp, biting edges. And note how they're set at angles to grab into the snow, much like a skier's skis climbing a hill. The cleats are

flexible—won't clog up with snow—always ready to bite and grab hold. Quiet running on bare pavement, too. See your Goodyear dealer for Suburbanites, either tubeless or tube-type, black or white wall. Also available in all sizes to fit 1957 cars.

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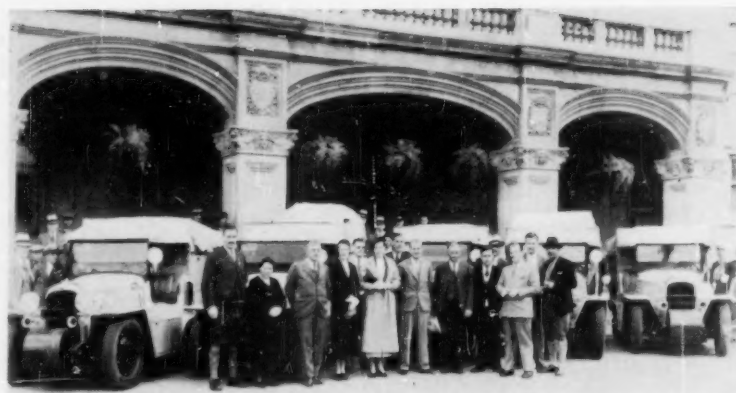
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B-326



The stars of Bedaux's wilderness "circus"

This is the strange troupe Charles Bedaux (third from right) paraded in Edmonton before striking into northern B. C. Trucks were finally abandoned. Trip cost \$250,000.

### B. C.'s "champagne safari" continued from page 29

to movement in factory operations. At an astonishing speed he became rich. By 1920 he moved to New York where, eventually, he made his headquarters on the fifty-third floor of the Chrysler Building. From an office done up in carved weathered oak to resemble a mediaeval monastery, he controlled time-study experts in eighteen countries.

Bedaux's contacts with the Nazi hierarchy after World War One were at first clandestine and later, as World War Two loomed, flagrant. On visits to Germany in the Twenties he was frequently in the company of Maj.-General Karl E. Nikolaus Haushofer, the mentor to Hitler in the writing of Mein Kampf.

Although Bedaux's income was supposedly derived from industry he traveled endlessly in underdeveloped lands. In 1926 and 1932 he made expeditions into the same remote regions of B. C. that he explored in 1934. In 1930 he drove ten thousand miles across North Africa, from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean through the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Egypt, Libya, Algeria and Morocco, to Casablanca on the Atlantic. In 1937 he made journeys to India, Tibet and Persia.

Ordinary citizens in Canada knew little of Bedaux's background when, early in 1934, he began to prepare for his third trip into northern B. C. In contrast to the earlier expeditions this one was widely publicized.

In January Bedaux employed Austin Carson, a New York public-relations man, to whip up press interest in the venture. That same month he engaged Jack Bocock, an Edmonton geologist who now lives in South Africa, to accompany the expedition. Bocock received provincial sanction for the trip from the B. C. Department of Lands.

Bedaux intended to pass through seventy miles of country between the Muskwa River and Dease Lake which the Department of Lands had never bothered to map. Here was a chance to get the mapping done partly at Bedaux's expense. Two provincial geographers, E. C. W. Lamarque, of Vancouver, and Frank C. Swannell, of Victoria, accompanied the expedition and the province contributed six hundred dollars. Bocock also engaged a third surveyor, A. H. Phipps, and a radio operator, Bruce McCallum.

The main party gathered in Edmonton early in July. The Canadians found Bedaux in a luxurious Macdonald Hotel suite with a polyglot entourage. This in-

cluded Fern, his wife; Josefina Daly, his wife's Spanish maid; Signora Bilonha Chiesa, a delicately built and enigmatic Italian-Swiss woman who was described as "a renowned big-game hunter"; John Chisholm, a heavily mustached and aristocratic-looking Scot who was the game steward at Bedaux's French chateau; Charles Balourdet, a lean French mechanic supplied by the Citroen company; and Tommy Wilde, a cowboy from Rose Prairie in northern B. C., who had been hired as cook and is today a construction man on the Alaska Highway. From New York the expedition was joined by Floyd D. Crosby, a movie cameraman who later made a name for himself in Hollywood as photographer of such films as High Noon. From Toronto, as Crosby's assistant, came a youngster named Evan O. Withrow. From Jasper, Alta., there was a professional alpine guide named J. A. Weiss.

### A pirate with a pack of dogs

All except one geographer, Lamarque, were to travel from Edmonton in the tractors. Lamarque, with Jack Stone, an Indian, and four packhorses, had already left Fort St. John to blaze the trail. Bedaux had supplied him with a bundle of French tricolor flags to mark the route.

Lamarque was followed out of Fort St. John by a party of six men and twenty horses whose task was to cut trails through trees for the tractors. This was led by a burly Englishman named Edward Reginald Geake, who always wore a piratical black-silk handkerchief tied around his head and kept at his heels a pack of angry-looking dogs.

At Fort St. John about a dozen cowboys and sixty-five packhorses were waiting to join the tractor party. Jobs had been scarce and Bedaux was paying cowboys four dollars a day, about twice the going rate.

In Edmonton Bedaux acted like a movie star. He spent money lavishly entertaining local bigwigs. In reply to questions about the purpose of his expedition he talked about finding a northern outlet to the Pacific for the prairies; about the possibilities of prospecting for gold; about mounting big-game heads for a Paris museum; about testing the tractors for Citroen. Once he said: "I am just a nut who likes to do things first."

Every day the tractors, in gleaming white paint and nickel-plated accessories, were taken on practice spins around the



city by various members of the expedition. By July 5 the expedition had aroused as much excitement as a circus.

An oil-rich Arab sheik might have envied the camp kit Bedaux loaded onto the tractors next day. There were fireproof tents woven out of an asbestos fibre, folding aluminum tables, chairs, beds, baths, wash bowls and bush toilets; silver cutlery; crystal stemware; fancy French cooking pots; rugs, cushions, mosquito nets and serving trays. The victuals included cases of champagne, still wines, pâté de foie gras, caviar and canned or bottled French delicacies ranging from truffles to chicken livers. The clothing for Bedaux, Chisholm and the women of the party included silk pyjamas, tropical-weight shirts, cashmere sweaters, fur parkas and quilted pants. For relaxation there were several hundred pounds of French literature, some of it decidedly spicy. Each of the tractors sagged under a weight of more than eight thousand pounds.

On July 6, after an 11 a.m. champagne breakfast, attended by distinguished citizens of Edmonton, the convoy ground up Jasper Avenue through cheering crowds and camera flashbulbs, paused at Government House to hear a farewell speech by Alberta's lieutenant-governor, William Legh Walsh, and squelched down into the mud of the unpaved highway that led north for five hundred and fifty miles to Fort St. John. With frequent stops to swill mud out of clogged tracks, the tractors thrashed onward at an average speed of four miles an hour, the riders sleeping by night in wayside hotels, private homes and sometimes in tents.

At the French-Canadian settlements of St. Albert and Morinville inhabitants turned out waving tricolor flags and carrying banners inscribed "Bon Voyage" and "Vive Bedaux." At Smokey River a drunk, waving a whisky glass, tried unsuccessfully to divert the convoy down a bush trail where, he said, two thousand people were waiting to hold a rodeo in Bedaux's honor. After discovering that this was a hoax Bedaux pressed on to Grande Prairie. Here, under a hastily erected welcome arch, the mayor expressed the hope that from the expedition "materialistic advantages will accrue."

Breakdowns became more frequent as rain and wind lashed the caravan and gumbo mud threw off tracks, choked feed pipes and gummed up transmissions, differentials and brake drums. Bedaux began to show flashes of caprice. At Tupper Creek, where the expedition bogged down for forty-eight hours, he flung himself under a tractor and helped clean out the mud. On emerging he found Bill Murray, a young dental student who had got a job on the expedition at the last moment, surrounded by admiring local girls. The girls giggled at Bedaux's bedraggled appearance. Bedaux fired Murray on the spot.

Swannell, the geographer, was quickly disenchanted about the importance Bedaux placed on mapping. When one day Bedaux was persuaded to lighten loads he jettisoned not one ounce of his personal kit. Instead Swannell was ordered to leave behind more than a hundred pounds of surveying equipment. Furthermore Bedaux appropriated Swannell's assistant, Phipps, as a major-domo to his own menage. On nights when the expedition camped, Phipps was in charge of erecting and furnishing the elaborate tents occupied by Bedaux and his wife, Signora Chiesa and the maid Josefina and the steward Chisholm.

On the twelfth day out, at Taylor Flats, a few miles south of Fort St. John, the expedition halted for another two days. Here a horseman brought a message from



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# CNR



Best way to a Merry Christmas is to make your reservations early. See your nearest Canadian National Representative, soon.

Lamarque, the trail blazer, who, using pack and saddle horses, had reached Whitewater, three hundred and forty miles ahead. The courier wanted a hundred and fifty dollars for the six days' ride back to Lamarque with a message. Bedaux paid.

When the expedition reached Fort St. John, then a straggling village devoted to prospecting and mixed farming, villagers gaped at Bedaux's fine tents, pitched on the local baseball field. Bedaux lit a fire on top of one of the tents to prove it was fireproof.

In Fort St. John, Bedaux paid seventy-five dollars apiece for a hundred head of horses. Bert Bowes, the garage owner, made him fifty galvanized tanks for packing gasoline. After buying food, bridles, pack saddles, blankets and other supplies in Fort St. John Bedaux spent between forty and fifty thousand dollars. Bowes figured. It was a windfall for a small community in the Depression. In gratitude Bowes, the president of the Board of Trade, threw a banquet for Bedaux and his party at the Fort Hotel.

Next morning, as the expedition pre-

pared to leave, Bedaux distributed five- and ten-dollar bills to men, women and children who took part in a farewell scene filmed by Crosby, the captive movie man. The shooting occupied nearly two hours during which nervous packhorses bucked off the unfamiliar gasoline tanks.

Just as the expedition got under way a band of Indians rode into town. Previously engaged by Bedaux to meet the expedition ten miles north of Fort St. John, they had tired of waiting and had ridden in to seek him. Now there was another delay for more movies. At last

the tractors got going along a rough trail that led to Montney, the last village. Over the objections of Balourdet, the Citroen mechanic, Bedaux tried to force them across a deep stream. The first two tractors stuck in the middle and had to be winched out. Finally a log bridge was built to get them across. That day the expedition covered eight miles.

Next day the tractors failed to climb a grassy slope and once more the laborious winching operations occupied many hours. At the top of the slope the front wheels of one overloaded tractor splayed apart and it had to be ditched. A tree-cutting party had failed to cut low enough and the tractors were constantly jamming their axles against stumps. It took three days to cover the forty-two miles to Montney.

Two days out of Montney, Bedaux, much to everybody's astonishment, fired Bruce McCallum, the radio operator, and sent him back under escort to Edmonton. This left the expedition without any direct communication with civilization save by the couriers, who were sent back from time to time with Bedaux's dispatches. These were telegraphed to New York and Paris from Fort St. John.

The loss of the radio operator put surveyor Swannell at a further disadvantage. He was no longer able to get Greenwich time signals for fixing positions and had to rely on chronometers.

#### Those crazy palefaces!

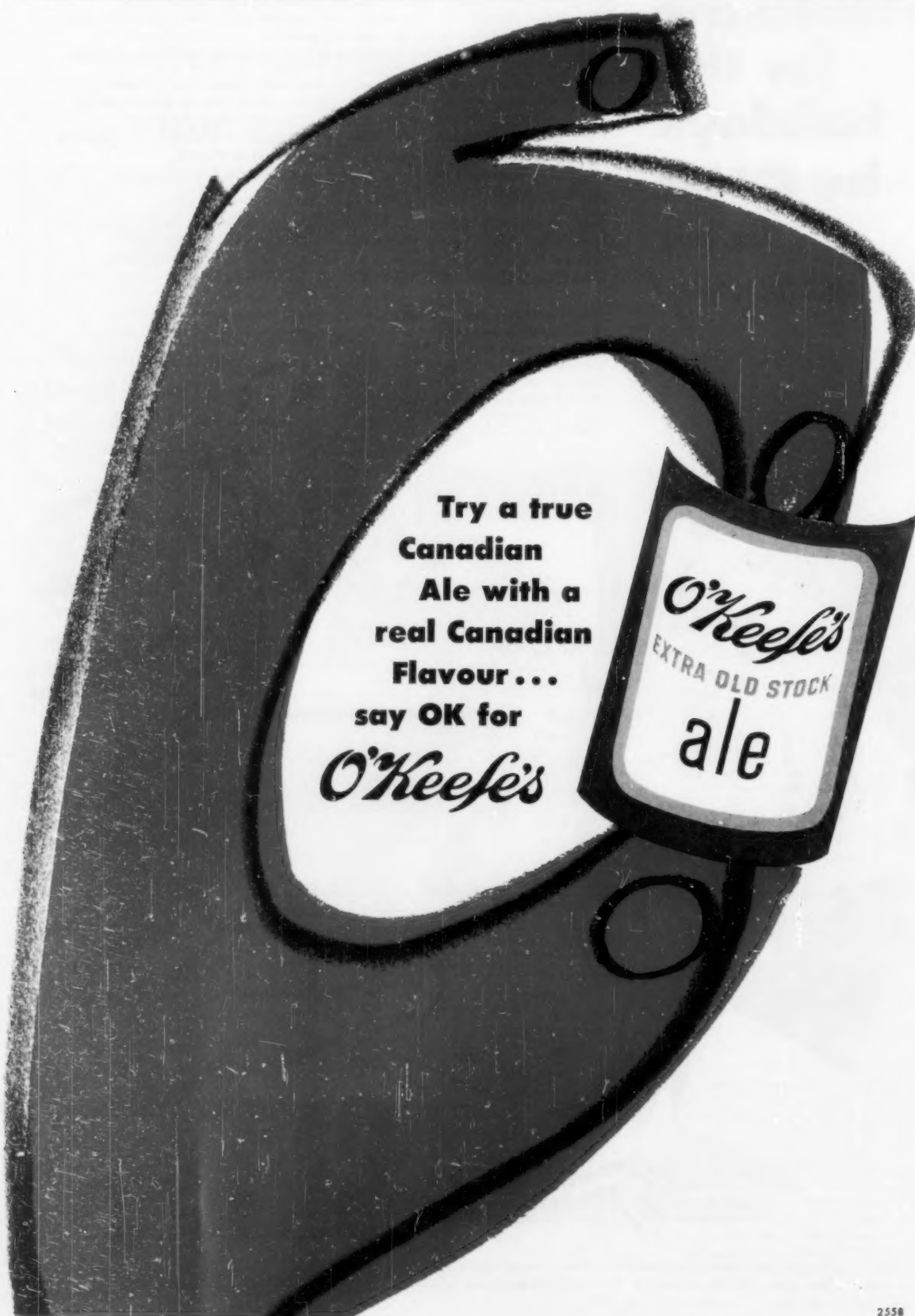
The next four weeks saw an arduous struggle to drive the four Citroens across packhorse trails in wooded foothill country. They were rafted across streams, lowered down precipices by winch, hauled out of muskeg and dragged through scrub. Crosby took movies constantly. But the truth was not always dramatic enough for Bedaux and he wasted hours staging fake scenes for his movie cameras.

In one shot a tractor was shown racing over hard ground. Bock and Swannell stood on the sidesteps, axes in hand, grim determination in their expressions. Near a clump of scrub the tractor pulled up in a cloud of dust. Bock and Swannell dashed forward and began hacking a tractor trail through the trees. The scene, repeated over and over again until Bedaux was satisfied, was watched in bewilderment by a tribe of Beaver Indians.

After a day during which it took eight hours to cover one mile a second tractor was so beaten up it was abandoned. On Aug. 11, thirty-seven days out and 641 miles from Edmonton, Bedaux decided to get rid of the remaining vehicles. He ordered all hands to help make another movie.

A rock bluff, 120 feet above the Half way River, was undermined. Two tractors were driven to the edge, which caved in. As the cameras turned the drivers leaped clear and the loads of empty boxes scattered like confetti down the gorge. The last tractor was placed on a raft and shoved off. Downstream a cliffside was plugged with dynamite. It was hoped that at a critical moment the explosives would collapse the cliff on top of the raft and tractor and submerge them. But the dynamite failed to go off. The raft and tractor sailed safely downstream twenty miles and then grounded on a sandbar. Eventually the tractor was recovered by a rancher.

These scenes were reported by Bedaux as genuine accidents. In another dispatch, circulated through his New York and Paris publicity men, Bedaux reported that Jim Blackman, one of the cowboys, was missing. Blackman was merely taking a rest at a nearby ranch, and soon rejoined the party. The drowning of a packhorse



2558



## As the horses fell sick they were shot and other horses staggered on with Bedaux's load of wines

during a swim across a stream was enlarged by Bedaux into an imaginary story about the drowning of a man.

With the tractors out of the way Bedaux bought thirty additional horses from Ed Westergaard, a rancher, and the expedition continued in the saddle. Bedaux assumed a Prussian air of authority. All members had to mount at his cry of "Aux chevaux" or dismount on his order, "Aux pieds." But he kept the men in good spirits by issuing every night several stiff tots of rum. When the main party caught up with Geake's trail-cutting party, and Bedaux decided they should now remain together, he split nine bottles of champagne among about fifteen cowboys. They drank it out of enamel mugs. In Fort St. John Bedaux had bought four hundred dollars' worth of cigarettes and these were issued daily. For nonsmokers there was an issue of chewing gum.

Madame Bedaux and Signora Chiesa rarely spoke to the men in the party. Phipps, who still works for the B.C. Department of Lands, recalls: "Signora Chiesa was especially uncommunicative. As soon as camp was pitched she retired to her tent. She seemed to find the trip hard going. She didn't look like a big-game hunter to me." But Josefina, the maid, mingled cheerfully with the men. One night they rigged up a saddle on ropes between trees and by tugging on the ropes gave her an imitation bronco ride. She screamed with delight.

In the mornings the show was often hard to get on the road. At first the pack-horses were saddled and ready at six o'clock. Then they might stand around loaded until Madame Bedaux and Signora Chiesa finished their toilets in the hands of Josefina. When the time was put back until ten o'clock the women were rarely ready before noon. Bedaux made no effort to hurry them.

The country now was getting wilder, a hummocky land with valleys heavy in muskeg. Constant travel through mud afflicted the horses with a disease known as hoof rot, and almost every day one, two or three had to be shot. Their burdens were distributed among the remainder. Although much kit was dumped Bedaux wouldn't sacrifice any of his personal comforts. It took one horse to carry the women's footwear and several more to carry the wines. One afternoon Bock insisted that the loads be lightened. Bedaux agreed to jettison hundreds of rounds of ammunition. Instead of dumping the boxes, however, he ordered the men to fire it off into the air. "It took several hours," says Swannell. "It was the craziest scene you ever saw."

After crossing the Muskwa River on Aug. 31, the expedition entered unmap-ped country and Swannell was kept busy surveying. He was hampered by lack of instruments and the diversion of his assistant Phipps to Bedaux's "court." Even so he named Mount Bedaux after the leader and Lake Lombard after Madame Bedaux.

Delays for movies continued. Once Swannell heard a fierce crackling and on running out of his tent saw Bedaux had started a bush fire in the hope that the packhorses would stampede and make a thrilling movie shot. Swannell pointed out angrily that bush fires of that nature were against B.C. forest regulations and Bedaux reluctantly agreed to have it put out. The rest of the day was wasted as Bedaux waited for night. At night he succeeded in stampeding the horses by flares and a fusillade of rifle shots.

When September snows were in the air

Bedaux decided that Weiss, the alpine guide, must be ready to make a quick reconnaissance on skis. Every day Weiss had to ride with a pair of skis strapped to his pack, a highly uncomfortable arrangement.

Balourdet, the French mechanic, meanwhile had been demoted. Having lost his tractors he was ordered to look after the lanterns. He considered this a blow to

his dignity and at times was morose. Tempers were frayed all around. At four o'clock one afternoon, after hours had been spent pitching camp by a river, Bedaux decided to move to the opposite bank. It was after midnight before the move was completed and there was a chaotic fumbling around in the dark for blankets.

By Sept. 8, sixty-five days out, it was

getting harder to find feed for the horses. The animals wandered so far at night in search of pasture that it took up to four hours next morning to find them. Balourdet was distressed by the animals' emaciation and weakness. Each night he held up his hands and wailed: "Vaire 'ee going, ze 'orses, for eating?" Temperatures at night went down to zero. But Bedaux clung to his elegant dining table and his



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## A picnic for the western cowboys

To handle packhorses and direct his safari Charles Bedaux (left foreground) hired cowboys and guides and at the campfires he plied them with rum and champagne.

wines. Among stuff dumped surreptitiously by the cowboys were whole cases of canned food, blankets, cooking stoves and reels of movie film.

On Sept. 13 the expedition passed through Whitewater, a Hudson's Bay Company trading post at the junction of the Fox and Findlay Rivers. Here Bedaux must have anticipated failure. Though he had intended originally to fly the party out of Telegraph Creek at the conclusion of the journey, he now sent two men down to the river to rent power boats and bring them up to Whitewater.

Pushing on up the valley of the Fox, the party reached the summit of its last great obstacle—the Sifton Pass. Bedaux decided to go no farther. "Much consternation," wrote Swannell in his diary, "as all here are for pushing on."

During the night of Sept. 27, the last on the pass, the horses were tethered in sub-zero temperatures to prevent them from wandering in search of food. This cruel expedient took its toll. There followed a hurried nine days' trek back to Whitewater with horses "playing out" and having to be shot every night.

## Horses stranded to starve

Movie shots of dead and exhausted horses were not gripping enough for Bedaux. He staged another scene in which cowboys were pictured crawling along on their stomachs as if in the last throes of fatigue. While this was going on Lamarque and the Indian Jack Stone reached the camp. They stared at the actors in amazement. Then Bedaux spotted them and decided to include them in the picture. "Go back into the bush," he cried, "and come into the scene on your hands and knees." Lamarque refused.

When the expedition reached Whitewater it had left behind fifty dead horses. The remaining eighty were turned loose. Most died of starvation the following winter. The expedition embarked in the power boats and sailed down the Findlay River to Taylor Flats, near Fort St. John. By water the party covered in thirteen days a journey that by land had taken fifty-nine days. Much gear was left at Whitewater but Bedaux kept enough to equip his own boat with a tent and stove. For the women, Chisholm and himself there were fur parkas and quilted pants. The remainder of the party, wearing sweaters and cowboy pants, shivered in open boats. But when he was paying off the cowboys at Taylor Flats Bedaux shared among them rifles, binoculars, stoves, saddles and cameras. Some cowboys backtracked up the trail and recovered saddle packs, blankets, tents and food.

Over the years that followed Bert Bowes recovered four of the tractors. One served his garage as a wrecker until a couple of years ago. Another was used all

through World War Two as a tractor on a ranch. Recently Bowes, with parts from three tractors, reconstructed a fourth and sent it to a Saskatoon museum.

Bowes was one of the last to profit from Bedaux's trip. From Taylor Flats to the railroad station at Pouce Coupe he conveyed all those members of the expedition who were not remaining in Fort St. John. Bedaux still carried so much personal kit that it took three trucks and two taxis. At Pouce Coupe Bowes presented Bedaux with a bill for two hundred dollars. Bedaux gave him two hundred and fifty.

Bedaux entrained for Edmonton on Oct. 25. There he was given an enthusiastic reception. A few days later he left with the women, Chisholm and Balourdet for New York.

Why had he undertaken the fantastic trip? Was it merely the whim of a rich eccentric or was there another reason? According to George Murray, publisher of the Alaska Highway News, "when Bedaux's Nazi sympathies became palpable, people around here began to think there was something sinister about his so-called Sub-Arctic Expedition."

"Looking back on it," says Bert Bowes, "the man was obviously a spy." The firing of the radio operator, the fake movie-making, the strategic importance of the route that later paralleled part of the Alaska Highway—all these details have a suspicious ring when looked at with the wisdom of hindsight. Some people claim that Geake, the English trail cutter, was actually a British Intelligence agent sent along to keep the expedition under observation. Geake's melodramatic end serves to heighten the aura of intrigue: he set off for Mexico in 1938 accompanied by a blind man to seek a lost gold mine and was murdered by unknown assailants.

But on the other hand there is no real evidence that Bedaux was on anything more than an expensive joy ride. Swannell, Lamarque and Phipps insist it was nothing more than a publicity stunt for the time-study business. The RCMP officially denies any knowledge of spying.

The truth will probably never be known. Bedaux remained front-page news in the days that followed. He took a house near Hitler's retreat at Berchtesgaden, conferred with Hjalmar Schacht, the Nazis' financial oracle, arranged a tour for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor through Germany, and almost succeeded in sponsoring a second one across the U.S. When war broke out Bedaux was in the forefront of negotiations between Pierre Laval, the chief of the Vichy French government, and the Germans. His wartime activities caused his arrest and, in Miami, Florida, he finally succumbed to an overdose of a sedative he had been using. Whatever secrets he had died with him. ★





You take the suburbs . . . I don't want them continued from page 30

"I figured out my gardening costs — I found I'd only lost \$30 over the store price of my crop"

about half an acre smaller than the lawn around the Parliament Buildings. I too had planted a kitchen garden. The builders had assisted me by leveling the yard with about a hundred cubic feet of yellow clay, which they had dumped on top of the wonderful black loam that had attracted me when the house was being built. I had two choices: sink a shaft beside the back fence and mine my loam, or plant my vegetables in the clay and pray for a miracle.

I chose the latter course, and a miracle happened: the vegetables came up. Something had gone wrong with their metabolic rate in the process, however. As soon as the tomatoes ripened, they burst. The turnips were the size of radishes, the radishes suffered from a pituitary condition that gave them the diameter of turnips and consistency of cannon balls, and the potatoes were too small for anything except making French fries for a midgets' convention. When I figured out my gardening costs for the summer (price of seeds and tools, but not labor) I found that I had only lost thirty dollars over the store price of my crop.

If I may be allowed to give a bit of gratuitous advice to the neophyte gardener, it is this: don't start a garden unless you are financially able to buy tools and gadgets for the rest of your life. Gardening is like buying a hi-fi set: it is not the original cost but the upkeep that sends you to the poorhouse. Before you know it you have put yourself in hock for more equipment than it takes to run a Saskatchewan wheat farm, and the results of your labor will range from a slipped disk to a bumper harvest of all the wrong kind of vegetables, such as enough lettuce to make chef's salads for the population of Montreal.

My friend walked over to the window and gazed out at the tangle of television antennas and the roofs of the houses on the next street. He said, "Say, you used to live in the suburbs, didn't you?"

"Yes, twice," I told him. "My first suburban excursion lasted two years, from 1946 to 1948. My second sentence, a few years later, lasted nine months, with time off for good behavior."

"And you left the suburbs to move back to *this*!" he exclaimed with a sneer, reducing my high-rent apartment to a cold-water flat up an alley.

I knew he thought there was something ulterior in my coming back to the city; something dark and hidden in my past, such as a neighborhood scandal involving a female census taker, or having absconded with the take after the Queensway Gardens Outdoor Fun Frolic. Even if I told him the truth, I knew I could never turn him away from his big adventure.

Since World War II more than a million Canadians have emigrated to suburbia. They have filled up the old suburbs and overflowed into new ones—some of them advertised as being "only thirty miles from downtown"—the flowering of a mad architect's nightmare that rivals the breeding habits of the amoeba: multiplication by subdivision.

Today in some places, notably in Metropolitan Toronto, where I live, the suburban tail is wagging the urban dog, with as many people living on the outskirts as in the city itself. Montreal has its Dorval, Lachine and Ville La Salle, Quebec City its Lac Beauport and Sillery, Halifax has new housing developments

around Bedford Basin, and Sydney, N.S., its Point Edward. Hamilton has spread out to the south, and climbed up its mountain to populate the escarpment. Edmonton has its Glenora, Winnipeg its Tuxedo, and Vancouver has filled the

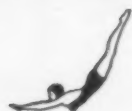
entire lower mainland and spread up the mountains in North Vancouver. The outlying developments of Regina, Calgary, Saint John, Windsor and Sudbury, Ont., and a hundred Pinecrest Parks and Sunnyside Acres, surrounding as many

small cities, testify to the efficacy of a back-to-the-land movement (with a fifty-foot frontage and enough back yard for a garage and a clothes line) sponsored by promoters with a vision and enough ready cash to buy up every farm within



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Jantzen brings new fashion smartness to your beloved slip-on sweater this fall . . . in this "Soft Touch" style, a slip-on you can vary by buttoning it turtle-neck high or unbutton to make a pointed collar or deep-v neckline! Jantzen creates this charming new sweater triplet in exclusive Cloudfleece knit, a wonderfully soft, lightweight, luxurious blend of imported French Botany and Angora yarns. Washes beautifully. See "Soft Touch" soon, in all its ten liltling new colors, \$10.95. Sold at better stores throughout Canada!

JANTZEN OF CANADA LTD., VANCOUVER, B.C.

hog-calling distance of a highway.

These suburban developments differ as widely, one from the other, as the residential districts of a proper city. The outward-bound ex-city slicker generally moves into a development with others of his social and economic background, but some, with a go-for-broke attitude that has its place at a crap table, move into a development that is geared for the boss's income, and live to regret it for the rest of their lives.

There are suburban homes whose well-dressed fronts are as false as the cow-

town streets in western movies. One young couple of my acquaintance are buying a twenty-thousand-dollar home, and can't afford to furnish it. From the street their split-level ranch house looks wonderful, but they're afraid to invite anybody in.

"Keeping up with the Joneses" is not the title of a comic strip in suburbia—it's a way of life. It has caused more suburbanites to stop speaking to their neighbors than politics, dogs or marauding children. The family that is trying to keep up with higher-income neighbors

has two alternatives always staring it in the face: the arrival of the bailiff or a coronary attack for papa.

When I first moved to the suburbs most household appliances were as difficult to buy as they are to resist today. It was not a social gaucherie not to own a refrigerator or a vacuum cleaner. After the first year, however, the race was on. In suburbia "front" comes first, and the new suburbanite is a sucker for an advertising blurb or a TV commercial; he has fallen freezer, dishwasher and waterless cooker for the propaganda of "gracious living." The automobile is a visual sign of social success (and in many cases a dire necessity). Though he drives a car only through the courtesy of his finance company, to him it is a talisman that proclaims his advance from his pedestrian days.

Of course, the suburban dweller is no different from the troglodytes, like me, whom he has left behind on the city's shaded streets. The only reason he *seems* different is that everything in the suburbs is exaggerated, from his bills to his fears and foibles.

One of the big come-ons of the real-estate salesman is the alleged privacy to be found in the suburban development. Any salesman who makes this claim should be impeached for fraud. I have far more privacy in a thirty-unit apartment house in the city than I ever had in suburbia. As a matter of fact the one thing nobody finds in the suburbs is privacy.

During my tenure in Weedville Heights I had to walk a quarter of a mile to the store for cigarettes. It seemed to me that everybody on the streets I had to traverse made a point of coming out to watch me pass by when the weather was warm, and stared through their windows at me when the weather was cold.

I used to laugh through the side of my mouth when some knucklehead in a movie had to wait until his wife was knitting booties before he knew he was going to be a father, but on my suburban street every housewife could pinpoint her neighbor's confinement date before the husband knew his wife was expecting.

In the city somebody two doors away

can elope with the insurance man, and you may not know it for weeks, but in the suburbs the wives carry stop watches with which they time the laundry drivers who go into a house to pick up the clothes. It is only in the suburbs that the neighbors keep a box score on the number of cases of beer you buy in a week, or the size of your wife's grocery orders. Those two female crows who whisper together in the TV commercials about the tattletale grey of Mrs. Rumstead's wash on the line aren't fooling. It is the favorite conversation piece in the suburbs.

For the first two months in any new housing development everyone is as outwardly friendly as castaways on a raft, but they soon choose up sides and sort themselves out into cliques, factions and social strata. Something happens to ordinary people who move across the city limits. The men try to become country squires by laying out a croquet course on their front lawn and getting their wives to sew leather patches on the elbows of their tweed jackets. The women get that chatelaine look, and begin putting raisins in the salads and cultivating a broad "a." The only time either sex lets its hair down is on Saturday nights after the sixth bottle of beer or the third gin-and-tonic. Then the wives blurt out how much Bert actually makes a week down in the office of the nutmeg factory. The guy who you've always thought was a junior executive in a bond house turns out to be an elevator starter who won the down payment on his house in a sweepstake. Before the first party is over, all the wives have decided whom they dislike and whom they are going to cultivate. The husbands can't quite remember how much of their private business they have given away, but decide to do their drinking from then on downtown.

Like my friend from down the hall, the average city dweller thinks of the suburbs as a wide green expanse, with plenty of room between the houses and cool breezes blowing through a forest of deciduous trees. This is exactly what the suburbs are—until the builders take over. These gentlemen begin with an irrepressible urge to reduce the land to a desert, changing its natural contours by means

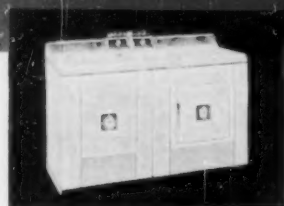
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## JASPER

by Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



of bulldozers and earth movers, and planting in place of its former trees row upon row of concrete-block basements over which they erect jerry-built fourteen-thousand-dollar cell blocks with breezeways and picture windows.

Though a new development may now be five miles from the bus terminus, its denizens can look forward to the city catching up with it during the next ten years. Thousands of families who escaped the city in the late Forties have since been engulfed by the city's expansion, and now to all intents and purposes they live on a city street, but too far out to enjoy the amenities of city living. The only escape is to move once again, to a new fringe area, and some of them are doing just that, hence today's advertisements reading: "Only thirty miles from downtown." The trouble is that far-flung suburbanites are living in the country at city prices.

To those who are used to living in a prewar house in the city, it comes as a shock to find that many suburban houses have interior trim that bends itself away from the wall in fantastic shapes as it dries, that the plaster cracks, the front steps separate themselves from the front of the house with the first frost and that the kitchen cupboards sag.

Water, which to the city dweller is something he thinks of only when the heater is turned off or when he measures it out into a drink, is an obsession with the suburbanite. In some suburbs water has been so scarce during the last few summers that taps ran dry and some women were washing their children in ginger ale. In other suburbs water not only enters the house through pipes, but through the basement drain and the basement windows as well. The sump pump has become as much an integral part of the suburban basement as the furnace.

A friend of mine who recently sold his suburban home and moved back to the city told me: "I could take all the inconveniences. I didn't mind having to drive seven miles there and back to the nearest drugstore, take my children four miles to the nearest school and bring them home again, dig my car out of the mud every time it rained, or jockey with fifteen thousand other drivers for an hour and a half going to work every morning. What got me was a morning last summer after a heavy rain.

"I went downstairs, and my wife made breakfast for the children and me. Suddenly there was a sharp crack from the living room, and I went to take a look. There was a hump under the living room rug, and when I turned the rug back I saw that the hardwood flooring had sprung, and there was water seeping through the hole. I hurried to the basement stairs and opened the door. There, floating on a level with the top step, were some of my books and the ping-pong table. I shut the door. Two minutes later my mind was made up: I was moving back to the city."

The suburban housewife and mother often shows the pioneer woman's stoicism for inconveniences that would drive a gypsy to the edge of paranoia, but one thing that makes her bristle is the lack of suitable and nearby schools for her youngsters. In many posh suburban developments the school is only erected months after the families move in; until then the children must attend some distant, already overcrowded school.

Next to water, or the lack of it, septic tanks, schools, and the balance coming due on the second mortgage, the biggest problem among the tenants of suburbia is transportation. To the lucky suburbanites who have a bus line running within half a mile of their houses there is still

the element of time to contend with. A fellow I know who doesn't drive a car, has a daily trip by bus and street car that takes anywhere from an hour and twenty-five minutes to an hour and forty-five minutes each way every working day to and from his downtown office.

The suburbanite with a car is scarcely better off. On top of his payments for it, he must spend more per month to feed and service it than he spends to feed and clothe his family. Thousands of suburbanites are "car poor," but they would sooner eat macaroni and cheese every

night in the week, and buy their clothes from the Salvation Army, than give up their car.

An editor friend of mine who lives in the country—but no further out than some so-called "suburbs"—claims he just can't operate his automobile for less than two thousand dollars a year. Another acquaintance spends nearly half of his salary on his car, which is a model way out of his salary bracket. Although his car is a new one every couple of years, his furniture is secondhand and his children dress like refugees from a slum.

He has loans from two finance companies, and he figures that the payments on these, plus the upkeep on his car, cost him about a hundred and forty-five dollars a month.

People moving from the city don't seem to take into consideration the fact that ordinary household bills are higher in suburbia. Taxes in many outlying communities are twice as high as they are in the city, telephone bills can be astronomical and gas and electricity are sure to cost more.

The mistake a lot of house hunters

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in the suburbs make is visiting the new subdivisions only in the daytime. They don't realize that at night they may as well be living in a crater on the moon. If they want entertainment other than seven nights of TV, they have to travel twenty to forty miles there and back to find it. They can't even go for a walk after dark. In most suburbs the street lighting is sparse or nonexistent, and the subdivider has failed to put down sidewalks under the mistaken notion that nobody has legs any more, only eight-cylinder cars. Besides, every second sub-

urbanite owns a voracious animal that looks on after-dark strollers as a legitimate supplement to his can of dog food.

But enough about the inconveniences; when your house burns down on the night the volunteer firemen are having their annual clambake and wiener roast, forget that you are two months behind in your fire insurance premiums, and remember your ancestors who walked from Kingston to Barrie, or Vancouver to Kamloops, carrying the family organ on their backs. Surely you are as intrepid as they were.

By now it must be apparent that I hated living in the suburbs. I admit that not everyone *can* live in the city—in most big cities there's just not enough room for all. But to me anyone who can choose between city and suburban living is a sucker if he chooses the suburbs. The biggest reason why I dislike the suburbs is that I dislike suburbanites.

In every neighborhood there is a frustrated would-be YMCA counselor who glad-hands all the neighbors and appears at every ratepayers' meeting. His self-appointed position in the community is

to calm ruffled tempers, hold the group together, make sure he does not get nominated for any position with work attached to it, such as secretary-treasurer, and otherwise make a big boob of himself. I have watched this character operate at many meetings, and have always been expecting him to shout, "Who's for shuffleboard?" like his shipboard counterpart.

To me a suburbanite is a state of mind that walks like a man. A suburbanite is a complex animal mechanism that changes its personality like a chameleon as soon as it becomes indigenous to a Bubbling Brook Park or Cherry Blossom Development. A suburbanite, like the hermit crab, takes over a shell built by another, calls it a bungalow, and anchors himself to it for life with a series of mortgages. A suburbanite is a mass of fears and frustrations that in the guise of nonconformity is the biggest conformist this side of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

If you think he, or she, is not, let me quote you a few random remarks from disgruntled suburbanites of my acquaintance. From a woman living in the Don Mills development north of Toronto: "The way to become a success out here is to be a joiner. You are looked upon as being anti-social if you refuse to join." And from a man who lives in an Ottawa suburb: "In the city I wasn't conscious of social snobbery, but in the suburbs I am. It's a queer sort of snobbery that is reflected in the food you eat, the kind of car you drive, the amount you give to the Red Feather. My neighbors love to show off their newly acquired possessions, and I think that if they were fitted with a driver's seat, half the women on the street would drive their new automatic washers down to the supermarket."

A newspaperman I know who recently moved into our neighborhood after living in a Regina suburb, told me, "To me it was like living in a tent. At any hour of the day there were neighbor women dropping in for coffee and a chat. In the evening it was the husbands, calling on me to join a group going for a beer at the Legion, or organizing a Saturday-night poker game. I'm the type of guy who likes to pick his own friends and entertainments. In the suburbs it was like living permanently in a boys' camp, with somebody always mapping out your evening activities."

My own memories of suburbia are similar to those I have quoted. I made the acquaintance of all the wrong people the first week I moved into the suburbs, and it took me months to escape from my over-eager friendships with them. I was soon looked upon as being eccentric, if not downright crazy, for refusing to wear shorts in the summer, refusing to attend the Home and School Association, and because I didn't drive a car.

On my second excursion into suburbia I found myself on a street surrounded by "music lovers" who spent hundreds of dollars on their hi-fi sets and records, but whose wives had to borrow my wife's sewing machine and steam iron. I attended two hi-fi sessions in neighbors' houses, but was not invited back for a third. Nothing was music to these atonal high-brows unless it had the word "opus" in the title. When I was asked what kind of music I liked, I told them I was more of the Brigadoon-Noel Coward sort of music lover, although I liked to listen to the piano pieces of Chopin and Liszt. They dismissed me as a hopeless square who probably preferred Frank Sinatra to Caruso, which I do.

If I was asked to describe the male suburbanite who brought all this on—and I'm going to do it anyway, asked or



## "LET US SEEK SOME REFRESHMENT"

1ST. MILITARY GENT: For my part I own, ma'am, that a copious draught of Mr. Labatt's India Pale Ale would not come amiss.

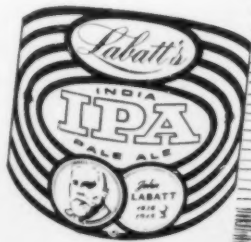
LADY: Is India Pale Ale, then, such a favourite with the military?

2ND. MILITARY GENT: With *all* men, ma'am. Mr. Labatt has succeeded in imparting such a robust quality to his ale that he would be a weakling, indeed, who did not prefer it above all others.

1ST. MILITARY GENT: One can discern a man's character by his tastes, ma'am. Show me a man whose habit it is to drink India Pale Ale at all times, and I will show you the very essence of masculinity.

LADY: This ale must be a veritable elixir. Would it be unmanly of me to venture upon a glass?

BOTH MILITARY GENTS: Indeed no, ma'am. (Raising their voices) Ho there! Three India Pale Ales.



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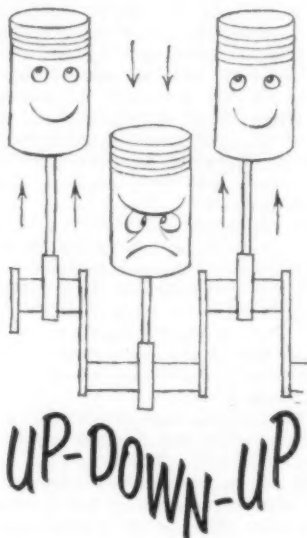
Just spread on Wizard — let set — then wipe away grease like magic! No scrubbing! No ammonia! Ovens, racks, grills, burners sparkle like new!

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Aluminum helped today's high-speed, high-compression car engine get that way. Aluminum pistons brought not only toughness but lightness to this up-and-down job. Less weight meant less inertia and so made possible higher engine revolutions. It brought heat conductivity, too—so your engine doesn't over-heat when you drive fast and far.

It started in the twenties—and today every car produced in North America is equipped with aluminum pistons. And much of the aluminum comes from Canadian smelters. To match the needs of the automotive, aircraft, construction and many other industries for large quantities of aluminum, Alcan is again stepping up its already enormous smelting capacity.

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not—this is the way I would describe him:

He is a frightened office worker who drives a car he can't afford, and still owes his doctor bills from his wife's last confinement in 1951. He seldom attends sporting events, but thinks he's an expert on sport from what he reads in the papers. He only drinks on Saturday night and Sunday, and gets maudlin drunk on New Year's Eve. When he is safely ensconced inside a ton and a half of automobile he is the king of the highway, and heaven help anybody who gets in his way. Only when he is behind the wheel does he feel equal to the life around him.

He keeps a plastic raincoat and a pair of rubbers in his office in case the weatherman was wrong that morning, and in March of every year he makes an ostentatious fuss about income taxes, yet his own taxes are taken from his salary each week and he never misses them. His lunches are usually eaten in a cafeteria, where the conversations run the gamut from summer cottages to sports to automobiles, and back again. He talks of his company as "we." He read once that one should never say, "Thank you," to servants, but as he has no servants to practice on, he never thanks waitresses, elevator operators or others who render him a service.

His only participant sport is golf, which he plays poorly but determinedly, and looks upon as a necessary rung on the ladder of success. He was one of the last people to own a television set, and till he could afford one he dismissed TV as a waste of time.

He spoils his children, not through love, but through lack of interest, and his kids are brats. The only times he makes a fuss over them is when others are watching. At Christmas time he lights up the front of his house like a neon sign, and buys the biggest Christmas tree he can find.

He is generally married to a thin blond woman who is addicted either to tailored suits or slacks and a duffel coat. She only speaks to two other women on the block, whom she considers her equals. She hasn't called her husband by his first name in public for the last ten years—only "dear" and "honey." She has social aspirations, but not enough money to carry them out. She temporizes by having a few of her equally absurd women friends in for a game of bridge a couple of times a month. The family has eaten so many leftover, rolled and diamond-shaped sandwiches following these affairs that they have toothpicks permanently imbedded in their olive-like tonsils.

Both husband and wife love to sit on their aluminum lawn furniture in their shorts when the weather is warm, clutching tall drinks that may be either gin or tap water. They still owe two hundred and thirteen dollars on their expensive electric range, but last spring they bought a barbecue stand, and all summer they made a big show of frying charcoal-burned hamburger steaks.

I could go on like this forever, but I think I'll leave him for the anthropologists.

Personally, I can take the transportation problems, the water shortages (or the flooded basements), the lack of privacy, the mortgages and the increased living costs, but I can't take the suburbanites. I realize that the city people are just as bad, but in the city you can avoid them.

Call me anti-social if you like, or even call me the things you are mumbling under your breath. There is one thing nobody will ever be able to call me again, and that's a suburbanite. And you can bet your second mortgages on that. ★

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The perfect!  
to a perfect  
meal...



It's been one of those perfect dinners. The soup was just right, the turkey done to a turn, the Barrows licking their fingers, asking for more.



Now to top it off, I'm serving, with the cheese and crackers, smooth Canadian "74" Port. I've found that it's the perfect exclamation mark to a good meal. It ends a dinner on just the right note—sets the stage beautifully for an evening's fun.

**Bright's Wines**  
*fine Canadian*  
SINCE 1874



## Will Fundy's tide revitalize the Maritimes?

Continued from page 24

**"The cost of harnessing Fundy is reasonable, and there is an unlimited demand for electric power"**

much as all Canada now requires. It's improbable, he says, that more than a fraction of what is theoretically available can be developed. But he adds that, even so, Fundy's power potential is staggering.

The 'Quoddy project would capture a million horsepower of the potential—half a million for Maine, half a million for New Brunswick. This would almost double Maine's power and would more than double New Brunswick's.

The plan is simple. Fundy is the parent of a flock of offspring bays. One, Passamaquoddy, on the international boundary but mostly in New Brunswick, covers a hundred square miles. Separated from Passamaquoddy by a narrow wedge of land is Cobscook Bay, which covers thirty square miles and is in Maine. Deer Island stretches three quarters of the way across Passamaquoddy's mouth and would be the biggest part of a proposed Passamaquoddy dam. This dam would have gates that opened and let the sea in when Fundy's tide was high, then closed. Cobscook, being practically landlocked, could be dammed easily. Its dam would have gates that opened at Fundy's low tide, to empty Cobscook, then closed. The dams would keep Passamaquoddy always near high-tide level and Cobscook always near low-tide level. The brimming water of Passamaquoddy, the receiving basin, would race through the turbines of a powerhouse perched between Passamaquoddy and Cobscook, to pour into Cobscook, the drainage basin, on the way back to Fundy. The level in Passamaquoddy would never be less than nineteen feet above Cobscook's and there would be a constant twenty-four-hour-a-day flow through the turbines.

This idea was originated by Dexter P. Cooper, a big ruddy-faced consulting engineer from New York, whose brother, Hugh, dammed the Dnieper River in Russia. Dexter Cooper, like Franklin Roosevelt, had a summer home on Campobello, a New Brunswick island in Fundy. Cobscook Bay lies west of Campobello, from which it can be seen, and Passamaquoddy is to the north, concealed behind Deer Island. Cooper, a yachtsman, knew the bays and islands and tide, and he shuffled them together into a great dream—the 'Quoddy project. He estimated it would cost a hundred million dollars but hoped to undertake it with private capital and in 1925 formed companies in Canada and the United States. He did this because waters of both countries were involved. Cooper secured charters from the U. S. and Canada but the Canadian charter had a string attached. It could be canceled if there was any indication that the 'Quoddy dams would hurt Fundy fishing. This clause was included to satisfy New Brunswick sardine canners.

The canners insisted that Cooper's hands be tied until the Biological Board of Canada had looked into the situation. In 1929 the board reported that the damming of Passamaquoddy would, indeed, curtail the sardine catch. The report killed Cooper's Canadian charter and his dream—a dream on which he had spent \$300,000 of his own money.

But Franklin D. Roosevelt believed in Cooper and when Roosevelt was elected

president of the U. S. he dusted off Cooper's blueprints. He approached the Canadian government hoping to persuade it to permit Passamaquoddy to be dammed. Ottawa stood by the sardine packers and rebuffed him. FDR then had engineers design a power development that could be fitted into Cobscook Bay alone. In 1935 he got an initial appropriation of ten million dollars. But after three million of this had been used erecting 'Quoddy Village, a model town to house workers to be employed constructing the power project, a storm broke in congress. Roosevelt's opponents labeled 'Quoddy a "boondoggle" and succeeded in having it abandoned. 'Quoddy Village became a ghost town before it was occupied.

This was the finish of the 'Quoddy project until the late 1940s when the governments of the U. S. and Canada, influenced by pressure from Maine and New Brunswick, asked the International Joint Commission to reconsider the scheme.

### Will the sardines vanish?

This commission, which regulates the use of natural resources in which the two countries have a mutual interest, in 1949 had a preliminary engineering survey of 'Quoddy made. The finding of this survey was that the project could be physically engineered, constructed and operated but that a full-scale survey would be necessary to determine its economic feasibility. Then, in August of this year, came the announcement that \$3,300,000 had been allocated for this purpose. The study may take three years to answer three questions:

1. Can 'Quoddy be built without destroying the Fundy sardine fishery at the entrance to Passamaquoddy Bay?
2. Can 'Quoddy be built cheaply enough to provide cheap power?
3. Are customers available for this power and, if so, what would they contribute to the economy of New Brunswick and Maine?

Nova Scotia will watch the study closely. While this province would not receive electricity from 'Quoddy, it has rosy visions of a tidal development of its own. In Minas Basin, a hundred and ten miles northeast of 'Quoddy and on the opposite side of Fundy, Nova Scotia could generate four million horsepower—ten times its present output. The rub is that the Minas Basin project is far too big to be tackled unless it can be shown that the cost per horsepower of harnessing Fundy's tide is reasonable and that there is an almost unlimited demand for electricity. The answers turned up by the engineers and economists who survey the 'Quoddy proposition will throw light on the future prospects of Minas Basin.

Meanwhile, those who believe in 'Quoddy power—and also in Minas Basin power—happily quote from a 1941 report of the Federal Power Commission of the U. S. to the United States Senate. This report said that Fundy's tide, "unaffected by droughts, floods or ice jams," is the "most dependable and most permanent source of power known to man."

Fundy's tide, like all tides, is a response to the gravitational pull of the



moon and the sun. The moon is relatively close, and proximity is important in the dynamics of the universe, so the moon's influence is more than twice that of the sun. How strong is the moon's pull? Only strong enough, when the moon is directly above the eighty-three-thousand-ton Queen Elizabeth, to lighten the Elizabeth's weight by twenty-two pounds.

Yet so vast and mobile are oceans that this gentle tug creates the tide. What is harder to understand is this—that while the moon is causing the tide to rise in the part of the world closest to it, there is a simultaneous rise of the tide in the part farthest from it. This is because the moon, which pulls all the earth, pulls least on the part most distant, and the water there piles up in a tide because the rest of the earth is being pulled away from it and it is being left behind. The simultaneous tides on opposite sides of the world give it a shape slightly resembling that of a football. They also account for the fact that while the moon passes overhead once in twenty-four hours and fifty minutes, on an average, there is a high tide every twelve hours and twenty-five minutes.

The same moon that shines on the whole world shines on Fundy. Why are Fundy's tides the world's highest?

There are two reasons. One is that in the oceans there are enormous basins in which the water, agitated by the moon, acts like water swished back and forth in a bathtub—rises higher at the ends than in the middle. Fundy is at the end of one of these basins.

The other reason is Fundy's shape. At its mouth, between Point of Maine, in Maine, and Chebogue Point, in Nova Scotia, it is eighty-seven miles wide and as much as six hundred feet deep. From there, for the hundred and seventy miles of its length, Fundy gets narrower and shallower—and the tide, squeezed into less space, towers higher and higher. At the mouth of Fundy the tide range is fourteen feet; thirty miles above the mouth it exceeds twenty feet; at the head of Fundy, in Cumberland Basin and Minas Basin, the tide range is from forty to fifty feet. It is greatest when the moon is either new or full and the sun, moon and earth are in a direct line. The sun and the moon then combine their pull and the tide laps the tops of the wharves. When the moon is in its quarters, sun, moon and earth are at apexes of a triangle, and the sun and the moon offset each other, to decrease the tide.

A fifty-foot tide at Fundy's head rises at a rate of more than eleven feet an hour and around Minas Basin the farmers claim, quite seriously, that this prompted pigs to take precautions in the days when pigs were allowed to wander out on exposed flats to feed on clams. According to the farmers the pigs would always leave one of their number posted on a bluff as a sentry, to squeal a warning when it saw the tide rushing in.

Minas Basin's pigs could have been particularly intelligent from eating fish, a reputed brain food, but Fundy's tide does have a quality that inspires tall stories. Sir John Herschel, a famous British astronomer of the last century, swallowed one of them and reported in his book, *Astronomy*, that Digby, N.S., had a tide of one hundred and twenty feet—the truth multiplied by four.

Fundy men love concocting bizarre tales about their bay. One of these concerns a shipload of Fords wrecked on a fishing island in the youth of the automobile industry. The fishermen salvaged them and became such expert mechanics that Henry Ford hired them all to go to Detroit. This is offered, with a straight face, to any visitor who asks why any

Fundy island has nobody living on it.

The tale of the stingy fox rancher is likewise applied to whichever island is within view: "That island over there—it used to have more rabbits on it than there are ants in an ant hill. So this fox rancher puts his foxes out there. Figures they'll feed themselves on rabbits and be clear profit when he pelts them. But he left the foxes there too long and they ate all the rabbits and were starving, so they tried to swim ashore and drowned."

Yet no stories about Fundy are as strange as those that can be documented

—the first French settlers stumbling on beaches thickly strewn with purple amethysts that the tide, through the ages, had washed from eroding cliffs; the Indians tying victims to stakes on the shore and watching as the tide rose and drowned them; the man called Jerome, who came from the sea. Jerome, unconscious, was found on a lonely point near Digby by fishermen in 1850. They nursed him back to health and he lived among his rescuers until his death, sixty-two years later, without ever speaking any word but his name. The mystery of Jerome still fasci-

nates the people who live in Nova Scotia.

New Brunswickers, on their side of Fundy, have their own mystery: What happened to the Union?

The Union was a schooner built at St. Martins, N.B., in 1889 by John Kelly. A month or so after she had been launched, she was one of several vessels becalmed off St. Martins, which was then a rich and busy port. The tide took the vessels up the bay, then down, and there was no wind and hardly a ripple on the surface. Suddenly the Union dropped upside down as though she'd plunged into

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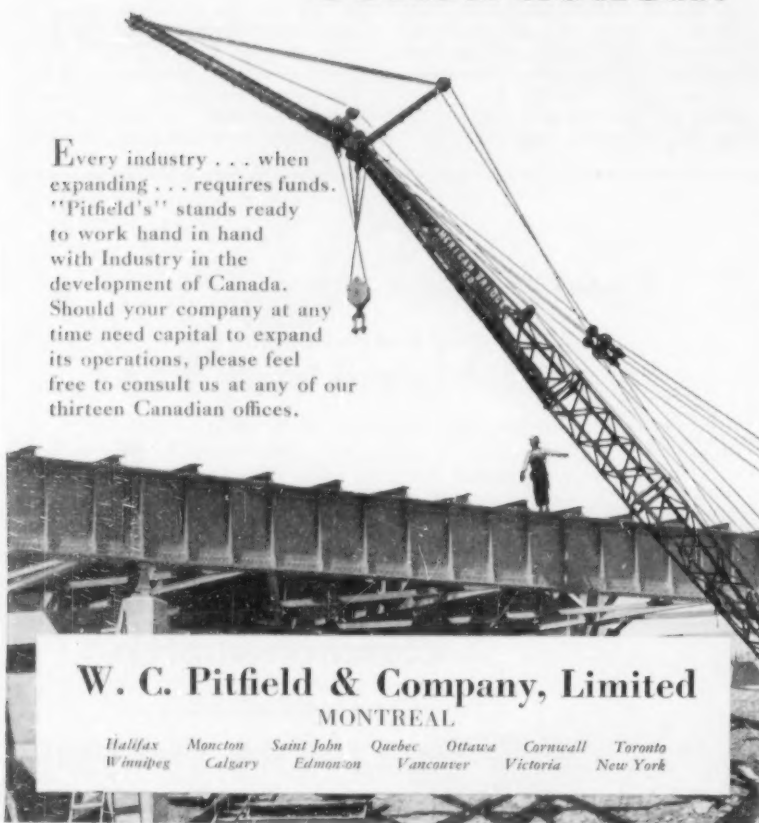
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a hole in the face of the bay. She went over so fast that air, trapped inside her, blew the caulking from her seams with sounds like pistol shots. Three of five men aboard were drowned. Yet there was no defect in the Union's structure—after she'd been towed to shore, righted and recaulked, she sailed safely for twenty-eight years. What caused her to capsize? That remains as much in doubt as Jerome's identity, as unexplained as Jerome's secret.

If Fundy people take a delight in Fundy's mysteries, they take an equal delight in Fundy's physical eccentricities—the Reversing Falls, the Tidal Bore and towering Blomidon.

Whoever gave the Reversing Falls the name was exaggerating slightly. The phenomenon is not a falls but a rapids at the mouth of the four-hundred-and-fifty-mile-long St. John River, which empties into Fundy at Saint John, New Brunswick's chief city and Fundy's big port. The river's mouth is a gorge a hundred yards wide with walls a hundred feet high. When Fundy's tide is low the river tumbles out through this gorge in white fury but when the tide is high Fundy overpowers the river and the rapids churn upstream. In the Reversing Falls there is a whirlpool called the Pot. In Saint John's early days an enormous log would appear in the Pot and vanish and reappear and the Indians, who thought the log was a devil, fired arrows at it with gifts of fur and tobacco attached.

The Tidal Bore rolls from the head of the Bay of Fundy up the Petitcodiac River and passes Moncton, New Brunswick's second largest city. It's a solid wave as much as two or three feet in height from one bank of the river to the other and moves with a sound a bit like that of a railway train.

Cape Blomidon, which rises from Minas Basin, is the lofty tip of a ridge of precipices that starts a hundred and thirty miles to the south, and guards most of Nova Scotia's Fundy shore. At Blomidon's foot the incoming tide attains a speed of six knots.

Contrasting oddly with Blomidon's ruggedness, but starting almost in Blomidon's shadow, a broad ribbon of marshland extends around the basins and bays clustered at Fundy's head and crosses into New Brunswick. This, in the summer, is a green sea of grass that rolls in the wind like Fundy's waves. Dotting it in all directions are hay barns.

Once, much of this was swamp inhabited only by waterfowl, and the rest of it was red silt, washed by the tide. French settlers in the 1600s were wise enough, agriculturally, to realize that if they could drain the swamps and wall the red silt off from the sea they would have incomparable pasturage for their stock. They built dikes, primitive ridges of rock and clay laced together with the stumps and branches of trees. The dikes had gates with leather flaps—flaps to let the land drain outward but keep the sea from coming in. One generation after another toiled to reclaim this rich prize of land. After the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755 the New Englanders, reinforced by immigrants fresh from Great Britain, took up the job. Eventually, Acadians straggled back from bitter exile to join them. With no machines to help them these people built scores of miles of dikes and dug hundreds of miles of drainage ditches. The marshlands provided most of the beef required by the Maritimes.

But the First World War took so many Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers to Europe that the dikes were neglected. Fundy moved in on its own. With the return of peace, hand labor was too expen-

sive for the dikes. The marshlands continued to deteriorate. But, after the Second World War, the federal and provincial governments decided the marshlands were worth saving, especially since machines had been developed to do this kind of work. They initiated a ten-million-dollar program. It has been in progress for nearly a decade and seems likely to help the Maritimes produce for themselves forty-five million pounds of beef they now import each year.

With the dikes being rebuilt with federal aid and Quoddy power at least a possibility, many Maritimers are hoping wistfully that Ottawa will have a change of heart about the Chignecto Canal. This waterway, first proposed in 1630 to link the French colonies in the Maritimes and Quebec closer together, would cut eighteen miles through the Isthmus of Chignecto, the neck of land that connects New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. By doing this it would shorten by hundreds of miles the water distance between Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence; to get from one to the other ships would no longer have to circumnavigate the whole coast of Nova Scotia. A promise that this canal would be constructed, made by representatives of Upper and Lower Canada, was a factor in persuading the Maritimes to enter Confederation, but they are still waiting for the first shovelful of earth to be dug. They want it more now than ever, first, because they feel it would hook up with the St. Lawrence seaway and bring the Maritimes some benefits from the seaway, and, second, because they are being badly pinched by successive increases in railway freight rates and maintain that their economy urgently needs water transport.

#### Lost or mislaid—one fort

Meanwhile other things have been happening on the long jagged shoreline of the bay. On the New Brunswick side, a national park established since the war has opened a tract of lovely wilderness—a wilderness in which there are patches of trees that were there before the first European settlement in North America. In Saint John archeologists have dug among some crumbling slums and rediscovered the fort of Charles La Tour, the city's French founder. This fort had been lost, or at least mislaid, for a couple of centuries. On the Nova Scotia side, where De Monts and Champlain founded the first permanent colony on what is now the Canadian mainland, Nova Scotians have lately had a convivial celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Order of the Good Time, which Champlain organized and which was North America's first social club.

The repair of three-century-old dikes, an earnest wish for a canal proposed more than three centuries ago, the rediscovery of a lost fort, the celebration of a club's three hundred and fiftieth anniversary—all this seems natural by Fundy, which Portuguese explorers called Rio Fondo in the 1500s and De Monts called La Baye Françoise and the Jesuit missionary, Biard, finally named Baie de Fundy.

For there is a timeless quality about Fundy, with its enormous tide ebbing and flowing, its whales blowing lazily, its porpoises cavorting playfully and its myriad gulls diving everlastingly at schools of herring.

There is a timelessness about one hundred billion tons of water moving in a mighty swell back and forth, in and out, under the influence of the moon, and in its eternal rhythm, brushing cliffs thrust up by unimaginable upheavals when the world was young. ★





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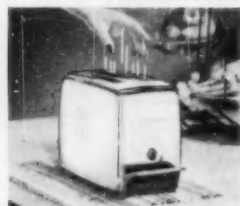
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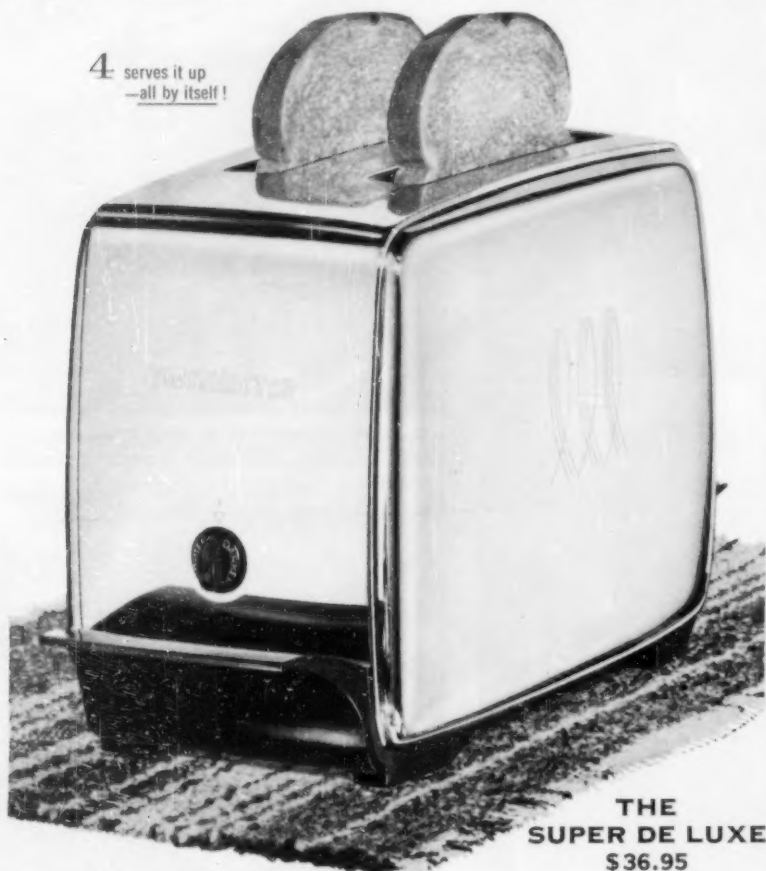


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## The gentle bone-crusher of the Alouettes

Continued from page 27

**"I have never run into discrimination on the field — although it's the only place I haven't"**

man into the shower was Trawick, humming his favorite song, a Negro spiritual with an appropriate lineman's title, I'll Not Be Moved. Tom Hugo, the team's centre, couldn't suppress a tuckered grin.

"Herb," he said, "when you die you better give those old bones to science. I'm ten years younger and, man, I'm tired."

Trawick's irrepressible bounce on the field has endeared him to Montreal fans. He has a habit, when the Alouettes are kicking off, of jumping straight up and down as the Montreal kicker starts forward to boot the ball. This brings a rising roar from the crowd that reaches a crescendo as Trawick churns downfield under the kick and barrels his bulk at the player who catches the ball. Through most of his years with the Alouettes he's been the first man down the field and the first to take a shot at the runner. Then he leaps to his feet and dashes into Montreal's choir-type huddle, slapping teammates encouragingly across the shoulders or on the buttocks. Out of recognition for his enthusiasm and spirit the players elected him captain two years ago on the retirement of Virgil Wagner, a nine-year veteran from Illinois. For their part, the customers twice voted Trawick the most valuable player on the club in season-long balloting for the Calvert Trophy.

Even the kids like him, and Trawick always has time for them. Many players can't be bothered as youngsters stuff everything from abandoned cigarette boxes to old receipted bills in front of them for autographs, but Trawick always patiently writes his way past the last gap-toothed moppet. This has made him a favorite.

But there are times when even a star can be set back on his heels. Trawick was standing in the lobby of the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa recently, just a few hours before the Alouettes were to meet the Ottawa Rough Riders at Lansdowne Park. The inevitable horde of autograph hunters was ferreting out its heroes, when one small boy confronted the massive Trawick and stared stolidly up at him.

"You with the football team?" he demanded.

Trawick was a little startled that there should be any doubt.

"Why, no," he said, his dark face breaking into a grin, "I'm with the government."

On the field the really remarkable thing about Trawick over the years has been his speed, and it's only recently that the years have begun to make inroads into his catlike quickness. He takes short mincing strides on tremendously ticky thighs and calves, and with an incongruous agility seems to roll across the ground as he pulls out of the line to lead the blocking for a ball carrier. Hec Crighton, one of eastern Canada's foremost football authorities for the past twenty years, first as a referee and recently as an administrator, says the Trawick of the late Forties was "the finest blocker I've ever seen, past or present, and, for a man of his size, the cleanest and crispest."

Trawick helped sell football to the French-Canadian fans of Montreal who

had scant interest in the game when the Alouettes were formed in 1946, Trawick's first year, Leo Dandurand, one of the original owners and now the club president, relates that the combination of Trawick and former halfback and captain Virgil Wagner "helped us put the thing over."

"The fans howled when Herb bounced down the field under the punts," says Dandurand, "just as they roared when Jackie Robinson stole a base."

Robinson, the first Negro player in organized baseball, was sent to Montreal to break in after he was signed by Branch Rickey, then general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, who owned the Montreal franchise in the International League. That was in 1946, the year Trawick became the first Negro to play football in the Big Four, and the two of them spent long hours together, mostly trying to work out Robinson's problems in baseball.

"I've never run into discrimination on the football field—although I must say it's the only place I haven't," muses Trawick. "Jackie ran into it everywhere, probably more of it on the field from other players than off it. He's prematurely grey now, and I think you can attribute it to that first year when he was carrying the whole load himself."

Trawick had never played football against white players until he reached the Alouettes. His school, Kentucky State, an all-Negro college, once challenged the University of Kentucky team but the challenge went unanswered. At first he was apprehensive of his reception in Montreal, but his fears were soon allayed as the fans began to whoop it up for him. In fact he had almost forgotten that there might be prejudice in football until an incident cropped up three seasons ago in an exhibition game against the Calgary Stampeders.

The Calgary fullback John Henry Johnson, a Negro now playing for the San Francisco 49ers, was giving the Alouettes fits with his strong running. A



## Who is it?

Although he's a Canadian from away back, he's always telling the British how they run their own business. Turn to page 82 to see who this youth grew up to be.



southern import sitting on the Alouette bench was dismayed by the manner in which Johnson was ripping through the Alouette line. Trawick was just returning to the bench from the field when he overheard the import call to another player sitting along the bench, "Man, if we don't stop that nigger we're gonna get licked."

Trawick stopped dead. For an electric instant he wondered if such remarks were commonplace, if they were usually saved for his absence.

Coach Peahead Walker, himself a drawling southerner, strolled over to the player.

"Son, we don't talk that way here," he said. "We're just havin' a nice little game of football."

Off the field in this country, Trawick says, he has been confronted by no social discrimination; he can't quite say the same thing about what he calls "economic discrimination."

Some players have been given lasting and remunerative jobs in business by the football club. The job he was given in the off season was that of doorman at a Montreal restaurant. He and his wife Jean, whom he'd met at Kentucky State and married after the war, lived carefully and saved their money. Not wishing to remain a doorman — "I am a college graduate," says Trawick—he invested in various enterprises. He and a partner went into a shoe-manufacturing business and did well for a year. They'd placed their products for national distribution with Simpson's and Eaton's, but then friction developed between the partners. Trawick decided to sell his share of the business, but he couldn't get a price he deemed fair. Then the business went bankrupt and he lost seventeen thousand dollars.

He went back to being a doorman, saved six thousand dollars out of his football salary and tips, and bought a small restaurant. It was located near a couple of night spots called Rockhead's and Café St. Michel, which attracted people to the area. Then the night spots were closed down and Trawick's restaurant failed.

He tried professional wrestling for a year and a half, but it's his opinion that wrestling is a mug's game "unless you're a headliner." He averaged about a hundred and fifty dollars a week, but it cost him nearly that much in traveling, eating and hotel accommodations. It kept him away from his family for long periods too, so he gave it up to spend more time with his two daughters, Toni, who is nine, and Timi, six, and his young son Herb who is now eight months old. The family lives in Montreal where the two girls go to school. Toni, in fact, is becoming quite fluent in French.

Still casting about for the business that will mean security when football is finished, Trawick now has a firm that prints and distributes handbills and circulars.

He talks without rancor of these things, for essentially he is pleasantly mild and warm, and for all of the ferocity of his play, he retains these qualities even in the intensity of a big game. He revealed them in the 1954 Grey Cup final when the Als were overhauled in the stretch by the tattered Edmonton Eskimos and beaten by 26 to 25.

In the third quarter, with the Alouettes ahead by 25 to 12, their kicker, Tex Coulter, got one off that Edmonton half-back Oscar Kreuger caught near his ten-yard line. When he was submerged by Montrealers Red O'Quinn and Doug McNichol the ball squirted from Kreuger's grasp and was corralled by Trawick who rumbled gleefully into the end zone. But before he had crossed the goal line the umpire, Bill Nairn, had blown his

whistle. He ruled the ball was dead before Kreuger had lost it and that the touchdown, which would have given Montreal a runaway 30-to-12 lead, was indeed no touchdown. Alouette players angrily shouted at Nairn, but Trawick's reaction was masterfully understated.

"I think you blew the whistle too soon, Mr. Nairn," he said, and waddled away.

Leo Dandurand, the club president, recalls that he asked Trawick about the play when the game was over and Edmonton had won by a single point.

"He told me it was hard to tell how

the official who called it saw it," says Dandurand, still mildly incredulous.

Trawick saves all his steam for working hours and best illustrated the point one bright cold November afternoon back in 1949 when he made the play that cemented the only Grey Cup the Alouettes have won. That day they exchanged loaded pleasantries with the Calgary Stampeders who'd won the championship the year before and apparently were still thinking about it in the early moments. It was 11 to 0 before the Stamps realized a year had passed, and then they got

down to business. Near the end of the half they'd pulled up to 11 to 7, and were on the move again. Their quarterback, Keith Spaith, moved back near his thirty-five to throw and was selecting his receiver when someone turned out the lights on him. It was Trawick, who came crashing through the line, brushed past Spaith's protectors and thumped a shoulder into the quarterback's ribs. When that jarred the ball loose, Trawick used Spaith for a springboard to it, gathered it up, and went thirty-five yards to score. The converted touchdown gave the Stampeders a



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## "Thirty-five is a good round number to quit at"

17 to 7 deficit at the half, and the Alouettes went on to win eased up by 28 to 15.

Trawick played that game with a split cartilage between the knee joints in his right leg, an injury he'd carried most of the season. He's had a number of reasonably serious injuries, yet he has missed only three games in his eleven years with the Alouettes, a matter of at least a hundred and sixty games, counting exhibitions and playoffs. He has broken four bones in his back and has had four broken ribs, as well as the usual lumps and bruises that are known in the trade as "ouches."

Trawick's uncommon durability is a source of mystery to him. He takes no special exercises in the off season to keep him in top condition. He often tends to eat too much—it's not unusual for him to eat half a loaf of bread deep with butter at a meal—and one year he reported for football training weighing two hundred and sixty-seven pounds, nearly twenty overweight. Probably the real source of his endurance was his childhood.

Trawick was born in Pittsburgh in 1922. His father worked in the steel mills and the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and his mother died when Herb was three. The only memory he has of her is a bleak one.

"I can just remember a casket," he says.

When he was nine his father died, and Herb was raised, along with another brother and sister, by his oldest brother Thomas and a sister Ruby.

### No Negroes allowed

He recalls that his father had wanted him to be a professional man, that he deplored sports, and that he was very strict. "There was never any swearing, in or out of our home, and there was no gambling. We weren't even allowed to say, 'My sister told a lie,' because we weren't ever supposed to lie."

He was always big for his age; when he was eleven he weighed a hundred and seventy. He used to walk three miles every morning to the dumping grounds to search for unburned pieces of coal that was used to dispose of the refuse. He'd pick up enough little pieces to fill three burlap sacks, each sack weighing more than a hundred pounds, and he'd load them on a wheelbarrow and walk them back the three miles to his house before school. This was the family fuel for the five Trawicks.

Later, when Herb got into high school, he worked during the summer holidays in the steel mills as a second helper at a blast furnace. The temperature was never under a hundred and thirty degrees.

He was a fullback at Schenley High School and won an athletic scholarship at Kentucky State University where he worked off his board-and-room costs by helping to build streets and roads around the campus. In the classroom he studied sociology and physical education, and on the football field, switched to the guard position by the university coach Henry Arthur Kean, he earned first-team recognition for three straight years on the Negro All-American college line-up.

Late in 1942, before graduation, Trawick entered the U.S. Army. One night, several miles from Camp Wheeler, Ga., where the Negro soldiers had been working on a road and were now heading back to camp, they were overtaken by a bus carrying white soldiers. The bus stopped, but the driver told the Negroes that they couldn't get aboard.

"Why not?" Trawick asked. "We've got our fare. We're in the United States Army."

The driver calmly pulled out a gun, aimed it at a couple of soldiers who'd climbed onto the steps, and told them to get off. Then he drove on to Camp Wheeler.

Trawick transferred to the medical corps, went overseas with the 183rd Combat Engineers and was stationed in England, at Fordingbridge, near Salisbury. He says the white officers warned the townspeople to be wary of the Negro soldiers. "One officer, so help me, told the people that we had tails," he recalls. The people of Fordingbridge held a dance and invited everybody. "They saw that a lot of our boys could sing and dance, and I guess they figured we must be human beings," says Trawick. "We had a good time at Fordingbridge."

After the war—Trawick also served in the Pacific theatre at Okinawa—he completed his college course at Kentucky State, and then went to Ohio State, in Columbus, for his master's degree. He still hadn't written his thesis when he got a telegram from Lew Hayman, then coach and general manager of the newly formed Alouettes, offering a tryout.

The Als got wind of Trawick from Bill Willis, a great Negro lineman at Ohio State, a Big Ten college that is one of the top football foundries in the U.S. Willis had decided to accept an offer from the Cleveland Browns, and with the Browns Willis became an outstanding lineman in the National pro league. He phoned Joe Ryan, the Alouette manager, and told him a fellow named Trawick from an obscure college in Kentucky could do anything as well as Willis could do it. In retrospect Ryan says now that Willis was probably right.

Trawick, who feels that "thirty-five is a good round number to quit at," and that this year will likely be his last, would like to go on living in Montreal when his football-playing days are ended. A year ago he took out Canadian citizenship papers and bought a three-bedroom home in Ville St. Laurent, on the northern outskirts of Montreal.

Now, with his career in its waning stages, this most durable of all-star performers isn't entirely sure that his father wasn't right when he advised him to try to become a professional man. The idea crept up on Trawick when his own son was born eight months ago.

"I hadn't thought about my dad's advice for years," he muses, "and then I began wondering about young Herbie. It was with a real start that I discovered I was thinking about him in terms of being a lawyer, maybe, or a doctor. From what I've seen, I think the best thing for an athlete is to find a business real early, buy a season ticket to the football games, but stick to that business."

"Of course," sighs the gentle bone-crusher of the Alouettes, "I've been playing this game since I was a kid in school. Maybe I'm just getting a little tired." ★

### ANSWER

to Who is it? on page 80

Lord Beaverbrook, the Canadian-born British newspaper publisher.



## Inco Metals at Work in Canada



**Alnico magnets** help solve crimes by enabling police to locate weapons and other bits of hidden evidence.

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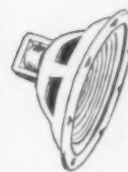


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**GILBEY'S**  
*Smooth Canadian Whisky*  
**BLACK VELVET**



## Who says big business isn't fun?

Continued from page 17

**"Everybody works but father," says Forsyth — but he settles disputes with "my version of it"**

• The world's largest submarine iron-ore workings off Bell Island, a thirteen-square-mile rock projection rising sheer out of Conception Bay, off Newfoundland's east coast. Deposits so far outlined equal five times Ungava's known iron-ore reserves. The longest sloped conveyor ever built carries a thousand tons of ore to the surface every hour, while miners toil at rock faces beneath salt water twenty fathoms deep.

• A 543-acre mill at Sydney with one fifth of Canada's primary steelmaking capacity, which Forsyth has rejuvenated with forty million dollars' worth of new equipment. Most of the steel is shipped a thousand miles inland to compete with the other Canadian primary steel producers — Dominion Foundries and Steel Company of Canada in Hamilton and Algoma Steel at Sault Ste. Marie.

• Seventeen fabricating plants in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, where Dosco turns out a greater variety of steel products than any other Canadian firm. The company's inch-and-a-half-thick, closely printed sales catalogue lists everything from warships and bridges (the Thousand Islands Bridge was one) to bottle washers, coat hangers and hairpins.

• Forsyth's herd of companies also includes one of the world's largest limestone mines, at Aguathuna, Nfld., two of Canada's biggest shipyards, three shipping lines, three complete railroads and Seaboard Power Corporation, which supplies part of Cape Breton Island's power.

• Including his Dosco affiliations, Forsyth is a director of forty-two Canadian companies, among them the Royal Bank of Canada, Montreal Trust Co., Canadian Petrofina Ltd., and Personal Finance Co.

Forsyth jokingly describes his function at Dosco in the French "*le bon père de famille*," which he freely translates as "everybody works but father." While he does delegate authority, few major corporate decisions are made without his guidance. He runs the company with a triumvirate of veteran vice-presidents: T. H. McEvoy, in charge of steel sales; C. W. Appleton, who handles coal sales; and G. C. Broadbent, secretary-treasurer. If there is an argument, Forsyth gently but firmly ends discussion with: "We'll take my version of it."

One of this country's most extensive private teletype systems keeps him in touch with Dosco's thirty companies. He inspects daily charts of iron ore, coal and steel production. "I am always willing," he says, "to allow other people to tell me what they know." He admits to only two traits that have helped his career: an untiring willingness to work and the ability to concentrate. "I have worked at many different occupations in my life," he says, "but I have never worked at anything I didn't enjoy and I take sixty minutes' pleasure out of every hour that I work for Dosco." One of his most useful assets is a photographic memory which enables him to glance at a document and recall its important data months later.

When he's concentrating, the Dosco president chain-smokes, continually folds

and unfolds his hands and admires the magnificent view of Mount Royal through the windows of his office—a comfortable but not luxurious green-carpeted room on the sixth floor of a large building at the foot of Phillips Square in downtown Montreal. His frequent telephone conversations are punctuated with an occasional "Oh hell!"

In his yellow-plastic-covered office armchair Forsyth has the air of a sea captain reclining on the bridge of his ship. This image is heightened by nautical wall paneling and his desk gadgets—amid wood carvings of a judge, a duck and a Highlander is a delicate marine barometer. A large oil painting in his



MACLEAN'S

office depicts Forsyth, dressed in a yellow slicker, rowing a dinghy toward a clipper ship.

Dosco's chief usually arrives in his office just after 8.30 a.m. in a chauffeur-driven company-owned Cadillac. He rarely leaves before six o'clock. Muriel Hall, his secretary since 1942, says he sneaks a satchel full of work home nearly every night, much of it concerned with Dosco's labor problems.

Forsyth regards employee relations as "the most complex, least specific and most important single factor" of his job and has refused to follow the attitude of some of his predecessors by dealing with the problem as a master-servant relationship. In bringing labor peace to the company he has had to overcome a sad inheritance of mutual distrust.

"Learn to hate the company with all the honesty in your hearts!" the union magazine urged its readers in 1925. The coal miners had demanded a ten-percent raise, the company answered with a ten-percent pay-cut proposal. On March 2 the company abruptly stopped issuing credit at its stores where employees had been previously urged to buy all their food, clothing and furniture. Four days later twelve hundred miners laid down their picks to begin one of the bloodiest strikes in Canadian labor history. In June the gradually starving miners looted Glace Bay company stores. Police and troops were brought in from Halifax and Toronto. In the clashes that followed forty miners were injured and one, William Davis, was killed. The anniversary of his death is still observed as a contract holiday at Dosco pits.

Against this envenomed background



Forsyth pursues enlightened labor policies with almost religious fervor. He won't allow his managers to speak roughly to trade-union officers. He has directed that labor wage requests are not to be referred to as "demands" but are to be called "proposals." Last winter a group of Montreal labor executives walked into his office and asked him to call a close personal friend, the head of a large Montreal company that was having incessant labor troubles. "Tell him," the unionists asked, "that all labor leaders don't have a set of horns and a forked tail." Forsyth called his fellow president and persuaded him to meet the labor delegation and hammer out a settlement.

In spite of his pro-labor philosophy, Forsyth freely curses jurisdictional union disputes and wants them outlawed. He has often challenged labor organizers to publish their financial statements. While he believes that the efficiency of Canadian industry has improved in direct proportion to labor's progress, he thinks unions will have to bring more to the bargaining table than what he calls a "threadbare philosophy of pretended economic slavery seeking redress" if they want a shorter work week and the guaranteed annual wage. "Industry," he says, "must be assured maximum productive effort and guaranteed continuity of operation."

The windy afternoon of March 10, 1953, when his wife officially opened the new Sydney blooming mill, was Forsyth's proudest moment at Dosco. Just before Mrs. Forsyth pulled the gear that sent the first seven-ton ingot ripping through the shiny rollers of the new mill, Ben O'Neill, then president of Dosco's United Steel Workers local, interrupted and apologized to Forsyth for "soliciting new members on company time," then presented Mrs. Forsyth with a union membership card.

It was the dramatic payoff to Forsyth's labor crusade, but his humor was not dulled by sentiment. "This," he said, "may run into domestic complications. She may call on the union for support if she feels she is underpaid. It may be a question for negotiations."

Forsyth tried his most successful—and most unorthodox—labor manoeuvre last January. In a letter to C. H. Millard, then national director of the militant Canadian section of the United Steel Workers of America, which represents a majority of Dosco employees, he pledged his personal goodwill at future negotiations—an unheard-of precedent in Dosco labor relations. "On the foundations we are now building," he wrote, "we hope that the future edifice of Dosco will be one in which there will be little room for misunderstanding and none at all for enmity."

The usually cynical Millard's reply astonished even Forsyth, who immediately had it mimeographed and sent to all company shareholders and employees. "Since you became president of Dosco," Millard wrote, "a very welcome attitude of mutual respect and understanding has been growing in our union-management relations. To forget the unhappy past and its legacy of prejudice is one step. To approach our problems in a reasonable spirit and with a will to solution is another. And to treat one another across the bargaining table as fellow humans—and not as a different order of being—is perhaps the most essential of all. I believe we have started along this road." Last July, while U.S. steelworkers voted to strike, Dosco employees accepted a sixteen-month contract.

Forsyth has raised staff morale by introducing a promotion-from-within policy. The assistant company secretary, Colin Struthers, and the supervisor of

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Works from within to loosen phlegm—gets at areas not reached by ordinary cough syrups.

TRY IT... PROVE ITS EFFECTIVENESS



Maritime coal sales, Jack Cunningham, both joined Dosco as office boys. Dosco's annual report had for years been a drab, figure-filled, six-page leaflet. Now it's a thirty-two-page technicolor tour of the company's activities and ranks with Canada's best reports. The president writes it all.

Before Forsyth's presidency most Dosco directors were Quebec and Ontario businessmen who never soiled their collars with Maritime coal dust. Forsyth brought in two Maritimers as directors. Annually he takes the entire fifteen-man board on a pilgrimage to all Dosco pits and plants. With his miner's belt buckled at its last notch, Forsyth likes to crawl through the most inaccessible coal- and iron-mine drifts.

Most Canadian company presidents are content to leave the hectic job of selling to the sales department. But in 1954, when lack of orders cut Dosco's steel production to seventy percent of capacity, Forsyth took six weeks away from his president's desk and became a steel and coal salesman.

He sent T. H. McEvoy, vice-president in charge of steel sales, to investigate the Mexican market and sailed for England on the Queen Elizabeth. English steel buyers were startled to be solicited for orders by the stout, self-assured president-salesman and signed their purchase forms with an extra flourish. Later the Dosco president became a traveling salesman in West Germany. Forsyth came back to Montreal and McEvoy returned from Mexico with contracts for iron ore, coal, steel and rails worth a hundred million dollars—one of the largest export deals in Canadian business history.

This kind of bold personal leadership has raised Dosco dividends to a dollar a year—the highest rate ever paid. This would naturally lead most of the company's 10,625 shareholders (who live in twenty-three countries) to approve the Forsyth regime, but at the close of last May's annual meeting one irritated stockholder had a complaint. "Why," he demanded, "doesn't Dosco serve cocktails at its annual meetings?" Forsyth winced. "You have to decide," he growled, "whether you want dividends or cocktails."

If Dosco shareholders had to depend only on the earnings of the company's coal business they would get neither. The great postwar increase in oil-heated homes, the gradual conversion of Canada's locomotives to diesel engines, and the coming surge of natural gas as an industrial fuel, have made coal one of the most difficult of Canadian raw materials to sell. Lack of markets has forced Forsyth to close three collieries with irreducible operating costs. "It wrings my heart to close a mine," he frets, "but no business can continue to operate under our system, unless it can continue to make a profit."

Forsyth is spending thirteen million dollars modernizing Dosco collieries to back his determination that coal production costs can be reduced. What he calls "the foundation of the new look in the coal industry" is his fleet of twenty Continuous Miners, twenty-ton Dosco-designed mechanical monsters which claw enough coal out of the earth in two minutes to heat the average house for a full winter.

As part of his effort to wake up the dormant coal market, Forsyth set up in a low-ceilinged shack at Glace Bay two years ago a separate department charged with designing a furnace that would eliminate messiness and inconvenience from coal heating. Without its white enamel cover, the resulting home-heating unit looks like a Rube Goldberg version of a

whisky still, but the enthusiastic Dosco president claims the new furnace "cannot be equaled for economy, cleanliness, convenience and efficiency by any equipment available anywhere in the world today, regardless of the fuel used."

Dosco makes no profit on the furnaces but is planning to market them all over eastern Canada as a coal-sales stimulator. About two hundred have already been sold in Nova Scotia.

Forsyth heats his Montreal home with one of the units, has installed another in the greenhouse of his Dundee, Que., farm, and tirelessly preaches the coal gospel with the gusto of a revival preacher selling eternity. "Get behind the industry and see that every Nova Scotian uses Nova Scotia coal, the thrifty fuel, if you know what's good for you!" he



"Ten dollars a dive and a twenty-dollar bonus every time you hit the tank."



thundered at a group of Halifax businessmen recently.

Forsyth is at his outspoken best when he's tub-thumping for Dosco, or priming his businessman audience on how to better labor relations. Though he privately admits that "the human activity which we could best dispense with in the endeavor to achieve peace is public speaking," he has a national reputation as one of Canada's wittiest after-dinner speakers and gets at least one speaking invitation in every mail. He has addressed fraternities, service clubs, labor groups, boards of trade, professional associations, railway societies, national conventions of lawyers, businessmen, engineers and personnel directors, as well as inaugurating apple festivals and making monument dedications. In 1953, wearing a Scottish plaid jacket and ungainly white slacks (no kilt would fit him), he opened the fifteenth annual Cape Breton Gaelic Mod.

"He can make a dozen speeches a day without turning a hair," says C. L. Gundy, president of Wood, Gundy & Co. and a Dosco director. Forsyth's speeches reflect his versatility. Among other topics he has given talks on medical history, mathematics, Canadian literature, philosophy, the Song of Solomon, small-town living, and the strange life of D. A. LaFortune, the marathon Canadian orator elected to the House of Commons in 1911, who used to fill thirty pages of Hansard at a time.

Forsyth's speeches sparkle with rough humor and off-beat anecdotes like the one in which a bejeweled woman leads a poodle on a blue ribbon into a psychiatrist's office. "Tell me, what is the matter with you?" asks the doctor. The distraught matron replies: "There's not a thing the matter with me, doctor. It's my husband here—he thinks he's a dog."

The Dosco president once startled a New York audience of leading businessmen with this description of Canadians: "We are a dull and unenterprising people. We have not developed democracy to the point where we can boast of a McCarthy, Talmadge, or a Kefauver. We field a twelve-man football team. Our roads are bad. Many of our hotels are of indifferent quality. We have never enjoyed prohibition and never will. We take time out from business for a cup of tea and a crumpet or to make love or to have a snooze or any other damn thing that seems to appeal to us at the time."

Nearly all of Forsyth's speeches end in rhymed imagery—a verse from one of a dozen poems whose author he never identifies. When pressed, he will admit they were written by a Canadian poet of the "Upper St. Lawrence School." Only a few friends know that these are the sole glimpses the public is allowed of Forsyth's own poetry. He has composed verses almost continually for the past forty years, but won't allow any to be published. When the son of Harry J. Kelley, a Dosco vice-president, was killed in the Battle of Britain, he wrote this epitaph:

You who made one of that stout-hearted few  
To whom, in sooth, so many owe so much;  
Who, win or lose, dared put life to the touch.  
You took the cup and quaffed the bitter brew  
Of death that those you loved might live.  
With smiling eyes and on your lips a song,  
Soaring from earth on mighty wings and strong,  
You freely gave the most that man can give

When last you clove the fateful skies in flight.

In that beyond where heroes find sweet rest,

God grant you peace—and when this earth is blest

With holy blood-bought freedom's sacred light,

Sleep well brave heart; sleep well-loved son, for we,

By your last landing, also were set free.

Forsyth's private library is a heterogeneous mixture of the world's great

writings. He reads at least a book a week, is most fond of Demosthenes, Robert Burns, Immanuel Kant, Henri Bergson, Herbert Spencer, Rudyard Kipling and Molière. When he finds time, Forsyth works on a book about Thomas Gray, his favorite poet. He likes duck shooting and trout fishing, and describes himself as an ardent but indifferent golfer. His most serious hobby is trying to improve the Jersey strain at his Folliegh Farm, eighteen miles west of Huntingdon, Que. He drives a battered station wagon to the nearby Ormstown Fair, where his

livestock has won several prizes.

He commutes to the farm on week ends, but entertains at his Montreal residence, the least pretentious of the stone mansions that line Westmount's fashionable Sunnyside Avenue. The invitations to his annual Christmas party are in his own free-handed style of doggerel:

Beneath the mistletoe to trade a kiss;  
And quaff a cup of eggnog Christmas day—

If you can take out time enough for this,



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*"How much lighter?" said the Writer*

"How light is a feather?" responded Goldie. "It's something to feel rather than define."

"Light as a breeze?" suggested the writer.

"Good," agreed the Golden Ale Lion thoughtfully, "but the lightness of Golden Ale is a matter of delicate balancing of ingredients to produce a bouquet and flavour no other can match."

"Drier too?" asked the writer.

"A mite" agreed Goldie, "but never, never bitter. Just enough of the hops to bypass unappetizing sweetness. Result: a clear, clean-tasting satisfaction."

"I'm thirsty," said the writer.

Molson's Golden Ale is lighter than most — yet all the zest and authority of a traditional ale is triumphantly there in every mellow swallow. The first smooth, savoury sip delights the expert; two sips convince anyone.



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Forsyth belongs to eleven clubs, but prefers home life with his wife and visits from his two daughters, his son, and his six grandchildren. Margaret, the youngest daughter, married a London, Ont., doctor. His son, Lewis Avar, operates a Halifax plywood distributing firm, and daughter Annabel owns children's clothing stores in Halifax.

He spent most of his preschool years sailing around the world on his father's two-thousand-ton square rigger, the Harvest Queen. He could box the compass before he learned the alphabet.

Forsyth was born on his family's farm at Mount Denson, in Nova Scotia's Hants County, on Aug. 1, 1890, the third of five children of Enoch Avar Forsyth, who commanded his first ship at twenty-one, fought a German submarine as master of the S.S. Kansan in World War I, and before he retired in 1928 was commodore of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Co. Young Lionel entered grade two of the Windsor, N.S., Academy in 1897 and by the end of the year was promoted to grade three—although school records show him attending only sixty-one and a half days. That was the year the seven-year-old future steel president met an eight-year-old fellow pupil, Elsie Maie Dimock, whom he married eighteen years later.

He graduated in arts from the University of King's College at Windsor in 1909. He studied well but was much more interested in playing fullback on the university's football squad and goal for the Windsor team in the Nova Scotia Hockey League. He spent one summer playing second base for a professional Maritime baseball team. He also worked as a time-keeper on wharf construction in western Nova Scotia and was rodman on a survey in northern New Brunswick during construction of the National Transcontinental Railway.

For a short time after graduation, Forsyth thought of studying for the Church of England ministry. Instead he went to Harvard University for a graduate course on the origins of the French and German languages. He worked his way through this highbrow curriculum by driving a streetcar for the Boston Railway Company and reporting for the Boston Post. He then became a private-school master—teaching, among other subjects, divinity—at St. Andrews School, in Concord, Mass. Later he was appointed associate professor of Romance languages at Trinity College, in Durham, N.C., now Duke University.

When Forsyth returned to Canada in 1913 and couldn't find any academic openings, he joined the Bank of Nova Scotia as a clerk in Toronto. One of his duties was to operate the bank's cafeteria. He hated getting up early and made a deal with a waiter from Bowles Lunch, next door, to sneak him a breakfast tray into the lunchroom at nine o'clock. One day he was caught enjoying his leisurely breakfast and banished to the bank's branch in Havana. During his eighteen months in Cuba he learned Spanish and enough about banking to realize he wasn't meant to be a banker.

Forsyth returned to the academic life in 1915 as a modern-languages professor at the University of King's College. He still speaks French, Spanish and German fluently, often using the languages to help along export deals.

This year King's named him its chancellor. While at King's, W. M. Christie, the Hants County prosecutor, interested Forsyth in the legal profession and he began teaching himself law after classes.

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In 1918 Forsyth was admitted to the Nova Scotia Bar and in six months was arguing everything from debt cases to divorces before the province's court of appeals.

One of his first important cases was a court battle against Dominion Coal, part of the company he now heads. He successfully represented striking miners and won an injunction against a pay cut planned by management. Later he won a case against Halifax Shipyards (another Dosco subsidiary) when he established that the company had no right to prevent picketing.

His practice grew quickly. He became known as a scrappy defense counsel, but his most famous courtroom appearance was as special crown prosecutor of the Tantallon Rangers, a legal flop which he managed to turn into personal success. A band of rum smugglers had been caught at Tantallon, N.S., but the police couldn't bring in their prisoners because sympathetic villagers had deflated the tires of the police cars and cut the telephone lines. Leaving one man to guard the rum, the police set off for Halifax on foot. The guard was overpowered and the rum disappeared. Forsyth prosecuted the smugglers, by then known as the Tantallon Rangers, but lost his case because he couldn't assemble a jury of twelve people who believed that rum smuggling was a crime. But he later turned defeat into

### Flashback

The hubbub raised by rock 'n' roll  
Invites my patient yawn;  
Most critics once looked rather droll—  
Still Charlestowning at dawn!

IVAN J. COLLINS

victory. In his private law practice he took on and won the case of one of the villagers who had been caught selling the illegal brew.

Forsyth's only venture into politics was in the mid-Twenties as the Liberal Hants County candidate against Edgar Rhodes, who later became Canada's minister of finance. He lost but was offered the leadership of the Nova Scotia Liberal Party. He refused and has since stayed away from political fights.

By 1926, the thirty-six-year-old Forsyth's booming practice was earning him thirty thousand dollars a year, but he was becoming restless with the limited opportunities of the Maritimes. When he was asked to join Brown, Montgomery and McMichael, of Montreal, one of Canada's largest legal firms, he decided to move, in spite of the new burden of having to learn Quebec's vastly different legal code. On his way from Halifax he stayed up all night with a nine-hundred-page book on the Napoleonic Code. Next day, in an oral examination by O. S. Tyndale, who was later associate chief justice of the Quebec Superior Court, he not only passed — witnesses claim he cross-examined the judge.

Forsyth stayed with the Montreal legal firm for twenty-three years, developing one of Canada's most varied and most lucrative law practices. He defended clients in tax, labor, combines, corporation and admiralty law cases. Most lawyers specialize in only one of these categories. Some of his combines- and labor-trial addresses are now used as textbook examples of brilliant legal procedure. He became such a popular lawyer that defendants across Canada demanded his

services, eventually forcing him to pass bar requirements of five provinces.

When he thought he saw injustice, Forsyth turned into a crusading lawyer fighting for clients at his own expense. During the trials that followed the Gouzenko disclosures, he volunteered his aid to a defendant whom he considered innocent. He lost the case, but after his client's release tried to help him become re-established. In spite of his many legal activities, Forsyth spent most of his time handling one of his firm's largest accounts — the affairs of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation — and since 1928 acted as Dosco's general counsel.

"Lionel worked indefatigably," recalls Frank B. Common QC, one of his former law partners. "We never knew whether he was in Nova Scotia or in B.C. He seemed to cover both of Canada's waterfronts and most of the important points in between. I have never met a lawyer who represented such an unusual combination of ability and versatility. Some of us find it a little difficult to completely forgive our client for having lured him away."

More than the company's importance to his native Nova Scotia attracted Forsyth to the Dosco account. Unraveling the steel-and-coal company's debt-ridden finances was the kind of challenge he enjoyed. Dosco was such a poor financial risk that for a five-million-dollar loan negotiated in 1933, Canadian banks demanded collateral worth seven and a half million dollars.

Dosco's corporate roots stretch back to before Confederation, to a four-thousand-dollar forging plant two Scotsmen built at New Glasgow to make iron fastenings for sailing ships. In 1899 the little mill's successor companies became "Disco" (Dominion Iron and Steel Co.), beginning the game of scrabble that sums up the company's history. "Disco" became "Besco" (British Empire Steel Corp.) in 1920, following another painfully negotiated merger. But overcapitalization and the Depression eventually forced a new set of initials. In 1930 Forsyth helped negotiate the final monogram change in which "Besco" became the present "Dosco."

Forsyth's approach to the corporation's entanglements so impressed successive Dosco managements that in 1949, when President C. B. Lang suggested Forsyth as his successor, the directors didn't cast one dissenting vote. Lang, who is now board chairman of Dosco, told this writer: "I could not have found anyone who would handle the presidency of Dosco as efficiently and in such a humane manner as Lionel Forsyth is doing every day. I don't think I can pay him a greater compliment."

Forsyth has often been asked why, at fifty-nine, he decided to give up one of this country's biggest law practices to take on the unrewarding task of bossing Canada's least prosperous steel company.

Forsyth gives a characteristic explanation: "To some the steel and coal industry may have a complete absence of the lure of the unknown. But for me, thank God, it's different. Something I've not yet seen, heard or experienced awaits me around every corner, in the ore mines, the collieries, the mills, shipyards and shops of Dosco."

But it's just possible that the sixty-six-year-old ex-professor, superlawyer and corporation president has not yet run out of professions. After his recent appointment to the government's Advisory Committee on Atomic Power Development at Chalk River, he confessed to a friend that he was toying with the idea of taking a university physics course to prepare for a career in nuclear science. ★

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The "religious crisis" in Quebec politics continued from page 15

**"The Union Nationale is too strong and too many voters don't care"**

casts, platform speeches designed, as they put it, "to make people believe that to preach social security is to slide toward Marxism, that to promote health insurance is to sabotage our religious communities, that to feed the hungry in underdeveloped countries is to impoverish ourselves and encourage communism."

Fathers Dion and O'Neill mention no examples by name, but one that they may have had in mind was the campaign against nationalist Rene Chaloult. Running as an independent with Liberal backing, Chaloult was beaten by a small margin in the northern riding of Jonquiere-Kenogami.

Rene Chaloult is an old-line Quebec nationalist who has been active in provincial politics for more than twenty years. He is noted for fiery eloquence, personal honesty, and a prickly independence which has kept him from remaining long in the ranks of any political party. During the war he was a leader in the French-Canadian battle against conscription, and a warm admirer of the Vichy regime of Marshal Petain in France.

To call such a man as Chaloult a Communist requires great faith in human gullibility, but apparently this faith was rewarded in Jonquiere-Kenogami. As Fathers Dion and O'Neill ruefully noted in their pamphlet, "the anti-Communist slogan seems to have been used with considerable success. A low type of literature penetrated the rectories and the convents . . . Nuns read or heard strange things about people, who, until then, they had thought were Catholics."

Again the fathers mention no names. But Chaloult's workers swear that in at least one rural convent in Jonquiere-Kenogami, nuns taught the children to pray to God that "the Communist Mr. Chaloult" might be defeated.

Chaloult's experience also illustrated some of the other things the two priests talked about. Electoral officers, for instance.

In urban parts of the riding like Arvida, where the labor vote is strong, Chaloult got good majorities. His workers say that in many of these urban polls, by an odd coincidence, large numbers of spoiled ballots turned up. Inadvertently, no doubt, the returning officers would forget to initial them as the Election Act requires.

Chaloult lost by only about two hundred, and demanded a judicial recount. Even more ballots were then found that the returning officers had forgotten to initial, and the Union Nationale majority went up to over three hundred. In the rural ridings where the Duplessis man had a majority they found none of these lapses of memory — all the ballots were good.

I asked why, if these things were true, Chaloult hadn't contested the election.

"Useless," I was told. "There is nothing we can do."

The Duplessis government amended Quebec's election laws after the 1952 election in which it lost some seats. One amendment provides that no writs may be taken to compel or prevent or investigate any action by an election officer, "nor any special or provisional measure of any nature whatsoever may be taken against any election officer acting in his official capacity."

Contested elections used to be heard by the Superior Court, judges of which are

named by Ottawa. A Duplessis amendment transferred them to district magistrates, appointed by Duplessis.

Several defeated candidates who thought of contesting the 1956 election were advised, or decided for themselves, that it would be a waste of time. To them it's crystal clear what Fathers Dion and O'Neill meant when they spoke of "abuse of the electoral law."

Many of these men are deeply discouraged. Sympathetic as they are with the sentiments of the Dion-O'Neill pamphlet, they doubt that it will have any practical effect. They think the phalanx of the Union Nationale is too strong, and that too many voters don't care.

#### A rally to rouse the people

Not much has appeared in Quebec's secular activities or organizations to prove these pessimists wrong. Nobody seems to think the Liberal Party vastly different from its triumphant rival, so far as political behavior is concerned. One priest, who strongly endorses the views of the Dion-O'Neill article, said with a bitter smile: "Liberals have come to me complaining that they didn't have enough money to buy the people's votes."

The only political organization that has tackled, explicitly, the problem of civic morality is a new group called *Rassemblement*, a title more easily understood than translated. It hopes to be a rally or mobilization of all men of good will, a means of arousing and educating the people of Quebec in politics.

*Rassemblement* is not a political party. Its president is Pierre Dansereau, dean of science at the University of Montreal, a gentle and cultivated man who looks the very antithesis of a practical politician. Its supporters are the fighting idealists of Le Devoir, the intellectuals of the Catholic labor movement, all those elements both lay and clerical who are

usually described (sometimes to their own embarrassment) as "liberal" Roman Catholics.

They are all worthy men, who deserve to be and who are highly respected. However, they have all been dedicated foes of the Union Nationale for years. There is little reason to suppose that they will be any more powerful or effective now, merely because they have taken a new name, than they have been ever since 1944 when Duplessis returned to power.

If the reverend editors of *Ad Usum Sacerdotum* have struck a real blow at the Union Nationale's power, it will make itself felt not through any secular organization but through the Roman Catholic Church itself. The really important question is: Did the Union Nationale go too far in its attempt, often a successful attempt, to identify itself with the cause of the church? Will this powerful electoral weapon prove in the end to be a boomerang?

Certainly the Duplessis forces had the open support of many Quebec clergy last June. Father Dion and Father O'Neill give examples: "Some priests took part personally in the campaign. In a suburban parish of Quebec one curé carried kindness so far as to preach from the pulpit in favor of his candidate, and even solicit votes from door to door. In the same county another curé told his flock to vote for the man whose party would be in power, for 'without that we get nothing.' Another: 'Vote for whom you like, but when we have a good government we should keep it.' One final case: 'Before you go to vote, don't forget to look at our fine new school.'"

Moreover, they say, "there is reason to believe that laymen are not the only ones influenced by gifts in money or goods. Gifts to pious causes or welfare associations, contributions to parish works, these touch the sensitive strings in some ecclesiastical souls."





Even worse, in their view, was the clergy's willingness to echo the "myths" of the Union Nationale campaign: "We have seen the anti-Communist theme used, and in almost the same terms, by reputable members of religious orders, recognized Fascists, pitiable comedians and authentic blackguards."

Father Dion and Father O'Neill shudder at the thought that innocent Catholics in Quebec might actually believe the Union Nationale and its doctrines represent an aspect of the Catholic faith: "We bear a terrible responsibility before God if the people end by believing that this hash of pious sentimentality, barefaced civic immorality and Fascism in the larval stage is the Kingdom of God."

Most of all they deplore the apathy with which priest and layman alike regard electoral corruption:

"What we ought to find most disturbing is that so few people think these things scandalous. Similar methods in Communist countries rouse the indignation of our brave folk, and whet the zeal of Catholic journalists. At home in Quebec they quickly get popular absolution. People even laugh and brag about them as if they were innocent pranks."

"Unhappily this characteristic is more and more manifest among the French-Canadian people . . . We must admit that on this plane our English-speaking compatriots set us an example. Moreover, our political immorality seems scandalous to them."

This last theme, the attitude of English Canadians toward electoral customs in Quebec, was further developed in an autumn issue of *Ad Usum Sacerdotum*. It is one that the two fathers take very seriously. (Father O'Neill, by the way, is French-speaking in spite of his Irish name.) It is also one that may make a deepening impression on the intensely loyal French-Canadian clergy.

The later issue of *Ad Usum Sacerdotum* carries an open letter from Murray G. Ballantyne, whose recent book, *All or Nothing*, is the spiritual autobiography of a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. Ballantyne was born in Montreal into a Presbyterian family of Scottish descent. He became a Roman Catholic at twenty-three, and he writes as one personally acquainted with both the major divisions of the Christian religion.

Ballantyne says flatly: "It is the political immorality of Catholics which scandalizes Protestants . . . All my experience leads me to conclude that the biggest obstacle to the conversion of our separated brethren is our scandalous indifference to public morality . . . How, they ask, can a church be true when its members freely lie, cheat and sell themselves in political matters?"

Of course political corruption is not confined to one province, Ballantyne admits, but "I have found that political immorality is much worse among the Catholics of Quebec than among the Protestants of other provinces. It is worse both in degree and in kind."

His complaint is not only that "Quebec is notorious in the whole of Canada for blatant and dangerous political dishonesty," but still more that priests condone and even connive at it. One example of connivance: "The widespread habit of issuing false charitable receipts for income-tax purposes. As we all know, this malpractice is exceedingly common. Only too often it is our priests who knowingly sign such false statements. Sincere Protestants are disgusted by such a practice, and I think they are fully justified."

As a matter of fact Protestants have raised no public outcry about this or any other aspect of political behavior in Quebec. Except for *Le Devoir*, no newspaper

of either language ever criticizes the Duplessis government. The wealth of Quebec is mostly in Protestant hands, and the business community of the province is solidly behind the Union Nationale. Its backing is no less substantial for being mostly silent.

However, the relative blackness of pot and kettle is beside the point. The point is that a publication written solely for the clergy has been blasting the clergy itself for political misbehavior, and that its clerical readers appear to agree with its biting remarks. Just possibly, this may

indicate a turning of the tide. There is at least some reason to believe that in the 1956 campaign, the zeal of the Union Nationale overshot its mark.

A Liberal member of the Quebec Legislature told me an ironic story: "You know, we'd have lost this election anyway," he said. "The Duplessis men didn't need to do anything special—the most we could possibly have won would have been thirty-five or forty seats, if that. But they wanted to make sure, and they made too sure."

"The other day I met a Union Natio-

nale member, and he was furious at all the talk about corruption and graft. 'We won anyway, didn't we?' he said. 'Damn it, we didn't steal *all* the seats we carried.' But it's true, you know, that people are talking as if they *did* steal every seat."

If that is true, the prospects for change in Quebec have markedly improved. Quebec is tolerant, even indulgent of human frailty, but Quebec does believe in moderation. If the clerical Davids of *Ad Usum Sacerdotum* have convinced their reverend readers that things have now gone too far, they may yet bring down Goliath. ★

"You should ask my husband about that! Get him to tell you about the time he asked me to buy some for him—and I bought the right size but the wrong brand! How was I to know he wanted Lord Calvert? But, when I got home, I soon learned! 'Listen, my dear,' he said, 'you'd better remember that when I say whisky I mean Lord Calvert . . . and no other!' Seems that Lord Calvert is somehow a little drier, a little lighter, and that, once you've tried it, you'll be content with no other brand. He certainly wasn't! So now I know. And you'd be surprised how many of our guests agree that Lord Calvert is the finest of all whiskies."



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# Mailbag

## Left-handed gourmets — and editors

Do all French-Canadians eat left-handed? I am referring to the color photos showing a French-Canadian dinner and a Parisian French dinner that accompanied your article, Our Most Neglected Treasure (Sept. 29). Everyone seated at both tables was eating left-handed. Table settings too were reversed.—M. WALLACE, TORONTO.

● How come they're all left-handed? — A. MILLER, FORT WILLIAM.

● My small girl asks: "How come the French all eat backwards?" Well, how come? — V. WEBSTER, ALBERNI, B.C.

● Are all Frenchmen left-handed? — MRS. C. E. CUMMINS, NELSON, B.C.

*No, but all of our editors were on this one. Not one of them noticed that the prints of our color photos had been reversed — until of course it was too late to change them. Our more alert readers spotted it at once.*

● Your article on French cooking certainly makes the mouth water. But who can afford to cook this way? If we can afford wine we drink it along with our meals. Another practical consideration is the children; when I cook anything even slightly exotic I have to make something extra for them, as they will not touch anything out of the ordinary. I wonder what the French-Canadian mother does with a large family.

I think a plea should be put in for the simple meal, which can be tasty too. There is too much snobbery about continental cooking. In seven years in Canada I have been amazed at the ability of wives to produce good meals, attractively served — and at a cost we can afford. — HILARY BURSILL-HALL, VANCOUVER.

### Wrong chairman

In a letter published in your Mailbag, I was referred to as chairman of Toronto Municipal Council. I do not, nor have I ever held such a position. — JOHN S. RIDOUT, TORONTO.

### He's got enough insurance too

I enjoyed Robert Thomas Allen's I've Got Enough Insurance, Thanks (Sept. 29). . . . Please excuse my spelling and typing as my steno did not show up today. She fell down her boardinghouse steps (loose board) this morning and after visiting her lawyer went to hospital. No need to worry though, for the following reasons:

1. Landlady will claim under building policy wind damage to steps.
2. Her lawyer will turn liability claim over to her insurance company.

3. Steno lawyer will make following claims: doctor, hospital, loss of time and pain compensation.

4. Steno will also collect medical and hospital insurance.

5. I have her loss of time due to accident covered, also any limbs she might lose for the next sixty days.

6. My only worry is whether she can renew her accident policy; her company only insures accident-free risks.—R. B. MULLINS, OTTAWA.

### Beware the killer clock!

What a perplexing world we live in! In your panel on cancer (Aug. 18) the



medical profession heartily condemns the glowing figures on a clock; in an article on the change in shopping habits (Sept. 1) I read the retail trade is planning wholesale murder by using radio-active prices on goods.

Since reading the article on cancer, I have been walking warily around my alarm clock.—D. R. ANDERSON, WABINGOON, ONT.

### More variety on our TV

What Will Fowler Say About TV? you ask in your Sept. 15 issue. Hope he comes to the conclusion that people want variety from Bach to Wilf Carter. Maybe private stations would be closer to their listeners' tastes or wants in that respect. Why be scared of competition; isn't that the backbone of the country?—MRS. L. HJELT, DINSMORE, SASK.

### Wanted: a fighting party

If Bruce Hutchison is correct about a United States' bid to control the Columbia and Yukon Rivers in Canada (The Coming Battle for the Columbia, Sept. 29) there is good fighting material for a Canadian party in the House of Commons. Apparently the party in power has backslidden from the positions taken by Macdonald, Laurier and King. We need leaders who will protect us from alienation of Canadian territory.—A. G. HOPKINS, SASKATOON. ★





## Backstage at Ottawa continued from page 10

"In the Suez crisis the Canadian government is certain what it is against — not what it is for"

were called off their jobs by the company, the canal is still operating normally.

What Nasser did violate was a concession, or franchise, given by the pasha of Egypt in 1856 to the Suez Canal Company, which does not expire until 1968. No other countries signed this document, and neither party has carried out all of its complicated stipulations to the letter. In one sentence of the preamble to the international convention of 1888, it mentions "completing the arrangements" for the concession of 1856. This bit of fine print is the principal basis for the charge that Nasser's act was "illegal" — hardly the kind of crime that nations go to war about.

Of course there are older and better reasons for going to war than a breach of the letter of the law, and the oldest and best is self-defense. Britain argues that the Suez Canal is absolutely vital to her national security.

But Canadian spokesmen point out that physically the Suez Canal situation has not changed at all. Even before the canal company was nationalized, Egypt had the physical power to refuse transit to any ships she wanted to keep out of the canal. She has been using that physical power ever since 1948—in defiance of Britain, the canal company and the UN Security Council, and in open violation of the 1888 convention—to keep out ships bound to or from Israel.

### What do we do now?

Britain protested, the Security Council protested, but nobody did anything to force Egypt to heed. Egypt has always had no less power to close the canal to any other ships; Britain and the United Nations have no less power today than they had before to compel her to keep it open.

Far more than these lawyers' arguments, though, Canadians have relied on the point that no resort to force can be justified except by the needs of self-defense or a decision of the United Nations. Unlike the United States, Canada argued from the very outset that the case should be laid before the Security Council. But now that this has been done, Canadians are just as baffled as the British or the French about what should be done next. The Canadian government was quite certain what it was against—it was against the use of force. It is not certain just what it is for.

What makes the Suez crisis so hard to assess is that, on both sides, emotional factors are just as important as material factors.

Anyone can understand the emotional factors on the Egyptian side. In 1888, when the much-debated convention was signed, Egypt had already been occupied for six years by British troops. They came ostensibly to help the Khedive put down an insurrection; they stayed to prop him on his throne. Altogether they stayed for more than seventy years—not until 1954 did Britain agree to withdraw troops from the Suez Canal zone.

On top of the chronic humiliation of being occupied by a foreign power, Egypt had several acute and specific humiliations as well. One came in 1942, when the British (for urgent reasons of military necessity) threw a cordon of

tanks around King Farouk's palace and ordered that tubby monarch to dismiss his prime minister and call another one who would be more reliably pro-British and anti-Nazi. Another came in 1948, when Egypt was disgracefully beaten by

her tiny neighbor Israel; Egyptian soldiers found they had ammunition that wouldn't fit, guns that wouldn't shoot, both having been supplied by grafting hangers-on of that same pliable pro-allied government.

Things like that leave hate behind them, and a longing for acts of bold defiance. When the United States announced on July 19 that Egypt's economy no longer justified the loans and grants that would have built the high dam at Aswan,



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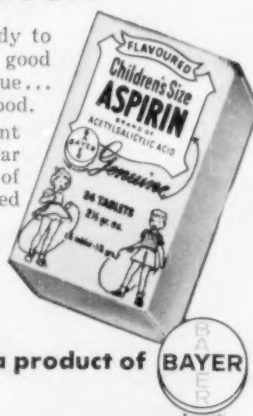


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Egypt's leader could hardly afford to let the insult go by. For political as well as personal reasons he had to retaliate. He had evidently been saving the nationalization of the Suez Canal for just such a moment.

Britain and France have emotional factors on their side too. Britain had just withdrawn from the Suez Canal zone over the bitter protests of die-hard imperialist Tories. The Tory government's excuse was that this voluntary withdrawal would be the start of a new friendly comradeship with the new free Egypt. Nasser's act was therefore more than an affront, it was a double cross in British eyes.

Already Britain had had a lot to swallow. Even the graceful withdrawal from India nine years ago seemed a cowardly retreat to some; the seizure of British oil in Iran, the expulsion of a British general from the British pensioner-state Jordan, the embarrassing and bloody stalemate in Cyprus where British security seemed to collide with British principles — all these contributed to a mood of resentment and exasperation. Britain's leaders too were more or less compelled to be bellicose.

As for the French, they had been smarting for years under their allies' disapproval of their colonial rule in North Africa and Indo-China. Nasser's coup seemed to them proof positive of the iniquity of Arabs in general and Egyptians in particular, an occasion that should unite all right-thinking civilized people against them and on the side of the French.

It united the French, anyway. For the first time in human memory all Frenchmen seemed to be of one mind. Temporarily it brought a unique strength to the

Mollet government — but if this unity were to have no effect, no result, what then? Obviously the blame for failure would be shared by Premier Mollet and his followers on the one hand, and the United States and NATO on the other.

For all these reasons and more, Canadians agreed that Nasser must not be allowed to "get away with it." Somehow, by measures short of war, he must be made to repent his rash conduct—and others who might be moved to imitate him, or worse, must be warned off.

Somehow—but how?

So long as the Egyptians were able to operate the canal, the American idea of a "Users' Association" was unlikely to have much practical effect. If the experienced British and French pilots proved to be as indispensable as they thought they were, then their withdrawal would have the effect of a boycott or a strike. But if, as Canada suspected from the outset, a competent skipper could learn the tricks of Suez in a matter of weeks or months, the Users' Association would become a sour-grapes society.

Other economic pressures, including withdrawal of United States foreign aid, might have more effect. However, a too-blatant effort to starve Egypt into submission might have some of the drawbacks of military action—make Nasser a national martyr as well as a national hero.

The ideal solution would be one that would compel Nasser to negotiate, and compel him to accept some international control of the canal, but still leave him some appearance of free will. Anyone who can think of any way of doing this will find an eager and grateful audience in Ottawa. ★



**London Letter** continued from page 6

**"When Cassandra was put in to bat I knew that tough things were coming. It did not dismay me"**

papers publish letters that attack their policy or contents but there are always other letters balancing them, and of course there is the editorial column in which the editor can argue his case.

With this in mind I agreed to the proposition on the condition that there would be no editorial comment on my article in the actual issue in which it appeared. And thus it was agreed.

Hugh Cudlipp meticulously carried out the agreement. In its own pages I accused the Mirror of sustaining our enemies and discouraging our friends and, in the process, lowering the standards of British journalism. Then with such vitriol as was left I dealt with Cassandra, the columnist of the newspaper.

During the next forty-eight hours letters poured in on the Mirror and on myself. Almost without exception they were antagonistic to the Mirror. Then, two days later, Cassandra was put in to bat. Under the heading "The Mirror and Sir B" he proceeded to pay me one kindly compliment after another but I knew that tough things were coming.

By taking extracts from articles written by me during the rise of Hitler he gave the impression that I had been a dupe of the Nazis right up to the outbreak of

war. It seems that in 1938 I wrote: "Confidence is replacing fear." "A man of Hitler's capacity cannot be dismissed as a crook or a gangster." A month later it seems that I wrote: "Who doubts that the heart of Hitler will be warmed and will replace the crude anger and bombast of Nuremberg?"

But, according to Cassandra, I came to doubt my own admixture of "sweet glue" and suddenly described "the warm-hearted Adolf" as "an international blackguard: a blackguard worse than any Chicago gangsters ever dreamed of."

No exception could be taken to this on my part. It is true that the extracts were divorced from their context but that has always been regarded as fair in debate and controversy. Nor did I quarrel with his final broadside: "Sir Beverley has brought his appalling prescience and his horrifying premonition which is accurate to the nearest 180 degrees to bear upon the Suez Canal problem. We are kind enough not to credit our old friend with being more than 100 percent wrong."

Pretty rough you will agree but quite within the Queensberry Rules. Nor did it dismay me unduly. I have been toughened by twenty years in parliament and also by those ardent readers of Maclean's

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who are so bored with the London Letter that they never seem to miss reading it.

But the issue raised by the editorial antics of the Daily Mirror is much bigger than mere controversy. The real issue before us is whether Britain is to be governed by parliament or by the press. It is my sincere belief that in attacking and ridiculing the prime minister in the hour of international crisis the Mirror sustains our enemies, chills our friends, and weakens both the unity and the spirit of the nation.

In fact, I have no doubt that the outpourings of the Mirror may have inspired the Socialist MP, Mr. R. T. Paget, to rise in the House of Commons and say: "Sir Anthony Eden is like a banana, yellow outside but even a deeper yellow inside." In fairness even his compatriots on the benches looked embarrassed.

Fortunately Anthony Eden has an instinctual toughness oddly out of keeping with the elegance and suavity of his exterior. For years Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers pounded him without mercy, but now they are his staunchest supporters. Nor is that necessarily a matter of reproach. It takes courage for a newspaper to reverse its policy.

The Daily Telegraph, which appeals to much the same public as The Times, has also changed its attitude to Eden. Last winter it hit him hard but now it is on his side.

#### Power without responsibility

No one will deny that the freedom of the press is the very basis of democracy, but freedom demands responsibility. It is absolutely right that the government and parliament itself should come under constant criticism of the press but not to the extent that it weakens them as an estate of the realm.

Stanley Baldwin was so embittered by hostile newspaper campaigns that he declared from a public platform that some British newspapers were like the harlot—exerting power without responsibility. Today Eden is being denounced for taking warlike measures against the Pinchbeck Dictator of Egypt, but it is nothing to the pounding he would have received if he had failed to do so.

When Chamberlain came back from Munich in 1938 great crowds cheered him from the airdrome to Downing Street and late into the night. But within a few days he was denounced as a poltroon and a coward. The humiliation of Munich was not to be denied but Chamberlain

bought time for Britain to put into the air the machines that won the Battle of Britain and to put into the sea a navy that kept the waters open from the beginning to the end of the war.

When Nasser seized the Suez Canal Eden's reply was like the crack of a whip. Troops were called up and there were open preparations for war. And almost at once came the bleating of the sheep complaining that he had threatened war over a purely legalistic action by a small country.

Eden may or may not have been right. But he is an expert on Middle East affairs and it is interesting to recall that when he was an undergraduate at Oxford he took first-class honors in Arabic languages. It was almost as if he foresaw his own future.

He knew that if Nasser got away with his coup the next step would be the nationalization of the oil wells by the Arab states. And for some years yet oil is the very lifeblood of the British empire.

The voices that had jeered Chamberlain for his weakness now jeer Eden for acting with strength.

By the time these words appear in Maclean's we may no longer be seeing through a glass darkly, but what I am trying to convey to you is the almost unbearable strain that democracy places upon the shoulders of its elected leaders. There is no democracy in Egypt as there was none in Nazi Germany. Eden believed that the only way to deal with a dictator is to be tough. It is good to know that Churchill, behind the scenes, has supported him loyally.

So we come back to the press. In my Daily Mirror article I ended like this:

"My purpose is not to defend Sir Anthony—although he has my complete loyalty—but to level this charge against the Daily Mirror: that in attacking the prime minister in such terms it is unintentionally strengthening the hands of Nasser and all who look upon this country with distrust or envy."

"From the days when Eden won the Military Cross in France he has served his country and civilization with a courage and tenacity that brought hope to millions of people who lived in darkness."

"The Daily Mirror in attacking and ridiculing him at such a moment has been unworthy of its own spirited tradition of liveliness and loyalty."

There the matter rests, but it shows what can happen when you innocently accept an invitation to dine with Mr. Sam Goldwyn of Hollywood. ★





For the sake of argument continued from page 4

## "Unless we show sympathetic understanding the Western stake in the Middle East could dwindle"

and Bedouin, but ready and ripe to take over; that they were army officers mostly below the rank of colonel, smarting from the ignominy of the lost war in Palestine, which they attributed to bad leadership, native corruption and foreign intrigue; that they were journalists, lawyers, physicians, civil servants, engineers; that they were socially left-wing, not Communists but statist (as Mustafa Kemal had been) who believed that only the credit and resources of the state could finance what had to be done. I also found that, regardless of ideology, the Russian example of pulling itself up by its own bootstraps into a modern industrial na-

tion and first-class power was making an enormous impression upon that new leadership; and that unless we showed some sympathetic understanding for these people and their aims, recognizing that we were dealing with an historic inevitability, the Western stake in the Middle East could dwindle to the vanishing point.

So strongly did I believe this that, although I belong by nature to unorganized man, I associated myself with others—initially almost exclusively scholars, educators, former missionaries, even archeologists—in The American Friends of the Middle East, in an effort to improve American relationships with the Arab states and intellectual leaders.

Now, if I speak personally it is only because the subject is highly pertinent to this whole question. My associates and I found ourselves up against the most formidable organized opposition imaginable. We were accused of being agents of the Arab governments. To be branded as "pro-Arab" was made equivalent to being "anti-Semitic," i.e. anti-Jewish. Some of us who lectured professionally were barred from many platforms, no matter on what subject we were advertised to speak. Pressure was brought upon editors to discontinue publishing us—publishing anything we might write, regardless of what we wrote about.

### Reds back the Arabs

The results to ourselves are irrelevant. I have survived many things in my life as a publicist. I have survived this, and nobody anyhow survives forever. But the campaign was not unnoted by the Arab leaders. It confirmed their impression that America was committed to supporting every policy of Israel, and in the whole area was sympathetic to Israel alone. This has not been the policy of the U.S. State Department during the Eisenhower-Dulles administration. The United States, along with all the great powers that voted to partition Palestine and thereby create the Jewish state, is committed to its protection in case of an organized armed attack upon it from whatever quarter. But the present American administration has shown far greater impartiality than its predecessor, and has refused to yield to pressures to give Israel a balance of arms equal to that of the whole Arab world put together, and thus contribute to an arms race in the area.

The open entry of the Soviet Union into the Arab world as a partisan to its aspirations was also something clearly foreseeable. Among the Palestine refugees Arab Communist agitators (with a custom-made situation to exploit) have consistently stood for the original UN partition scheme, under which the Arabs would be permitted to return to their own homes and have their expropriated property restored. In Israel the Communist Party has fought for full first-class citizenship for the small community of Arabs still there, a privilege they have never yet had.

The Soviet Union and native Arab Communists (who have no legal status in any Arab state) do not preach commu-

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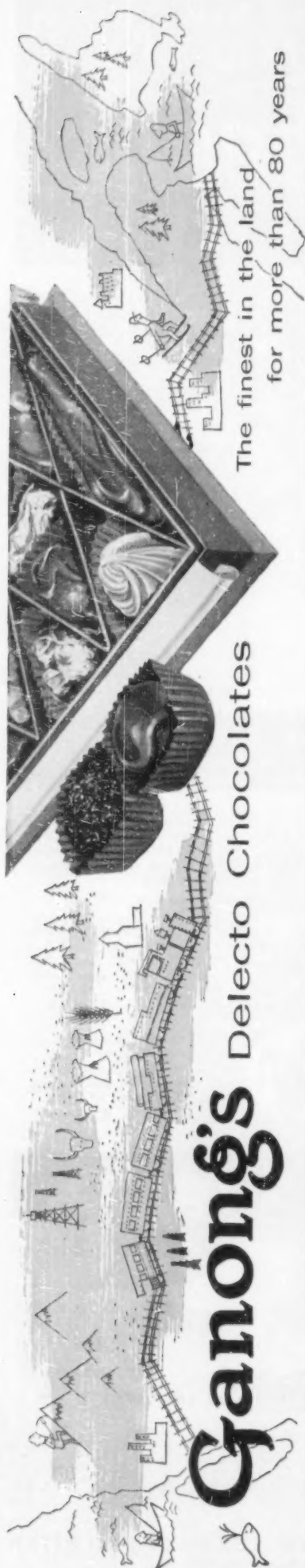
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## "The Arabs know they must sell oil . . . but the West is far more vulnerable"

nism. They simply exploit the anti-Westernism common to all former colonial areas, and express sympathy for Arab aspirations toward greater unity and complete sovereignty and self-government. The Soviets are aware that the Arab cause has the sympathy of all Asia, including that of it not within the orbit of the Moscow-Peking axis. They have no military bases in the Arab world. They have no oil concessions there. No Arab has ever seen a Russian army on Arab territory. They present themselves as disinterested well-wishers.

And Soviet representatives have carefully cultivated the Arab intelligentsia. Several years ago in Cairo an Egyptian journalist told me: "The Soviet embassy is the only one in Cairo to which my colleagues and I are regularly invited. The ambassador does not talk about communism. He talks about the future of Egypt."

The Suez crisis is, therefore, nothing that has sprung up overnight, the sudden arbitrary action of an ambitious dictator. Events since World War One have been steadily building toward this crisis: the Sykes-Picot agreement immediately following World War One by which Britain and France carved the Arab part of the Ottoman Empire into spheres of influence between themselves; bloody events in Syria during the early days of the French mandate; the Balfour Agreement, eventually resulting in alienating from the Arab world an ancient Arab territory and the great ports of Haifa and Jaffa; the creation of such purely artificial states as Jordan, which is really a British protectorate under an Arab king; the recognition or conviction that every single policy adopted by the West toward the Arab states has had as its sole object the furtherance of the political, military and economic interests of the Western countries, often against each other, but always against the Arabs.

It is true that these grievances are often grossly exaggerated, and that the Arabs are still rubbing salt into wounds that should have healed. The British are blamed for what they have not done as well as for what they have done. A highly civilized and brilliant Arab lady, who is as pan-Arab as the next one, murmured to me, "I do get tired of having the British blamed for the flies in our children's eyes." The British get little credit for some of the magnificent sanitation and agricultural work that they did in the Sudan.

A great many Arab leaders also are thoroughly aware of the economic decline and political dangers that would overcome the Arab world if it ever became completely severed from the West. The Arabs know that they must produce and sell their oil, and that the obvious market is that of western Europe. They know that the maritime commerce through the Suez Canal is ninety percent Western. But they also know that their severance from the West would cut both ways. They know that the highly industrialized and dynamic economy of the West, dependent upon the import of raw materials and the export of finished products, is far more vulnerable than that of backward undeveloped economies. It is easier to lift the standard of living of a people who have in the lifetimes of themselves and their ancestors lived on the razor's edge of starvation and death, than to maintain and perpetually expand the living standards of people who take a high standard almost as a gift of nature.

This is also something we forget: the

terrible patience of the poor—and the fatalism of the illiterate Moslem peasant or Bedouin. For the Arab peasant and Bedouin masses life will go on, much as it always has, no matter what happens to the Suez Canal, its tolls and its shipping. Russia of late years has been a chief market for the cotton they raise. Before Nasser was in power or even heard of, the Soviets were buying Egyptian cotton in straight barter deals with Egyptian capitalist merchants. And the thought, "It will hurt our enemies as much or even more than it does us," is sweet to embittered minds.

The last straw was, of course, American rejection—with Western agreement—of the Aswan Dam project, after giving Egypt every reason to believe that it had U. S. support, and the extremely phony reasons given for the rejection. Nothing was clearer than that the U. S. was playing straight power politics over this great public-works project; that the U. S. was prepared to finance the dam if it thought the Russians might otherwise do so, and

### Calendar reform

I'm out of step with those who seek  
A five- and then a four-day week.  
I sympathize, but I'd prefer  
A more elastic calendar  
That had an eighth day built in it  
For my exclusive benefit,  
A private day that I'd call My Day  
So week-end chores I start on Friday  
And don't complete by midnight Sunday  
I'd finish well ahead of Monday.

P. J. BLACKWELL

ready to drop it instantly when Washington found they were not; that a project that promised sustenance for millions of landless half-starving Arabs was a pawn in the Cold War.

The seizure of the canal followed. I do not think financing the Aswan Dam would have prevented it happening in the long run. But it certainly precipitated it, and it gave Nasser a potent argument before the Egyptian masses for doing so.

Western reaction was as impetuous as, and even more ill-conceived than, Nasser's action. The first British and French reaction was to use force—with plenty of advance advertising of the intention. But after force, what? Where, exactly, would the West go from there, assuming that it could forcefully re-occupy the zone and run the Suez Canal under bayonets? On what legal ground could the "User" nations claim to be the legitimate heirs of the Universal Suez Company, a private corporation? What would be the reaction of the whole of Asia, supported in the UN Security Council by the Soviet Union?

Have the organized armies of the Western powers any record of success in fighting guerrilla wars without native support? Where is that record of success? In southern Ireland? In Jewish Palestine? In Cyprus?

Would they even have support at home? Gallup polls in Britain say otherwise. When Eden first took his strong stand these showed fifty-nine percent of the polled approving it. By Sept. 1 only thirty-four percent approved it. Bellicosity and bluff no longer work in the world, if they ever did.

The next step was to demand a

new international control of the canal in what amounted to an ultimatum. Since Egyptian control of the canal is Nasser's issue, to ask him to yield would be tantamount to demanding his resignation as Egypt's leader. (In truth, the negotiators did not believe he would yield.)

The next step was to ask his cooperation in passing through ships piloted by their own nationals and paying tolls into a Users' Association Fund, with assurances beforehand that we would not shoot our way through. Well, one can always ask, but everybody knows what the answer is going to be.

The next step was to propose rerouting trade to by-pass the canal. But when Mr. Dulles proposed that, he certainly hadn't thought that one through either. And to do it would cost the U. S. taxpayer many times over the price of the Aswan Dam.

The next step was to take the case before the UN—the Egyptians doing the same. There it has landed as I write these lines.

Wherever it has been debated it has become apparent that many of the arguments for internationalization have been very dubious. Internationalization is argued on the ground that Egypt (or President Nasser) cannot be trusted to carry through the convention assuring passage to the ships of all nations equally in peace or in war. Were those conditions meticulously carried out under the former administration?

They were not. The canal was closed to Spanish men-of-war by Great Britain (then in occupancy of Egypt) in 1898, when the Spanish fleet was seeking to get to the aid of its ships in the Philippines, besieged by Commander Dewey. The British thought it in their interests that America should defeat the Spanish Empire, and did the U. S. a good turn—but they closed the canal. Did the British keep German ships out of the canal and bar neutral ships carrying non-contrabands like food and cotton to the Germans in two world wars? Of course they did. And the ships of Israel and ships bound to and from Israel have been barred ever since the Palestinian war with no more than a formal protest.

What the West fears is that Egypt will use the canal to promote her own political, financial and military interests. I have no doubt that she will do exactly as others have done in the past. I neither like nor approve of the prospect. I am a Westerner.

But politics is also the art of possibilities. What must now be pursued is genuinely to seek a community of interest, which is there to be found. That means ceasing bellicose threats, recourse to economic sanctions (When have those worked? Against Mussolini? Against Franco? Did they bring down those regimes, or strengthen the people behind them?), and ultimatums. It means trying to understand the Arab mind, and the new social class that is forming that mind. It means, in short, trying to put oneself in the other man's shoes, and negotiating from mutual respect. It means refraining from branding Arab nationalism as something radically different and more wicked than other nationalisms.

I do not like revolutionary nationalism. The world should be beyond that stage. But the world is not in one stage of political development, but in many. And the East did not invent nationalism. It imported it from the West. ★



# IN THE editors' confidence



## How our words echo abroad



In Maclean's last year Fred Bodsworth wrote about CPR's Buck Crump, (top). A reader liked it and sent it to Korea where it appeared in the Kyung Hyang Press.

It's not too often that a man sees his own words coming back to him in the form of Oriental characters, but that's what happened to Fred Bodsworth the other day. The mail, which brings many things (including some rather violent letters), brought a copy of a Korean newspaper, and there, pictures and all, was Bodsworth's article from our issue of Nov. 12, 1955, Buck Crump's Love Affair with the CPR.

It turns out that there's a staunch Rotarian in Winnipeg who sends his back copies of Maclean's to another staunch Rotarian in Seoul, Korea. The Korean was leafing through some of these issues when he came upon the Crump story and realized that this must be the same Buck Crump who was a college classmate of his away back when. The tale of Crump's rise so impressed him that he had it translated into Korean and published in the daily Kyung Hyang Press, which in turn included it in a monthly digest.

We make no effort to sell or distribute Maclean's outside of Canada. In fact, distribution to foreign countries can be so costly that we have to charge double rates to mail the magazine abroad. All the same it still keeps popping up in the distant corners of the world—in places like Johannesburg, Stockholm, Milan and Seoul. About twenty-five thousand copies are sold at the foreign rates—largely to expatriate Canadians and their friends—but thousands more are mailed off by people like the Winnipeg Rotarian, who take the magazine for themselves and then pass it along. We often get comments from far-off climes on articles,

stories or covers that are several years old.

Just the other day, for instance, we got a note from Miss Phyllis Cobden in Christchurch, New Zealand. Miss Cobden had been looking at Franklin Arbuckle's cover painting of the giant checker game in Stanley Park—our issue of Aug. 1, 1953. She was so intrigued she decided to petition the municipal authorities to install similar services.

A good many people in foreign countries read Maclean's articles without knowing it. Hardly an issue goes by that one or two pieces aren't picked up, reprinted or condensed in a foreign publication. For instance, Doug Wilkinson's article, How I Became an Eskimo (which was expanded into a book titled Land of the Long Day) has been reprinted several times in such publications as Lectures Pour Tous (France) and the Frankfurter Illustrated (Germany), as well as in Sweden, Australia, England and the Netherlands.

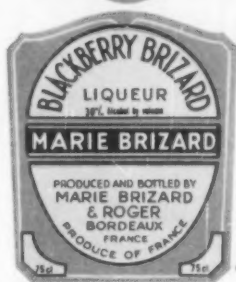
Maclean's articles have appeared in such widely divergent publications as Woman's Day and the Sydney Morning Herald (Australia), Le Comtois (France), Allt (Sweden), Panorama (Netherlands), Femina (New Zealand), Tempo and Epoca (Italy), the Natal Witness (South Africa), VZ (Switzerland) and the Irish Digest.

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## A pensioner with a papoose

A Vancouver traveling man writes us from Prince Rupert that he'd just got in from Kitwanga, one hundred and fifty miles northeast of there on the CNR, where he called on the manager of the Hudson's Bay store. In the middle of his interview the store manager excused himself to serve an elderly Indian customer, and when he returned it was a moment before the traveler could get the manager's mind back on the business at hand.

"You know, I don't suppose that would happen too often anywhere in Canada," the Bay man observed with a bemused smile. "I just cashed that chap's old-age pension, and with part of it he bought diapers for his newborn son."

The fear of hell may have lost a lot of ground with parents trying to din moral values into their young, but not with one mother in Gowganda, Ont. Trying to impress on her three small children that greed for money was wrong she told them that people who live only for money go to the bad place when they die, where they are thrown into a big pit and have dollar bills pushed down their throats until they choke. This certainly seemed to have a sobering effect on the children but after a reflective pause six-year-old Jean observed wistfully, "You know, mummy, I think that would be a nice way to go."

A Toronto woman who took her two children on a pilgrimage to the House of Commons during a week-end visit to Ottawa, reports getting an unexpected insight into matters of national concern. The guide who toured them about, along

Page 5 of a recent issue of the Ottawa Citizen carried a story from Sudbury, Ont., telling how a runaway train of twenty-five freight cars loaded with coke for the mines piled into a standing diesel engine, injuring no one but upsetting three cars. We don't know why the same story appeared in condensed form on page 19 of the same issue, but we suspect

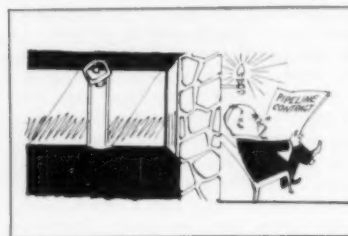


some censor had been at it because in this version the freight cars were loaded with soft drinks.

A fellow in Lunenburg County, N.S., tells us he can't remember a year when the price of new potatoes climbed as high as it did this season. One roadside stand down there had them listed at sixty cents a peck.

A precocious three-year-old in St. Vital, Man., who frequently turns up at the corner store on errands for her mother, recently arrived asking for a quart of milk. She handed over the money and started home, but the heavy bottle almost dragged her down. Finally she did put it down, dragged it over to the curb, removed the cap, poured half the contents into the gutter, and trotted easily home with what was left.

Any season is open season on parkers to a city cop, of course, but one fighting game bird almost got away from a Hamilton constable recently. About to issue a parking ticket as the woman driver walked up to her car he attempted to chide her gently. She refused to discuss the matter and climbed into her car. When he tried to hand the ticket to her she rolled up the window and locked the door. When he made to slide it under the windshield wiper, she started it wiping—and drove off. She didn't barricade her mail box, however, and the summons finally caught up with her.



with several other family groups, gave them a lot of fascinating details about how the library had been restored to look exactly as it had before the fire of a few years ago, even to putting the old gaslight fixtures back in place. Our spy heard a little girl ask her mother, "Do they really burn gas, mother?" which drew one of those looks parents wear when they wish their young wouldn't display their ignorance. "Sssh!" she hushed the child. "Of course not, dear—not until the pipeline comes through."

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1754

WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD

Distillery, Island of Islay, and Glenlivet, France

For the Holiday Season,  
Serve 'White Horse' . . .

it gives you the special  
flavor and extra smoothness  
of Scotland's best Whiskies.

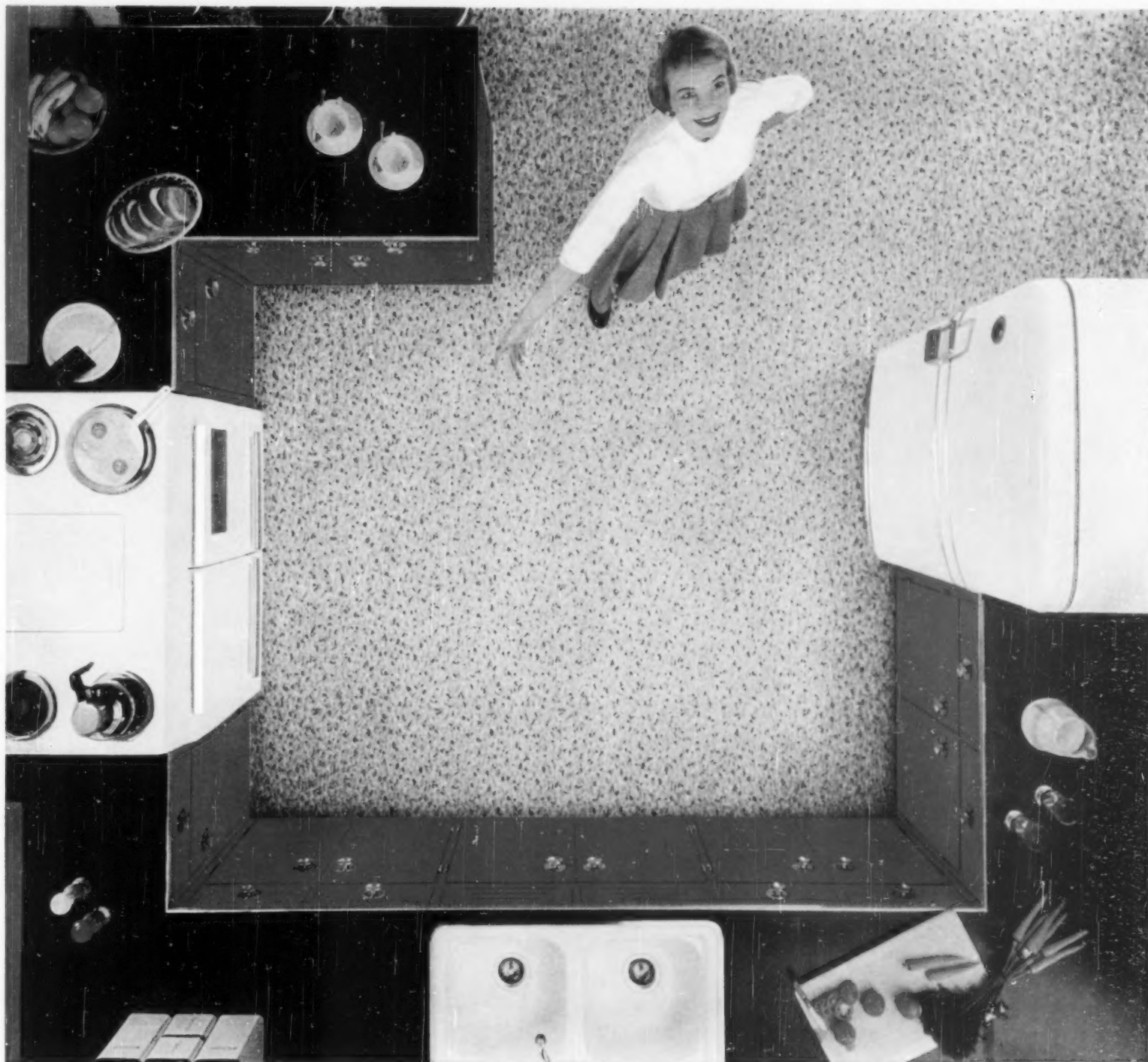
Every drop is distilled, blended  
and bottled in Scotland — for  
your enjoyment.

# WHITE HORSE

## SCOTCH WHISKY

Available in various bottle sizes





Illustrated above is "Sequin" No. 937—2, 3 and 4 yds. wide.

The smartest floors are wearing it!

# SEQUIN

The NEW Gold Seal pattern  
for NEW "dressed up" floors

**GOLD SEAL**  
CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED,



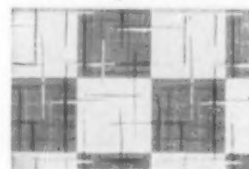
**CONGOLEUM**  
3700 St. Patrick St., Montreal, Quebec

"SEQUIN" is festive and fashionable! It makes any floor look party-pretty, yet doesn't overpower the rest of a room's colour scheme. Wonderful that a pattern so smart can be yours for only a few dollars . . . and it's Gold Seal, too! "Sequin", like popular "Jackstraw", new, neat "Square-Tex", and all other Gold Seal patterns, brings you the exclusive Congoleum *Wear Layer equal to 8 coats of the finest baked enamel*. The famous Gold Seal guarantees you satisfaction. Make it a point to see "Sequin" soon at your nearest floor covering dealer's—it's available in Grey and Green (illustrated) also Beige No. 940 and Red No. 941.

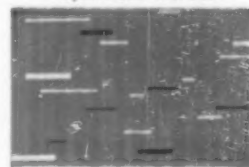
Ask to see Gold Seal Congowall too—it looks, feels and cleans like ceramic tile but costs only a few cents a foot. Congowall comes in a wide array of lovely colours, complete with contrasting strip at top. Ideal for bathrooms, kitchens and playrooms.



Green "Sequin" No. 939



"Square-Tex" No. 947



"Jackstraw" No. 811



**THERE'S BEEN A REVOLUTION IN RUBBER**



*Now...with Polysar...  
cable makes overseas phone calls crystal-clear*

For years you've been able to talk by telephone between London, Ontario, and London, England—or between other points in Canada and Europe—but communication always has been subject to changing atmospheric conditions.

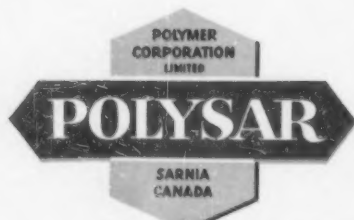
Now—in part because of Polysar\*—the new transatlantic telephone cable makes talking overseas as clear as phoning your neighbour. And your call is routed through quickly—any time.

In this remarkable telephonic achievement, Polysar rubber is playing a significant role. Polysar, added to the insulation of this 4500-

mile cable, prevents surface crazing and stress cracking.

Polysar possesses unusual versatility because it's a *chemical* rubber and can be tailor-made to meet specific requirements. Greatly improved rubber insulation—for high-voltage power cables or common home wiring—demonstrates Polysar's adaptability in the wire and cable field.

In dozens of everyday applications—automotive tires, shoe soling, floor tiling, to name only a few—Polysar is helping raise our standard of living. Truly . . . because of Polysar . . . *there's been a revolution in rubber.*



\*Registered trade mark

Polymer Corporation Limited • Sarnia, Canada

**ALMOST HALF OF ALL NEW RUBBER USED IN CANADA TODAY IS POLYSAR**

M-109A

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 10, 1956



